JULY, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

In the May number there appeared an article by Miss Harraden entitled "Concerning *Ships That Pass in the Night*," in which she remarked that the only compensation she received from her authorised American publishers was $150. According, however, to "The Lounger" in the June *Critic*, the Messrs. Putnam, besides making her this payment, had also to pay the English publisher for such courtesy rights in the book as he could convey to them, there being absolutely no American copyright obtainable on the book.

In a letter commenting on some Chronicle and Comment concerning the homes of George Eliot which has appeared in THE BOOKMAN, a correspondent sends us the accompanying photograph of the great writer's birthplace, which we gladly reproduce.

There died recently in England Mr. G. H. MacDermott, who has been popularly credited with the authorship of the famous English jingo song. According to a writer in the London *Outlook*, however, he neither wrote nor composed the song, and when asked to sing it was doubtful of its success. "He tried it experimentally at an afternoon performance, and, encouraged by its reception, carried it into the evening bill. Thence it spread like the Great Fire of London. The final line—'The Bear shall never get Con-stan-ti-*no*-o-ple'—would have damned any ordinary music-hall ditty; but 'By Jingo, if we do' and 'We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too,' carried off that weakness. Yet even these were borrowed. In 1859-60, at the beginning of the Volunteer movement, a song entitled 'Napoleon Talks of War, Boys,' enjoyed some popularity. Its second verse ran thus:

> Napoleon talks of war, boys;
> His threat no fear imparts.
> He may have money, ships and men,
> But—has he British hearts?

Of course he had not, and England was to 'clip his wings,' 'sweep the seas' and so on, as before. The writer and composer of the song was Mr. J. B. Geoghegan, the singer Mr. Stembridge Roy. Do they live still, or have they preceded the 'Great MacDermott'?"

The estate of Marble Hill, shortly to be given over to the builder for the extension of villadom, is famous for its memories of Pope's "Chloe." The lady thus celebrated was Mrs. Henrietta Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk, for whom the house was built by George II. There

SOUTH FARM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

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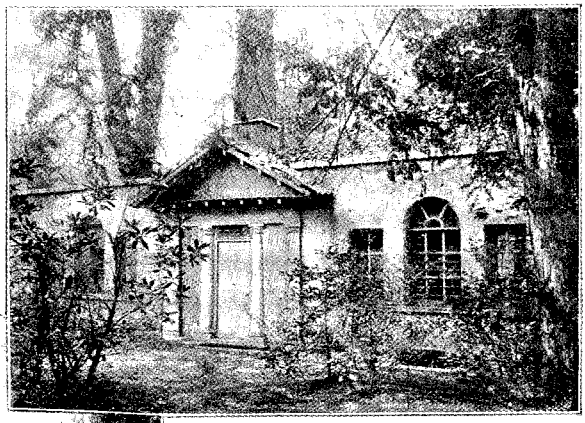
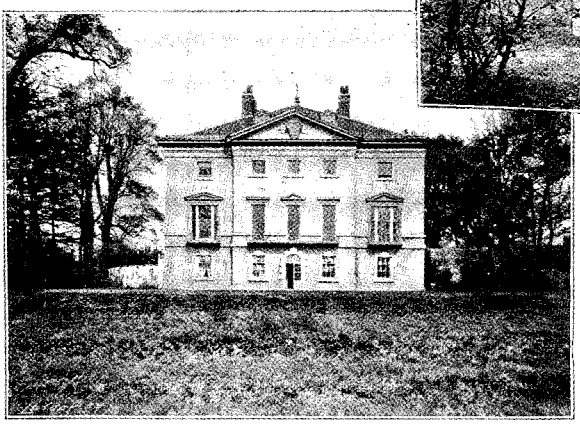
Mrs. Howard held court for all the wits of the day. Pope contrived the gardens, and was, according to Swift, chief butler and keeper of the ice-house. The name of the house has found its *locus classicus* in Swift's "Pastoral Dialogue Between Marble Hill and Richmond Lodge."





MARBLE HILL, TWICKENHAM, THE RESIDENCE OF POPE'S "CHLOE."

A writer in the London *Daily Mail* answers the question: "What English authors find most vogue abroad?" with a list of writers so long that the "most" becomes, one thinks, superfluous. The taste for English fiction, he points out, has been greatly fostered of late years by the publication in such well-known papers as the *Figaro, Temps, Journal des Débats,* etc., of stories by Mr. Kipling, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mrs. Oliphant. *The Jungle Book* was a great success in Paris, and *The Light That Failed* and *The Naulahka* have been translated. Mr. Hardy is best known by *Jude the Obscure.* Mr. H. G. Wells is very popular, in fact a representative Paris publisher gave him the first place. Miss Corelli's and Miss Braddon's novels sell well. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is popular in Austria, Germany, and Russia. As a rule Russia cares only for England's great dead. It reads Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Darwin, but is chary of our living writers. "Besides Mr. Jerome, Mark Twain is to be occasionally met with. Conan Doyle is also beginning to be known in St. Petersburg; his books have long been read widely throughout the Scandinavian Peninsula."

While the death of Sir Walter Besant cannot be said to have an effect on English literature as a whole, it removed a figure of well-deserved prominence in the letters of his time and a strong and very lovable personality. He was born at Portsmouth in June, 1838, and was brought up with the idea of becoming a clergyman. Both at King's College, London, and afterward at Christ's College, Cambridge, he distinguished himself by his scholarship. While at Cambridge he gave up the plans that had been made for his entrance into the ministry, and soon after he was made senior professor of the Royal College at Mauritius. There he remained for six years, at the end of which time he returned to England an invalid. Soon after, his first book appeared. During his early literary life his work was coloured strongly by his interest in France and in French literature. To this period belong his *French Humourists, Rabelais,* and his lives of Coligny and Wittington. His famous literary partnership with James Rice began in 1871 and continued until Rice's death in 1882. Together they wrote books, plays and magazine articles, Besant doing the writing after Rice had invented the subjects and the plots. After Rice's death, Besant printed *All Sorts and Conditions of Men,* which made a deep impression, brought the condition of the East End of London to the attention

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of philanthropists, and was responsible for the establishment of the People's Palace. For many years Sir Walter Besant was the secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. One of the organisers and leading members of the Society of Authors, he was one of the most earnest workers in the cause of international copyright. In 1895 he was knighted by the Queen.

Robert Williams Buchanan, who died on the same day as Sir Walter Besant, was born at Caverswall, Staffordshire, on August 18, 1841. He inherited his fondness for literary work from his father, whose essays and pamphlets caused considerable discussion in the early thirties. After a course in the Glasgow High School, the son was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he became associated with David Gray, the poet. Gray and young Buchanan went to London to seek their fortunes together, for a time sharing the same garret. For some years their life was the typical life of Grub Street. After a period of complete failure, Buchanan succeeded in having published his first volume, *Undertones*. This was in 1862. The following year he brought out the *Idylls and Legends of Iverburn*, and in 1866 *London Poems*. In 1872 he stirred up a storm of abuse by a volume called *The Fleshly School of Poetry*, which assailed Rossetti and Swinburne with great ferocity. Mr. Buchanan's recent books are *The Coming Terror, The Moment After, The Gifted Lady*, the plays *Dick Sheridan, The Charlatan* and *The Devil's Chase*.

We understand that the title of the

THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.

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novel by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden,* which is to be published in the autumn, is to be *The Benefactress.*

Mr. Ronald Macdonald, the author of *The Sword of the King,* has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel entitled *God Save the King.* It will be issued in book form in the early autumn in England and simultaneously in this country.

This is Mr. Austin Dobson's contribution to the *May Book,* which is published in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital:

In Angel Court the sunless air
Grows faint and sick; to left and right
The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

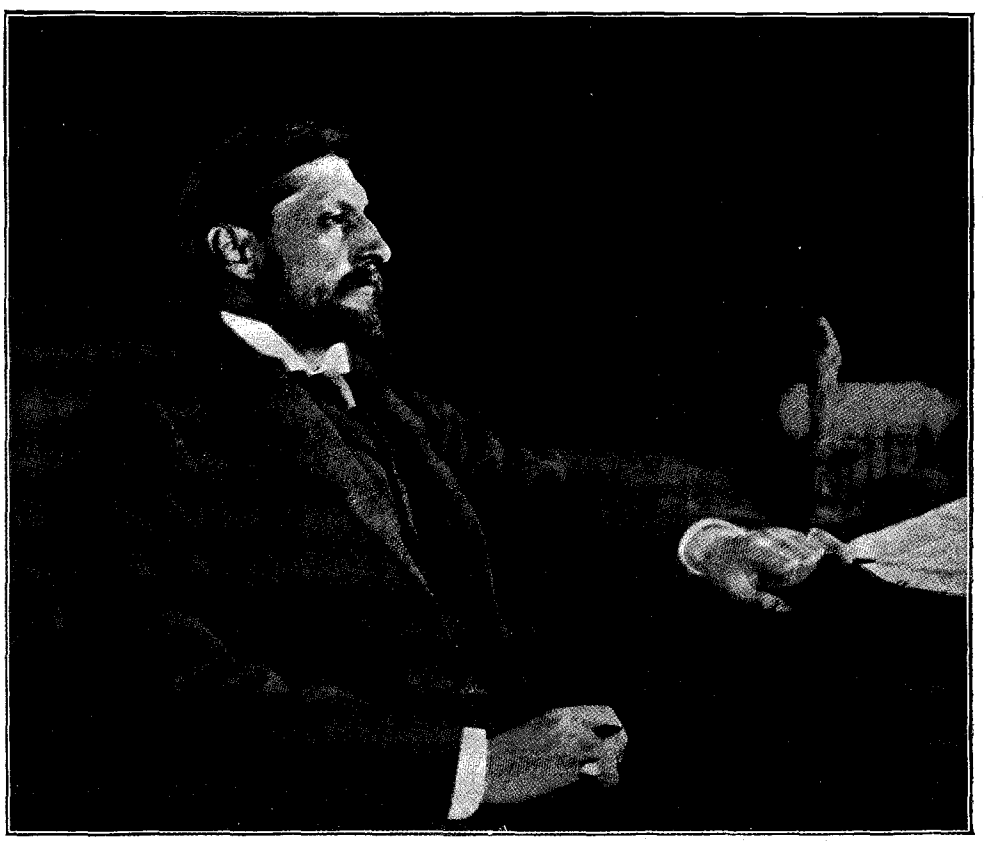
Misnamed, you say. For surely rare
Must be the angel-shapes that light
In Angel Court!

Nay: the Eternities are there.
Death by the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light:
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel Court!

We present recent portraits of Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Burton Holmes, the lecturer, Mr. Israel Zangwill, Mr. Russell Sturgis, whose *Architecture and Building* was reviewed in our June number, and Major J. B. Pond, whose *Eccentricities of Genius* is discussed in THE BOOKMAN'S present issue.

A Literary Lawsuit.

The English papers are making a good deal of the newest literary lawsuit, the parties of which are the Messrs. Pearson and the irrepressible Mr. Hall Caine. In January of this year the Messrs. Pearson issued the first number of their new periodical *The Ladies' Magazine.* The



RIDER HAGGARD.

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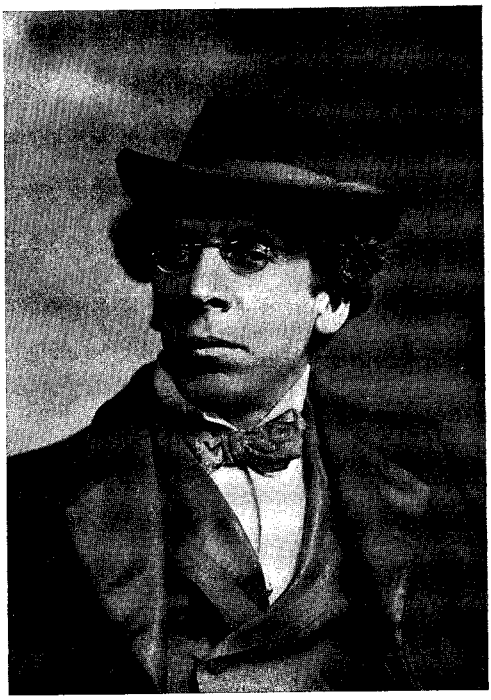
BURTON HOLMES.



ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

MAJOR POND.

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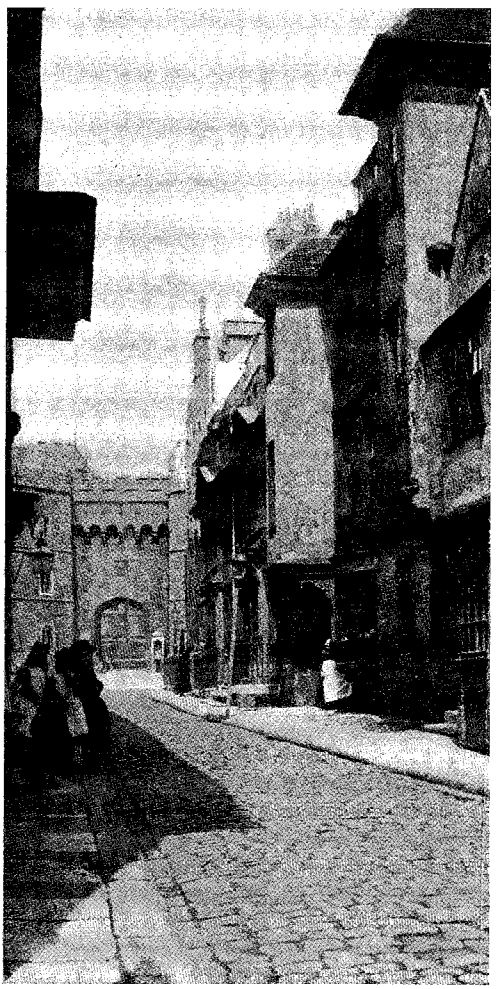
opening attraction was the serial production of Mr. Caine's much-talked-of novel, *The Eternal City*. For the serial rights the publishers paid the sum of two thousand pounds, and the instalments of the story have appeared regularly. In the June number, however, instead of the usual part there is a notice announcing that the serial is withdrawn. The explanation is that in the next instalment there is certain matter essential to the whole story which the Messrs. Pearson do not care to put before their particular class of readers. As its deletion is impossible, the publishers are bringing an action against Mr. Caine for the return of money and for damages. Mr. Caine is counter-claiming, and out of the matter the book will probably get a little extra advertising. Mr. Kipling recently lost a suit in the American courts. All this may have a certain amount of interest, but we fail to see that it pertains very much to literature.



NELL GWYN'S HOUSE AT WINDSOR.

In a note about Mr. Duffield Osborne, which appeared in the Chronicle and Comment of the June BOOKMAN, we spoke of the curious similarity of title between Mr. Osborne's latest book and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's forthcoming novel, *The Lion's Whelp*. In this note we made the mistake of saying that the Lion's Whelp was Richard, the son of the Great Protector. As a matter of fact, the Lion's Whelp is Oliver, the Great Protector himself. In a humorous letter of protest Mrs. Barr resents the supposition that she would undertake to write a book about Richard Cromwell. "It takes," she adds, "a very clever genius to write about a fool." It was only after a good deal of hesitation that she ventured to use Oliver Cromwell for the purposes of fiction. To the work, however, she has brought eleven years of earnest study of the Protector and his time.

Nell Gwyn's house in Windsor is about to be demolished. It stands in Church Street close by the castle. In the accompanying picture the house is marked by the lamp on the right.

There is to be published in the autumn a reprint of *Christopher in His Sporting Jacket*, by Christopher North of early *Blackwood* fame. This little-known classic of sporting life first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1828. It was afterward included in *Christopher North's Recreations*, published in Edinburgh in 1842, and it is from the text of the rare first edition of that work that the present reprint is to be made. Very few people to-day are familiar with the work of Christopher North, and even his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, on which his literary reputation has been mainly sustained during the last half century, appeals to a gradually narrowing audience. As a personality, however, he still remains a prominent figure in the literary annals of his era, and it is as a revelation of this unique and eccentric personality in its most characteristic aspects—that is, as

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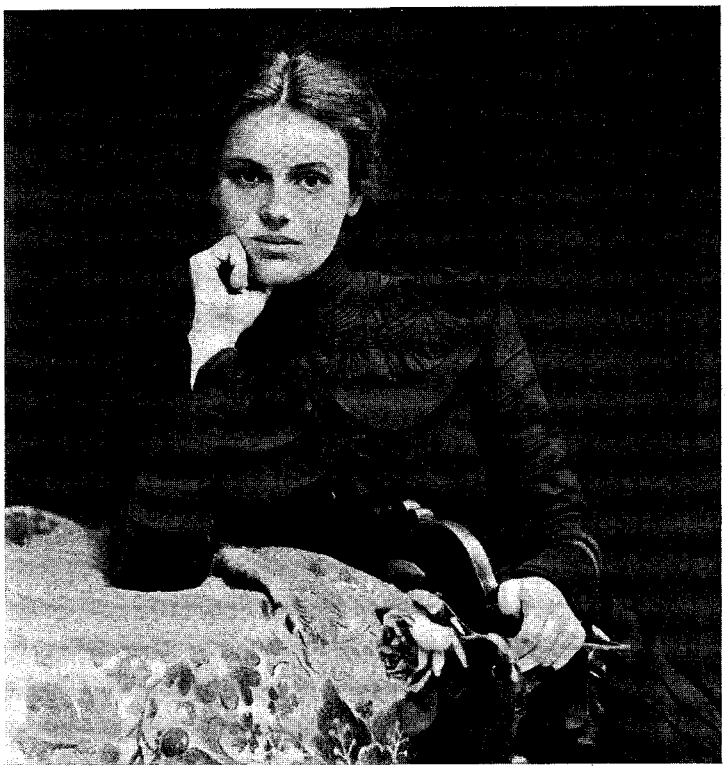
a sportsman and a lover of out-of-doors —that *Christopher in His Sporting Jacket* is most likely to make its appeal at this time.

Christopher North divided his paper into three parts, or "fyttes," as he calls them, for the sake of an obvious pun on the word, in the last fytte. The first part deals in a connected way with the various branches of sport in vogue in Scotland at the end of the eighteenth century—angling, gunning, coursing and fox-hunting, which he traces with delicious humour from the early efforts of the village urchin to catch minnows with a bent pin, to bring down sparrows with a blunderbuss and to hunt the villagers' cats, to the full-fledged exploits of more mature sportsmen "on flood, field and fell." The second and third "fyttes" are more autobiographical and reminiscent and their adventures more detailed and definite, are splendid specimens of narrative and descriptive writing. They are touched, moreover, with a fine poetic appreciation of nature, in whose face those pastimes are pursued, which lifts the matter out of the realm of the mere sporting chronicle into the realm of real literature. There is nothing more beautiful of its kind anywhere than Christopher North's description of hunting the wild swan, to mention but one of the many episodes of a similar character. The main feature of the book as announced will be the eight original sporting prints with which the volume is to be illustrated. These will be etched in outline and coloured by hand by the artist, Alexander M. McLellan, a Scotch artist, who has visited the scenes described in the article and has made a study of costumes and manners of the period.

Miss Maud Howard Peterson, the author of *The Potter and the Clay,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is a young woman with both Northern and Southern affiliations. Much of her life after her father's death was passed in Philadelphia and at Newport with her grand-



MAUD HOWARD PETERSON.

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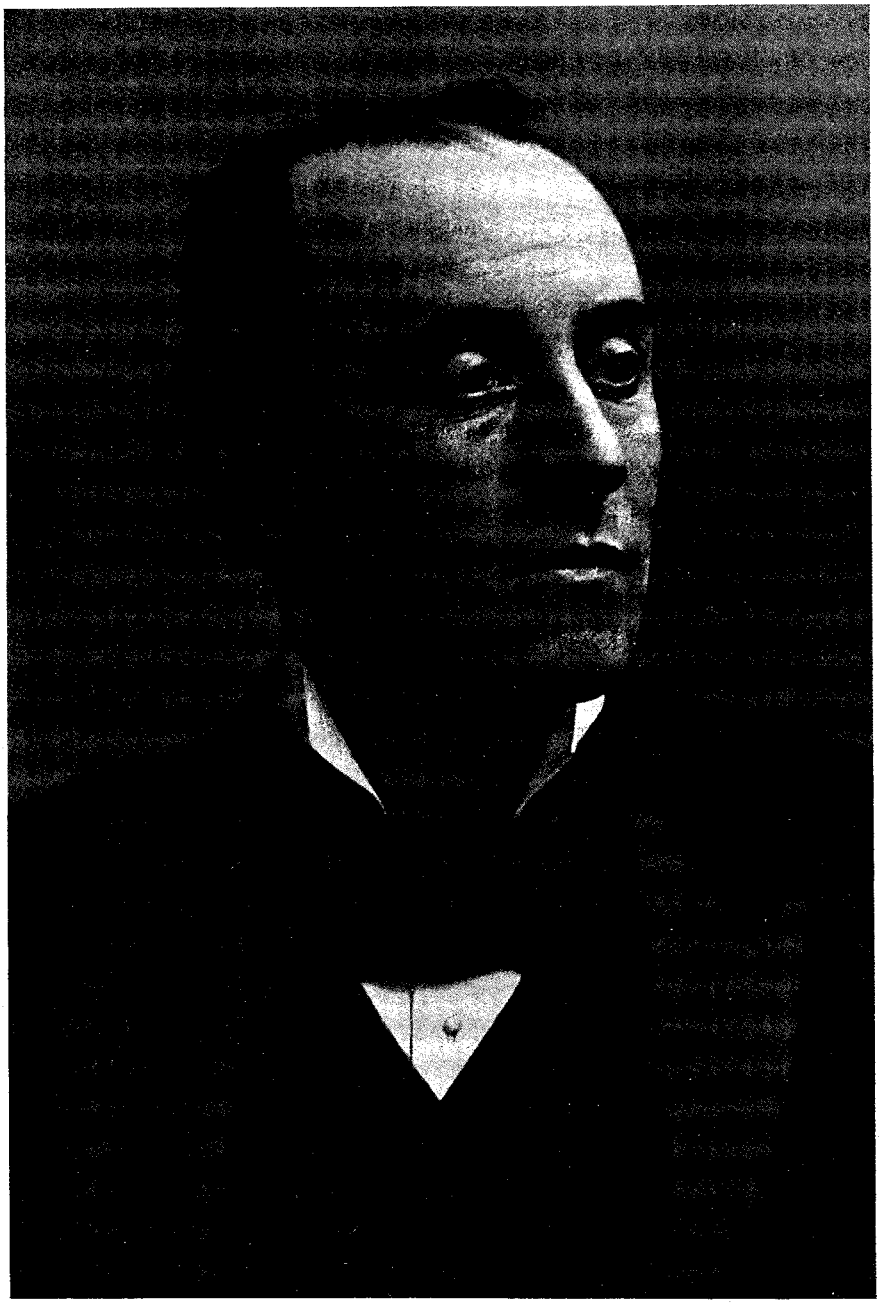
father, the late Charles J. Peterson, editor of *Peterson's Magazine* and brother to the well-known publisher T. B. Peterson. Born and brought up in an atmosphere of books and among book lovers, it is not remarkable that Miss Peterson's taste should run along such channels. Charles Kingsley said of her grandfather, Charles J. Peterson, that it was "a privilege to be near him and hear him talk," and no doubt he and his friends (some of the most brilliant men of letters and art known to America) influenced the mind of the child.



ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

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At any rate, her literary aspirations date from an early period in her life, and her first story, written while the young author was still laboriously printing her own letters, aspired to be a novel in a dozen chapters. It displayed an almost startling imagination for so young a child—one scene, for instance, describing the heroine as "sitting gently on a plank," floating around the ocean, lassoing and drawing to herself with a convenient rope many perishing souls!

A new edition of Anthony Hope's *Father Stafford,* which for certain reasons had only a very limited circulation in this country when it originally appeared, has just been brought out by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. *Father Stafford* is the story of an Anglican priest who has vowed himself to a life of celibacy, when he makes a visit to Millstead Manor and meets Lady Claudia Territon. The story itself is slight enough, but it is marked by all of Mr. Hope's preternatural cleverness. It belongs to the *Dolly Dialogues* period of his career.

The Reappearance of Sherlock Holmes.

Some years ago when Dr. Conan Doyle, weary of the demands upon his time and inventions made by the popularity of Sherlock Holmes, sent his hero on a wild goose flight across the Continent, and finally tumbled him from a narrow ledge of an Alpine pass into a mysterious nothingness and obscurity below, it will be remembered that Dr. Doyle made a point of the fact that the body of neither Holmes nor Professor Moriarty was ever found. This detail made it possible for the author, if he so wished, to explain later that Holmes, after rolling off the ledge, was caught by a clump of trees twenty or thirty feet below, that fearing pursuit from some other members of the Moriarty gang, he allowed the report of his death to go unchallenged, hid himself for a few years under another name in some remote corner of the world, and finally went back to London to score greater triumphs in the interest of truth and justice and Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle. This inference, however, was strenuously opposed by Dr. Doyle at the time. He was through with Sherlock Holmes, he said, utterly weary of the strain involved in finding new complications to be explained by the science of deduction; and the only way in which the admirers of the great detective could be curbed in their insatiable appetite was by bringing the character to an untimely end. Dr. Doyle's most vehement assertions, however, could hardly be taken without a slight grain of suspicion. Had he produced the mangled corpse, eliminating all possibility of false identity, it would have been another matter. But so long as there existed a convenient loophole, the resuscitation of Sherlock Holmes was only a matter of time.

The time has come. Sherlock Holmes is to make his reappearance in the September number of the *Strand.* In conjunction with Mr. Fletcher Robinson, an English newspaper man, Dr. Doyle has been building up a new series of adventures for his detective. These adventures will be presented not in the form of short stories, but as a novel which we believe is to be about fifty thousand words in length. This, we should say, is somewhat longer than the *Study in Scarlet,* which first introduced Holmes and his historian, Dr. Watson, and perhaps about the same length as *The Sign of the Four.* There is no reference whatever made to the detective's death, it being assumed simply that one of his earlier experiences is being described. All through *The Adventures* and *The Memoirs* there are allusions to affairs of which the reader knows nothing, and if the author can clear away the mystery of all the titles, such as "The Adventure of the Tired Captain," "The Adventure of the Third Window," and "The Adventure of the Green Sapphire," he will have plenty to do for many months to come.

A Slight Mistake.

Not long ago the *Atlanta Constitution* published the following sentences from an exhortation delivered by a negro preacher at a revival:

Oh, me! What you gwine ter do w'en you see de devil comin' in a hailstorm, drivin' a pa'r er white hosses, wid de lightnin' fer reins, en de thunder barkin' lak a houn' dog at his heels, an' him kickin' de big hills out his way, en drinkin' up de sea at a mouthful w'en he

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feel thirsty, en takin' de roun' worl' in his two han's en pitchin' it at the stars lak hit wuz a baseball? I ax you, plain en constant, what you gwine ter do en' whar you gwine ter stan' w'en de devil do dat?

This paragraph has been caught up and reprinted by the newspapers all over the country, and it has invariably appeared in columns devoted to "Wit and Humour." There can be no more admirable illustration than this of how blind most persons are in their critical estimate of what comes to them without the stamp of some one's approval. In the passage quoted above there is not the slightest trace of wit or of humour; but it does furnish an example of a very high degree of untutored native eloquence and of primitive imagination which rises to the heights of the sublime. The fact that it is in the negro dialect has nothing whatever to do with its true quality. The language is wonderfully forcible; the imagery is Miltonic. We do not know of any living white orator among whose utterances there can be found anything fit to place beside this really remarkable production. Of course, it is possible that it never was really spoken and that some white man in the *Constitution's* office made it up and ascribed it to a negro preacher; but whoever set down those words has somewhere within him a spark of real genius. The thing itself is absolutely apocalyptic.

Linguistic "Stunts."

We are pleased to see, and we are sure that Professor Brander Matthews will be pleased to see, that our mother tongue is being steadily reinforced by the injection into it of many new and striking words and phrases. It seems as though every one was taking a hand at culling out of the non-literary language all sorts of interesting bits of verbal picturesqueness and bringing them up to the surface of literature. Some of them come from the empyrean of excessive learning and some from the infinite depths of joyous ignorance; but they are all noble. There is Mr. J. G. Huneker, for instance, who has enlivened the columns of the New York *Sun* during the past year by many interesting verbal combinations carelessly flung out in his impressive musical criticisms. We felt a thrill of rare delight when we found him discussing what he calls the "ventripotency" of Falstaff, and we took a whole day off when he made some casual comments upon the "meticulous pudencies" of Madame Ternina. These things suggest Mr. Vance Thompson in his most inspired moments; only, if Mr. Vance Thompson had written them down, he would have done it with a serious George Moore sort of intensity; whereas Mr. Huneker, who is a scholar, was simply having fun with the language and no doubt chuckled hugely when concocting them. Evidently he inspired his other colleagues on the same newspaper to a splendid emulation, for we notice that the *Sun's* London correspondent in writing about the accident to *Shamrock II.* said that Sir Thomas Lipton spoke of the accident "melancholily." "Melancholily" is very good. It has a beautifully tangled-up, liquid inarticulateness; and when you pronounce it, you do it as though you had a hot potato in your mouth. Then there is Professor Saintsbury, in his *History of Criticism,* fishing out of the remote past all sorts of archaic curiosities of speech mainly for the purpose of showing how much he has read of Bishop Hall and Jeremy Taylor and other good and great men of the past. These things may all be justified, because they do occur in the classic writers of seventeenth and eighteenth century English, but when they appear side by side with the neologisms and semi-vulgarisms of which Professor Saintsbury is also very fond, they produce the effect which would be caused by the sight of a Greek choragic monument in the midst of a beer-garden. Of a different sort are the words that have risen to the surface from the substratum of our urban life. Chief Devery may not be a good man, and we rather infer that he would not be particularly complimented if he were so described; but philologists owe him a debt of gratitude for having contributed to the language of the day the adjective "chesty." "Chesty" is a beautiful word, and like all words which are evolved by the rude, untutored yet vigorous men who are numbered among the Powers That Prey, it is wonderfully expressive and pictorial. Devery didn't invent it, but he gave it currency; and for this, much may be forgiven him.

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Speaking of language reminds us of a sentence which occurs in Mr. Mabie's story, *John Foster,* the first part of which appeared in this magazine last month. The sentence is as follows: "Pears like as if he hadn't cum out so bad after all." In writing this sentence Mr. Mabie has adopted a trick which is rather common among writers of dialect stories and which was particularly noticeable in the late Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage.* The trick consists in spelling such words as "come," "done," "some" and the like, "cum," "dun" and "sum." Now the implication, of course, is that these spellings represent phonetically a vulgar, as distinguished from a cultivated, pronunciation. Yet we don't quite see it ourselves. We wonder how Mr. Mabie, for example, pronounces "come," or how Mr. Stephen Crane used to pronounce "done." In most of these words the letter "o" has the power of "u," the final "e" being silent in the sense that it has no effect upon the phonetics of the word as a whole. The chief exception to this rule is to be found in the word "none," which an educated man never pronounces "nun." But in most vocables of this class we think that dialect writers are inclined to be a little too dialectic in their spelling.

❧

"Pollice Verso."

Every once in so often somebody starts up a discussion as to what the famous phrase in Juvenal's Third Satire really means; and the discussion is always *apropos* of Gérôme's painting, in which the Roman spectators of a gladiatorial contest are holding out their hands with the thumbs turned downward to indicate their desire that the vanquished gladiator shall be put to death. It is frequently asserted that this is not, in fact, the true meaning of the Juvenalian phrase *pollice verso.* There is a good deal of misunderstanding on this whole subject, not only among persons generally, but among classical scholars as well, and even among certain editors of Juvenal, as, for instance, Messrs. Pearson and Strong. The facts as we derive them from Roman sources are the following: When one gladiator had conquered another and had him wholly at his mercy, he looked to the spectators for an expression of their will as to whether he should spare or slay. Those who wished him to spare signified their desire by waving their handkerchiefs (*mappæ*), as is clear from a passage in Martial XII. 29, 8. If they wished him to slay, they doubled up their fingers with the thumb turned away from the palm of the hand—that is, upright. It made no difference whether they held their hands with the thumbs up or pointing downward, so long as the thumb was at right angles to the rest of the hand; but, naturally, in a great amphitheatre such as that of Rome, where the spectators were seated high above the arena, they would turn their thumbs downward in order that they might be better seen by the victorious gladiator in the arena. It is said by some that the spectator turned his thumb toward his breast as indicating the place where the death-wound was to be inflicted; but this is purely imaginary; and, as a matter of fact, in a bas-relief found at Cacillargues a combat is shown in which one of the spectators, a woman, is holding up her thumb. It is not true that a wish that mercy should be shown was expressed by pressing down the thumb into the palm of the hand (*pollice presso*). The elder Pliny, in the twenty-eighth book of his *Historia Naturalis*—a passage that has been often misquoted and misunderstood—speaks of this pressing down of the thumb as an indication of favour, but does not associate it at all with the gladiatorial combats. In a passage in Horace (*Ep. I.* 18, 66) this gesture is spoken of only in connection with a sham sea-fight.

❧

A Critic of Distinction.

Mr. John Churton Collins, whose book of critical essays entitled *Ephemera Critica* has created something like a sensation in the field of true literature, is less known in this country than he deserves to be. He is an Oxford man who took his degree in 1872 and who has since divided his time between journalism, education and literature. He has many qualifications for critical writing that are exceptional—in the first place, a mind that is highly trained and disciplined, wide reading of

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the careful, accurate and sympathetic sort, a knowledge of the world and a vigorous and forceful style. His works that preceded the appearance of *Ephemera Critica* are very numerous, comprising studies of skepticism as illustrated in Bolingbroke and Voltaire, besides books on Tennyson, Dean Swift and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He has edited the poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the plays and poems of Robert Greene and the satires of Dryden, and has also compiled an anthology of minor British poetry. Mr. Collins is a born controversialist and a critic endued with the utmost accuracy, keenness and perception. He is a hard hitter, but thoroughly free from malice; and while he is unsparing in his castigation of slipshod writers, his censure is entirely impersonal, and toward individuals as men his tone is one of exquisite urbanity.

Professor Saintsbury.

A very different type of critic is Professor George Edward Saintsbury, whose *History of Criticism* is also reviewed elsewhere in our pages. Professor Saintsbury is a man of encyclopædic learning, an omnivorous reader and an incessant worker; but he has very serious defects. His learning has not been properly assimilated; he is never quite sure of his facts; he writes in a slam-bang, heedless sort of way and in a style which is sometimes pointed and forcible, but more often both lumbering and slovenly. With him it is hit or miss; and perhaps he misses more often than he hits. He has an irritating air of dogmatism, which comes from the fact that for many years he was a teacher, and that during the years of his connection with various grammar schools and educational institutes he allowed himself to slip into that rut which so often transforms the teacher, who should, above all things, be a man of the world, into a narrow-minded pedagogue. Professor Saintsbury is always bully-ragging his readers precisely as he must have bully-ragged his pupils; and he has a self-complacency that is exasperating to the last degree. None the less, whatever he does and whatever he writes has an interest of its own, and he cannot possibly be overlooked in any enumeration of contemporary critics who really count.

Foozled Infinitives.

Among a large number of books dealing with outdoor life and sport which, as usual, emphasise the season of the year, there is one on *Practical Golf* by Mr. Walter J. Travis, which seems to be having an unusually wide popularity. This, of course, is entirely due to Mr. Travis's athletic eminence, for candour obliges us to say that in itself the book is nothing astonishing. Golf is, as every one knows, a mania as hopelessly irrational as it is beneficial. The "duffer" (and here we speak with authority) will go on devouring all the available literature of the game until the end of time. It may be all quite meaningless, but that does not matter in the least. A book written on the lines of Mr. Travis's book is pretty sure to differ very little from hundreds of others that have gone before. *Practical Golf* has nothing to say about the history and traditions of the Royal and Ancient Game. It has the special quality, however, of being adorned with twenty-seven handsome pictures of Mr. Travis taken in various positions. It is conventionally divided into the various departments of driving, approaching and putting, it has something to say about the laying out of a proper course, and we should estimate it, on the whole, as being just about as valuable as the few pages of "Practical Hints" which one finds in the usual catalogue exploiting the wares of a house dealing in sporting goods. Perhaps we are a little prejudiced in the matter, for throughout the book wherever an opportunity is found or can be made, Mr. Travis seems bound to persistently "foozle" his infinitives.

Francis Churchill Williams, the author of *J. Devlin—Boss*, a romance of American politics, is a Philadelphian by birth and residence. He is a son of Francis Howard Williams, the poet and playwright, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1891. This is his first novel, though his short stories and articles in *Scribner's Magazine, Harper's Weekly*, the *Independent, Lippincott's Magazine* and elsewhere brought him to favourable attention some years ago.

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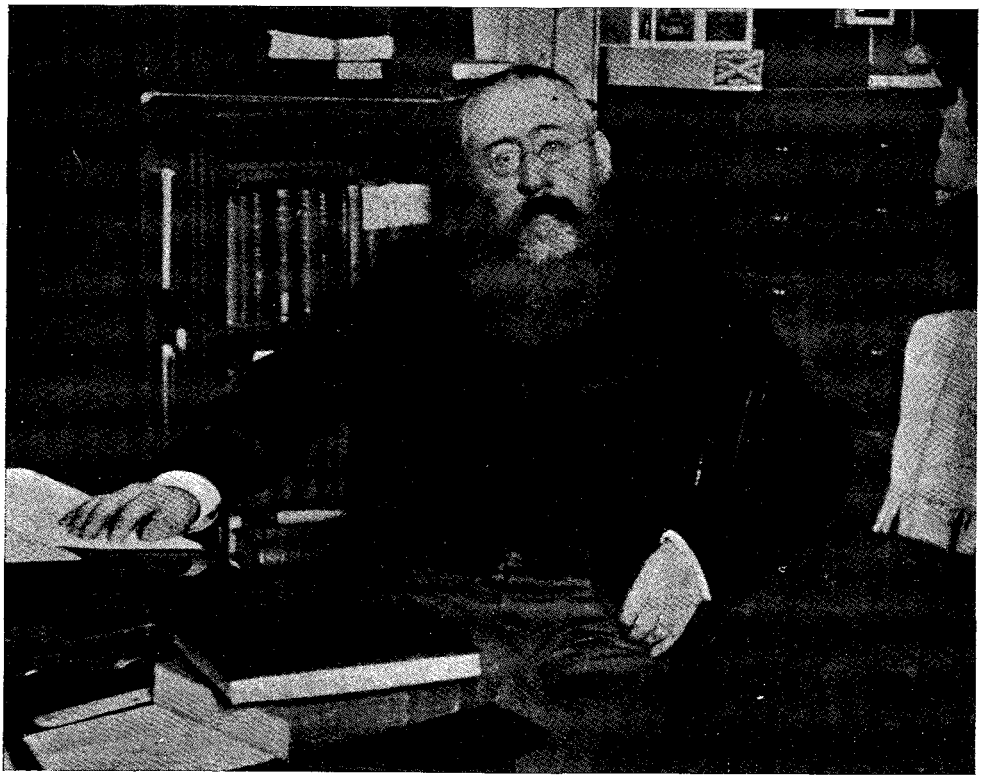
He has been engaged in newspaper work since leaving college, serving for a year on the staff of the Philadelphia *Times* and for eight years in various editorial capacities on that of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.* At the beginning of the present year he took a position with a Philadelphia publishing house. He has always taken the strongest interest in men who work with their hands, and most of his stories have dealt with the life of the streets and the big manufacturing plants. He has made a special study of life in the steel mill. It is the political field, however, which has gained his most serious attention, believing, as he does, that in the American politician is presented the figure most clearly typical of the life from which it has sprung. He is of the opinion that when the great American novel is written, an American politician will have a place in the forefront of its action. *J. Devlin—Boss* is an attempt to show the humanity of the politician. The actors, as well as most of the incidents in that book, are taken from real life and to a considerable extent from history which has come under the author's personal observation.

Mr. John Oxenham, the author of *Our Lady of Deliverance,* was born in Manchester, England, where he was educated at Old Trafford School and Owens College. After leaving college he lived in France for several years, and travelled widely about the Continent. Then he came across the Atlantic on business and remained for two years in New York City and in Canada. At one time he travelled through the Southern States with an idea of taking up sheep-farming or orange-growing. He decided against following either of these careers, and he confesses that since he has often regretted the decision. From New York he returned to England, and was for some years engaged in business. He began writing merely for his own amusement, but in time came to enjoy it more than any other work, and so he dropped his other occupations. In addition to *Our*



PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

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SELMA LAGERLÖF.

Lady of Deliverance, Mr. Oxenham has published *God's Prisoner, Rising Fortunes, A Princess of Vascovy, A Modern Masque,* and a number of short stories in various English monthlies and weeklies.

"I began to write for my own pleasure and as a distraction from other matters," said Mr. Oxenham in a recent interview. "The delight of it grew upon me, 'as the appetite comes in eating.' I have no tale of hardships, since I was not writing for a living. What I enjoyed producing other folks seemed to enjoy perusing, and were even willing to pay. Eventually I took my courage in both hands, and climbed out of the mud of business life on to clean rock. If I have not climbed high, I have at all events climbed clean; and, all being well, I intend to climb higher. I am north-country, but the wrong side of the Border. All the same, my pleasantest associations are with the west coast, and I used to tramp it with a knapsack from Dunoon to Fort-William with an enjoyment that is still fresh to me. Then I spent some years in Brittany; lived even in the small stone house above the weir overlooking the Château —though it is not called Cour-des-Comptes; and my host was Prudent Vaurel, and though the latter name is not his, the personality is. I can hear his great roaring laugh at this moment as he threatens Boulot with the water. I had the chance of seeing a good deal of the Continent, from Stockholm down to Genoa, and fairly well all that lies between, and footed it to and fro in Switzerland both in summer and in winter, which is far better. Then business matters took me to America and Canada for a couple of years. I name all this simply because I consider that, all unwittingly, it was as good training as I could possibly have had. Since then I was many years in London; and the roar of Fleet Street and the Strand is still in my ears. It is more tuneful—say, rather less inharmonious—at a distance than when one is in it."

Elsewhere in this number will be found a review of Miss Lagerlöf's latest book. We present a portrait of the author, the first, if we are not mistaken, that has been published in this country.

Francis W. Halsey.

Mr. Francis Whiting Halsey, who is very widely known as the editor of the literary supplement of the New York *Times,* has written a book on *The Old New York Frontier,* which should prove a serious

FRANCIS WHITING HALSEY.

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and interesting addition to American history. Mr. Halsey's career in literature and journalism has been very successful and eventful. He is a Cornell man, of the class of 1873, and while he was still an undergraduate he made up his mind that journalism was to be his life work. Soon after his graduation he went to Binghamton, New York, where, under the direction of the publisher, he edited a morning paper called the *Times*. His connection with the New York *Times* dates from 1880. For several years he filled the place of foreign editor, and when Charles DeKay, the literary editor, was appointed consul-general to Berlin by President Cleveland, Mr. Halsey was made literary editor in his place. In 1878 he printed a volume of European letters with the title *Two Months Abroad,* and in 1895 he wrote an extended introduction for a volume of family history entitled *Thomas Halsey of Hertfordshire, England, and Southampton, Long Island.* His latest book is the result of many years of research and study.

A BALLADE OF DEAD HUMOURISTS

If you sow Success, you must harvest Woe,
For Fame was ever a fickle jade,
And sequels never were known to "go,"
When Art deteriorates into Trade.
A song too long on the lyre is played,
And lo, your victory is reversed!
The Critic cries, in his wild tirade,
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

The praise of the Public melts like snow,
The smiles of your Favour quickly fade;
Unless a chameleon garb you show,
Or change like Proteus, unafraid,
Your Name is likely to retrograde.
The deluge comes! Lest you be immersed,
Pray change your field ere the plaint is made,
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

E'en Chimmie Fadden was voted "slow,"
J. Ford too long at the counter stayed
And Bangs's Houseboat we did outgrow,
While Dunne too long after Dooley strayed.
Oh, tremble now for the slangy Ade!
The Publisher urges him to his worst,
But Critics are crying, in ambuscade,
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

ENVOY.

O Wits, I'm calling a spade a spade;
Have done with your stunts ere your bubbles burst!
Too much of a Muchness, and you are flayed!—
"He's not so good as he was at first!"

Gelett Burgess.

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A POSTSCRIPT AS TO RHYME *

We are warned to be on our guard against pushing any principle to an absurd extreme. If certain pairs of words have been sent forth into the world by English poets from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, then perhaps they may now plead prescription whenever any cold-hearted commentator is disposed to doubt the legitimacy of their conjunction. Although the union is forbidden by the strict letter of the law—like marriage with a deceased wife's sister in England—only the censorious are disposed to take the matter into court. In times certain rhymes—falsely so called—"are legitimated by custom," one British critic has declared, citing *love* and *prove* for example, and asserting that "*river* has just got to rhyme with *ever* or the game cannot be played." You must have *forgiven* or you will never get to *heaven*. "We expect these licenses and do not resent them, as we do Poe's *valleys* and *palace* and the eccentricities of Mrs. Browning." That there is force in this contention cannot be denied; but it must be remembered that those who urge it are necessarily lovers of poetry, or, at least, fairly familiar with a large body of English verse, else they would not be aware of the fact that *love* and *prove*, *heaven* and *given* have often been tied together. But even if these critics, who have been sophisticated by over-familiarity with poetic license, do not resent this pairing of unequal sounds, it does not follow that those who for the first time hear *love* linked with *Jove* are equally forgiving or negligent. Even if these licenses are pardoned by some as venial offences, there are others whose ears are annoyed by them and whose attention is distracted. In other words, we are here face to face with the personal equation: and the only way for a writer of verse to make sure that one or another of his rhymes will not be resented by this reader or that is to make sure that all his marriages are flawless.

Thus and thus only can he avoid offence with absolute certainty. If his rhymes are perfect to the ear, when read aloud or recited, then they will never divert the attention of the auditor from the matter of the poem to the mere manner. On the other hand, it is only fair to confess that there are some lovers of poetry who find a charm in lawlessness and in eccentricity. A series of perfect rhymes pleases them; but so also does an occasional rhyme in which the vowel is slightly varied. And the poet's consolation for the loss of these must lie in the knowledge that he cannot hope to satisfy everybody. Consolation may also lie in the belief that any lapse from the perfect rhyme is dangerous, for even if there are some who enjoy the divergence when it is delicate—that is, when the vowel sound, even if not absolutely identical, is sympathetically akin—there are very few who are not annoyed when it becomes as obvious as in *dial* and *ball* or in *water* and *clear*.

And as it is only a sophisticated ear

*Two or three years ago there appeared in THE BOOKMAN "An Inquiry as to Rhyme," in which the various theories of rhyme were considered one after the other, the writer finally arriving at the conclusion that as poetry is always intended to be said or sung, rhyme is therefore an appeal to the ear, and, consequently, the so-called "rhymes to the eye" are patent absurdities. We do not make sounds by the eye, any more than we match colours by the ear or by the nose. Herbert Spencer's Principle of Economy of Attention was suggested as supplying a scientific basis for this position. At any given moment we have only so much attention, and a false rhyme jars us and deducts to the mere form mental energy which would be better employed on the poetic thought. A rhyme to the eye which is not also a rhyme to the ear calls the hearer's attention from the matter of the poem to the manner; and there is an immediate diminution of the total effect.

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which enjoys the mating of *valleys* with *palace,* for example, so the attempted rhyme of this type is to be found chiefly in the more laboured poets—in those who are conscientiously literary. The primitive lyrist, the unconscious singer who makes a ballad of a May morning or rhymes a jingle for the nursery, or puts together a couplet to give point to a fragment of proverbial wisdom, is nearly always exact in the repetition of his vowel. Where he is careless is in the accompanying consonants. As is remarked by the British critic from whom quotation has already been made—"We may observe that in all early European poetry, from the 'Song of Roland' to the popular ballads, the ear was satisfied with assonance, that is, the harmony of the vowel sounds: *hat* is assonant to *tag,* and that was good enough." So in the prologue of "Pericles" we have *come* linked with *sung.* So in the proverbial couplet:

See a pin and pick it *up,*
All day long you'll have good *luck,*

So again, more than once, in the unaffected lyrics of the laureate of the nursery, Mother Goose:

Goosy, goosy *gander,*
Where do you *wander?*
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's *chamber.*

Leave them *alone*
And they will come *home.*

This assonance is visible in the linking of *wild wood* and *childhood,* which many versifiers have proffered as though it was a double rhyme; it is to be seen again in Whittier's *mainland* and *trainband,* and it is obvious in Mr. Bret Harte's "Her Letter":

Of that ride—that to me was the *rarest,*
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah! Joe, then I wasn't an *heiress*
To the best-paying lead in the State.

Although this substitution of assonance for rhyme is uncommon in the more literary lyrics, which we may suppose to have been composed with the pen, it is still to be frequently found in the popular song, born on the lips of the singer and set down only as an afterthought. It abounds in the college songs which have been sung into being, and in the ruder ballads of the music hall—which Planché neatly characterised as "most music-hall, most melancholy." In one dime song-book, containing the words set to music by Mr. David Braham to enliven one of Mr. Edward Harrigan's amusing pictures of life among the lowly in the tenement-house districts of New York, there can be discovered at least a dozen instances of this use of assonance as though it were rhyme:

De gal's name is *Nannie,*
And she's just left her *mammie.*

He can get a pair of crutches
From the doctor, it's *well-known;*
And feel like the King of Persia
When he goes marching *home.*

One husband was a *toper,*
The other was a *loafer.*

'Tis there the solid *voters*
Wear Piccadilly *chokers.*

On Sundays, then, the *ladies*
With a hundred million *babies.*

To the poor of suffering Ireland,
Time and time *again:*
We thank you for our countrymen,
And Donovan is our *name.*

When these lines are sung, rough as they are, the ear is satisfied by the absolute identity of the final vowel, upon which the voice lingers while it elides or almost suppresses the final consonant. It may be doubted whether one in a hundred of those who heard these songs ever discovered any deficiency in the rhymes. In more literary ballads only an exact rhyme attains to the literary standard; but in folk-songs, ancient and modern, assonance seems to be legal tender by tacit convention. Probably, however, the attempt to substitute assonance for rhyme would be resented by many of the readers who are tolerant toward such departures from exactness as *heaven* and *shriven,* or *grove* and *dove.* That is to say, the unliterary ear insists on the identity of the vowel while careless as to the consonant, and the literary ear insists on the identity of the consonants, while not quite so careful as to the vowel. And here is another reason for exact accuracy, which satisfies alike the learned and the unlearned, and is always in accord with Herbert Spencer's

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principle. It is true, probably, that such minor divergencies as the mating of *home* and *alone* and of *shadow* and *meadow*—to take one of each class—are not generally conscious on the part of the poet himself. Nor are they generally noted by the reader or the auditor; and even when noticed they are not always resented as offensive. But just so long as there is a chance that they may be so noticed and that they may be so resented, they had better be avoided. The poet avails himself of his license at his peril. That way danger lies. *Brander Matthews*

THE REAL BARBARA FRIETCHIE

When Whittier immortalised Barbara Frietchie he builded a song of fact and fancy that has given rise to more or less speculation over his heroine. And in spite of its solid foundations on fact there has been ever since a very widespread belief that it was all a legend, and that Barbara was no more than a very pleasant and inspiring myth. This is in itself rank injustice. There was the real Barbara, a woman who at the time of the Civil War was literally

Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,

and who, all her life an ardent and unswerving patriot, showed in the face of the rebel troops the courage attributed to her by the poet. But it is in relating the actual incidents of the march of the troops through Frederick that Whittier indulges in the poetic license of weaving a dramatic scene out of his imagination. His conception of the woman herself was unquestionably true enough.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

"BOWED WITH HER FOURSCORE YEARS AND TEN."

When on September 10 the encamped rebel army was ordered to move, the line of march took the troops by Barbara Frietchie's house, from the window of which the Union flag was waving. It continued to flaunt defiantly during the Confederate occupation of the town. It was not, however, "Stonewall" Jackson who led the men that day. General Jackson left the town by a circuitous route and never saw the brave old woman. Jeers and threats and insults there were in plenty for her from the passing troops, but no one of them violated the flag or the woman who waved it.

Two days later Barbara again figured conspicuously in a martial scene of another nature. A detachment of McClellan's army, commanded by General Reno, came marching through Frederick-town. The men were tired and disheartened, and they were tramping wearily up the hill when on a sudden the soldiers saw a Union flag waved by an aged woman who was leaning way from her window. At the sight there went up a

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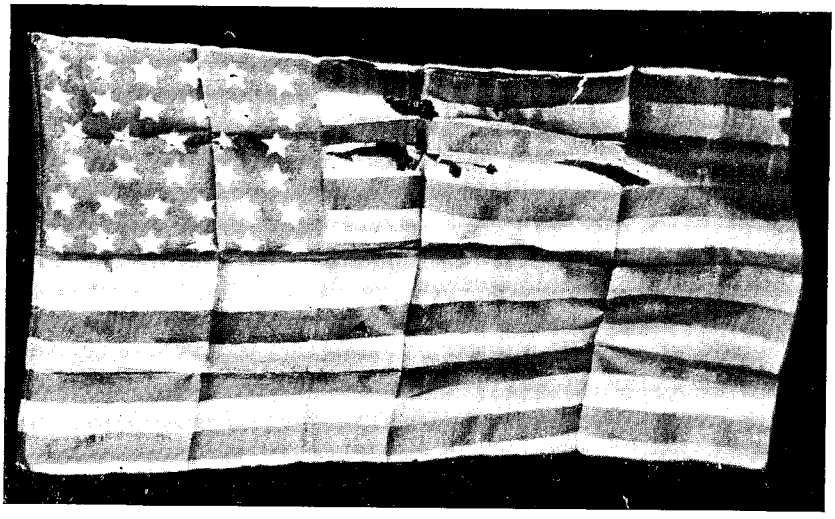
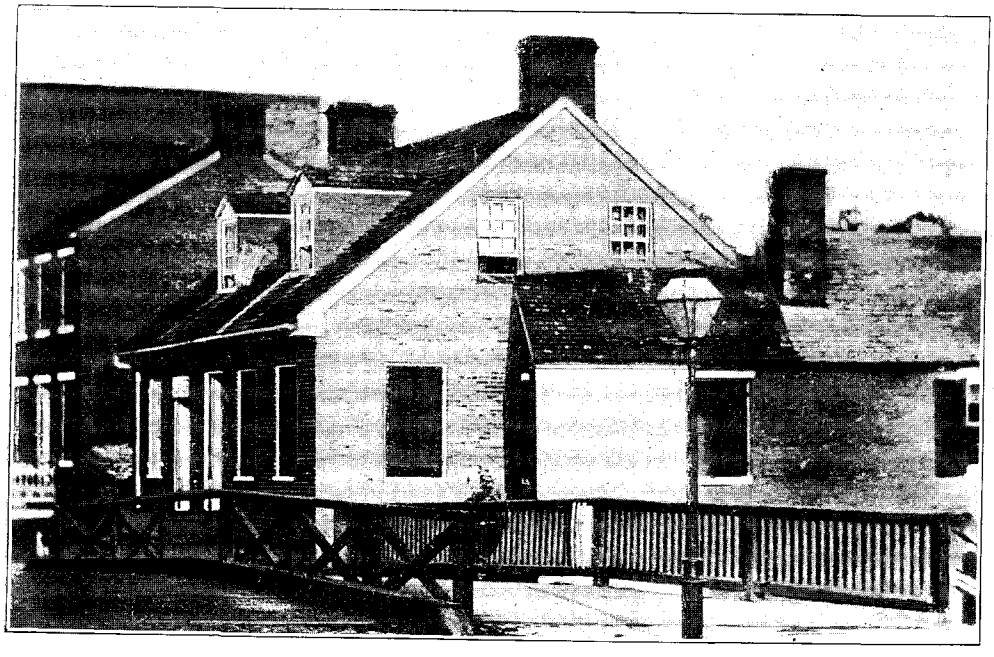


BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S FLAG.

"ALL DAY LONG THAT FREE FLAG TOSSED.
OVER THE HEADS OF THE REBEL HOST."

shout such as had never before been heard in Fredericktown. Barbara Frietchie rushed down to the door, flag in hand, to greet the troops. General Reno and his aides dismounted and went up the steps to speak to her. The troops in wild excitement broke ranks and crowded around the house. Some of them boisterously were for lifting the aged patriot to their shoulders, but at this the General interfered, though he saw how thoroughly she was enjoying the ovation. As a sou-



BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S HOUSE WITH THE FLAG AT THE DORMER WINDOW.

"IN HER ATTIC WINDOW THE STAFF SHE SET
TO SHOW THAT ONE HEART WAS LOYAL YET."

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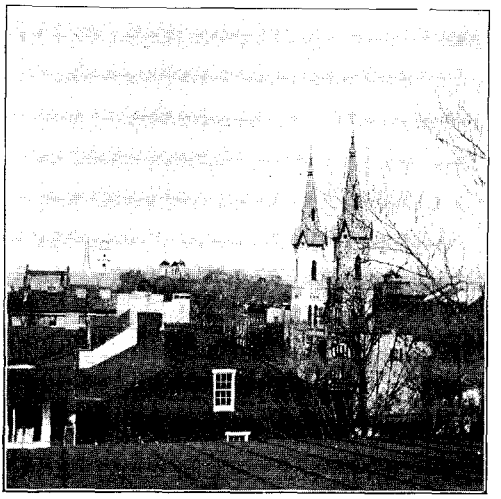
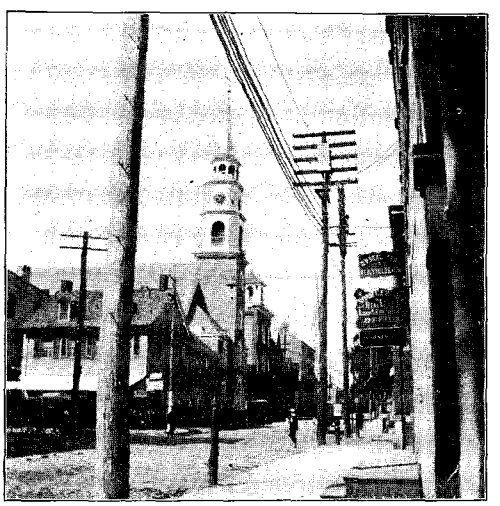


"THE CLUSTERED SPIRES OF FREDERICK STAND GREEN-WALLED BY THE HILLS OF MARYLAND."

venir General Reno asked Barbara for the flag. But instead she gave him a larger one, which he bore away, followed by his cheering troops.

Two days later General Reno was killed at the battle of South Mountain. His body was wrapped in Barbara's flag and sent home to his family, who retained the emblem as a sacred possession.

Barbara did not herself long survive her fame. She died in the following December at the age of ninety-six. Over her grave no "Flag of Freedom and Union" waves. She has no monument,



"ALL DAY LONG THROUGH FREDERICK STREET SOUNDED THE TREAD OF MARCHING FEET."

but a small stone of white marble marks her resting-place in an old grass-grown cemetery, long since abandoned save by singing birds and the wild flowers which each season grow up about her head.

In contrast to her neglected grave is that of Francis Scott Key, whom Frederick also claims as a distinguished patriot, whose recently erected monument adorns the entrance to the chief cemetery of the town. Here waves in splendid folds the star-spangled banner which Barbara Frietchie loved so well.

Unlike Francis Scott Key, Barbara was not a native of Frederick, but came there from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where she was born December 3, 1766. Her maiden name was Hauer, and

THE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT.

throughout her girlhood she was conspicuous in the life of Frederick by reason of her intense patriotism. It is related of her that in 1791 she was one of a party who entertained George Washington as he stopped over night at the Frederick tavern. News of his coming was spread at a quilting party. The enthusiastic Barbara rushed home to get her best Liverpool china, from which the great man ate his supper, to the delight of the young woman, who ever after preserved it carefully and handed it down to her grandniece, who proudly displays it to-day. Eight years later Barbara was one of the pall-bearers at Washington's sham funeral in Frederick. In the meantime she had married John Frietchie, a

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glove-maker, who died in 1849, but for many years previous carried on his trade in the house where his widow won her patriotic fame.

The house was partly demolished by a flood in 1869, and afterward torn down to widen the creek, but the famous flag which hung from the dormer window through all those stirring scenes of the Civil War may still be seen in Frederick at the home of Barbara's adopted daughter and grandniece, Mrs. Abbott, who also owns the celebrated china. The flag is of silk, marred by a few rents, which are not bullet holes, but the ravishes of time. Lest too much handling should demolish it the owner has it framed.

Frances Weston Carruth.

JOHN FOSTER

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

VI.

There are three great discoveries in a boy's life: the discovery of Nature, the discovery of Man, and the discovery of God. No man passes through life without getting glimpses of all these mysterious realities, but there are few to whom these determining facts in experience stand out with equal clearness. Some have the vision of God, and are so transported by it that Nature remains almost unnoted and men are seen dimly and in a dream, like trees walking. Some are so enamoured with the beauty of the world and so penetrated by its vitality that, like the fauns and dryads, they are bound to the woods and fields and shun the homes and haunts of men, singing strange melodies, in which vibrate the undertones of a life hidden and obscure in glens and deep woods; and others are so caught up in the movement of human life and so passionately sympathetic with it that they have no heart for the joy of the world and no silent rapture for the vision of God. To each man, according to his nature, the mystery shows itself; and they are few and great in whose imagination all the lines of light meet and blend in perfect revelation.

John Foster found Nature with the first pure touch of a child's hand and loved Nature with the sweet unconsciousness of a child's heart. It was a vast playground, into which he made his way with the sense of possession; but from the beginning there were mysterious voices calling from a distance; there were sudden pauses in the sounds of day and in the silence of the night when there seemed to be a presence felt, but not perceived; hidden, but not unknown; in which every visible thing stirred and bloomed and lived. This strange, haunting presence suddenly flashed into his imagination when he heard the book read for the first time; and when he carried it away into the heart of the woods and let the light of the open sky fall on it, and heard the birds singing over him as they sang in the pages of the book, and the faint rustle of grain borne to him on the soft air as it rises into sound and subsides into silence again in the record of the book, he knew that between the beauty and truth in Nature and the beauty and truth in the book there was neither discord nor severance, but harmony at the root and in the flower of the life that climbs in Nature and finds many voices in the human spirit. And so he discovered the presence and knew that God was in His world.

All this lay deep in the boy's heart, but it was dim in his thought; for the real things of life rise very gradually into consciousness; they are born in experience and slowly ascend out of the deeps where the soul touches the Infinite in the inner-

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most recesses of being. The child plucks the flower with a careless hand and does not know that its roots are deep in the mystery of the universe and that earth and sky meet in its making. It is first a flower to the eye, and then, when its wonderful relationships are understood, it blooms again in the imagination; and it is in this second blooming that art gathers it fresh and fragrant for immortal blossoming.

VII.

John Foster had made two great discoveries without taking note of his journey or waking out of the dream of childhood. And now his dream began to centre about the bare little schoolhouse, and new figures moved in it. There, as at home, John was silent; he did not hold himself apart, and there was no touch of pride in his detachment; but language failed him; he knew not how to speak of the things in his heart, and other things barely touched him. He had his place in the games, but he seemed to be taking a part rather than playing; the shouts, the rush, the turmoil, the stir and tumult of recess and holidays never penetrated the quiet places where he lived. The text-books were faithfully studied, but they left him cold; their speech was not his, nor did the things they taught mean anything to him. It seemed to be the way of the world to know these things, and so he learned them; but they neither liberated nor inspired him. Various masters, competent and incompetent, sat behind the little table with its row of dull books, but the real teacher never came that way, and the boy's spirit remained untouched. There were a few books in the little library of the school, mostly of the kind that are born dead; but there were also a few that lived, and it chanced that one of these books came into the boy's hand and thence into his pocket, and was carried afield the next day. He knew nothing of its origin, of the man whose heart was in it, of the spiritual conditions which helped to fashion and were reflected in it. It was to him simply paper with black marks upon it. Stretched out at the foot of a great tree, with the murmurous music of the forest gently touched by the wind above him, he opened the book indifferently and without expectation, when suddenly, like a flash of light, a phrase seemed to leap out of the book into his imagination. It was a line from Burns; one of those fine simplicities of speech in which a deep thought lies like a star in a mountain pool. In that moment the boy knew without knowing what art is and means; he caught a glimpse of that perfection in which spirit and form dwell together in immortal harmony; truth and beauty bearing a new flower on the ancient stem of time. There was magic in the line; the earth suddenly shone with new meanings; the boy's heart danced with inward glee; it seemed as if he must break away from bonds of time and place into some unrealised liberty; some boundless freedom wide enough for his soul to run at large in. The glow of that hour lasted long, and as fast as it began to fade was renewed by the touch of another poet; for the boy had found his way to the singers, and the world was flooded with music. He walked on air in the ecstasy of those first days of fellowship with the seers, the thinkers, and the poets. The fields about him seemed to spread to the horizon as he ran, and they were swept by gusts of fragrance from the immortal fields where the vanished singers chant beyond the touch of care and time; the woods were haunted with half-seen forms which the world had long banished and forgotten, won back to their ancient haunts by the boy's faith and vision; and the stars, as he walked the lonely road at night, were like swinging lamps set along some great highway where the immortals pass in majestic procession. The touch of the imagination lay on the whole earth like a light which brings all hidden, obscure, and mysterious things to view. The boy was walking by the light which has shone on the path of every poet since time began. The power to create was not to be his, but he lived in the creative mood; the wonders were all revealed to him, the joy was in his heart, the rapture in his eye; for a new heavens and new earth were born in his imagination, and the morning stars sang again the great song of beginnings.

VIII.

The poets sit beside the tree of life, and one cannot learn their songs without

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learning also the sorrow and joy, the strife and peace, the work and rest, the hate and love, the loss and gain which make up the human story. In the lonely countryside the solitary boy entered into the rich experience of the race; committed its crimes, fought its battles, suffered its defeats, was bruised by its sorrows, and borne aloft on the strong wings of its great aspirations. He looked into the heart of the past through eyes that had the searching insight of genius behind them. The passion of the race, which has borne so many great spirits on mounting waves of power and dragged so many down to the very gates of hell, encompassed him, and he understood for the first time what tremendous forces contend with man in the making of that personality which in turn makes destiny. Among all those who saw John Foster in those days no one knew what was moving within him, least of all they of his own household; for youth is a mystery save to the poets; and its rapture, its passion, its dreaming of the time that is to be—the madness and the gladness in the foaming cup which life holds to its lips—pass unnoted by those who live under the same roof. In silence and solitude the soul comes to its own; in silence and solitude it passes through the ultimate gate into the final mystery. But there was no sense of loneliness in the boy's life in those days when he was discovering what is in men, and striving to find how this knowledge was one with the knowledge of Nature and of God. He was swept out himself by the tides of emotion, impulse and vitality from the Infinite which flowed in upon him as the sea comes sweeping in upon the land. He lacked near companionship, but he was making friends with humanity, and Nature was finding place and speech for him.

IX.

There was one other discovery awaiting him when boyhood had broadened into youth. He made it unconsciously, as he had made all the other discoveries. A seed fell into his heart unawares, and he awoke one day and found the flower of love blooming there, shy, delicate, and fragrant; hidden, like the arbutus, in sweet obscurity, and shrinking from the touch of the gentlest hand. And the boy in his rapture and shyness barely looked at it, content with the perfume which it exhaled through his whole being. On the instant he understood many things which the poets had told him in a language he had not learned. He was a born lover, being of a pure mind and a rich imagination; and he wore the crown of life in silent blissfulness. He could not have spoken if he would, for speech was denied him; but his nature was atune and, like a sensitive harp, vibrated at every touch of the unseen fingers. She played upon him and did not hear the music. Born to feel and to know rather than to speak and to act, for him love meant not passion, but surrender. He gave everything, and the great law was worked out in him; for he regained what he had given, increased a thousandfold. There was a shrine in his soul and there was perpetual adoration there, and he became like the beautiful soul he worshipped; slowly transformed by the creative power of that divine passion of which religion and art and service are the witnesses, and from which all holy and perfect and beautiful thoughts, words, deeds, and works are born.

The tumult barely touched his senses, but set the imagination aflame. The sensitive face of the New England girl caught the glow of the morning, in which for the first time the young man, passing swiftly out of boyhood, saw the great world shining in the order and beauty of immortal love. Every common thing turned to gold in that light; every impure thought vanished, for Una was passing that way. In the depths of his heart there were stirrings of deep human feelings which knit him to his fellows in the silent brotherhood of universal experience. To love one human soul is to have the capacity to love all; and through a great affection for the friend at his side a man reaches out and touches hands with his remotest human kin. The miracle of love, which turns human clay into the semblance and shape of divinity, once wrought in a man's heart ripens swiftly or slowly into infinite compassion and the capacity for sacrifice. It was not in John Foster's nature to round out experience by expression or action; he was born to see, to think, and to feel, but not to speak or act. The depths of his soul were moved, but the trembling of the waters

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was unseen and inaudible. The love which filled his soul was as pure as the fragrance of a flower or of the unstained sky; but lacking the kindling touch of passion, to which the harp of life vibrates into the most enchanting music, it remained a song without words; one of those unheard melodies of which the audible music of the world is but an echo. The wonder-working stirring of the imagination when the senses are aglow, which renews in every generation the creative mood and brings back the creative moment, was denied him; but all that love means short of its ultimate surrender and its final fruition he knew. Its purity, devotion, exaltation, were his; its translation out of the isolation of rapture into the deeper joy of perfect companionship in days and works, in the visions and tasks which are appointed to all those who would make the journey of life to the very end, he did and could not know. He was a worshipper from afar; and the goddess passed his way without knowing that he had looked and seen and loved.

X.

A life that silently expands through vision and thought and is undisturbed by the tumult of action keeps no reckoning of time; for the days define themselves sharply in the consciousness of those only whose tasks are set for special reasons and whose work is assigned by the clock. John Foster's life was so essentially subjective that the divisions of time made for toilers of the hour had no existence for him; days and years flowed past him in one unbroken current, the shadows of the trees cooling the quiet waters in summer and the stars moving with them in winter. As time went on the early reserve deepened and the early silence was more rarely broken. It was not the life of a recluse who wished to escape from his fellows; it was rather the life of a man who was denied the gift of speech. The gentleness of the face, the kindliness of the eyes, the habitual care for others, showed the fellowship of this reticent soul with those to whom he was bound by ties of kinship or of neighbourhood. The work on the farm was never intermitted; there were no journeys beyond the mountains; for while the man's thoughts wandered far, his feet never strayed outside the limits of the great uplands on which he was born. Changes came, as they will come alike to those who sit at the fireside and to those who travel. One after another the children who grew up under the roof sought the larger opportunities of more active communities; the family shrunk until John alone of the younger generation remained. Then the father and mother died; there were brief home-comings, when the elders were carried beyond the familiar walls into the wide friendliness of the fields; and then the house became silent again, and John was left to that seclusion which for him meant the richest companionship. The farm was looked after, but it was a secondary interest; the silent man loved his bit of the landscape more than he loved the crops it bore. Idealist as he was to the very heart, he was saved from material disaster by habits of industry and thrift, which, as in many another case, kept the flower of the spirit well shielded from keen winds and bitter frosts.

The splendour slowly softened, as youth vanished, into a tender beauty which touched the heart of the man as the earlier glory had touched his imagination. Thoughts too deep either for laughter or for tears kept company with him at work in his fields or at rest in the woods. It seemed to him as if the splendour which once lay on the surface of the world had not vanished, but silently sunk into the heart of things and radiated thence in a beauty more tender and pervading. He learned the artist's secret of finding and keeping all things fresh to his eye and imagination; as the glow of youth faded he found the departing loveliness in the form and shape and meaning of common things; thus gradually exchanging sight, which may grow dim, for vision which becomes clearer and more direct as the years go by. So he kept the fairyland of his early dreams at his doorstep, and translated the great speech of the poets into his own homely, every-day utterance. He had mastered the art of life; for he had learned that the purest idealism may be kept untarnished in daily dealing with homely cares and common work. When the first kindling glow of the senses began to fail he held aloft the steady light of the imagination, and for

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him the world never ceased to glow and bloom and ripen in the large purpose of God. This discovery kept him in touch with Spenser and Shakespeare and Keats; and he found with Emerson that wherever a man stands the whole arch of the sky is over him.

John Foster, in his passion for the stars, did not trip and fall to the ground over common duties; he kept his footing amid homely cares and in familiar relations, and so his vision remained undimmed. His neighbours knew him to be kindly and simple and industrious; they thought him lacking in ambition; he cared little for new methods and his talk about the staple topics of a farming community was of the briefest. From the standpoint of local opinion he was trustworthy and industrious, but he was not successful. To his hard-handed and hard-headed neighbours he was an amiable ne'er-do-weel; a man of good principles who could not get on in life. They judged him entirely from the standpoint of farm management, and he was a very indifferent farmer.

If he knew the neighbourhood opinion he was not oppressed by it. His life was so entirely the unfolding of the inward spirit, his standards were so far above local ideals, his manner of life was so individual, that without being self-centred he was independent of his surroundings; he was a rustic whose occupations were of the farm, but whose interests were of the world. It is wise to know neighbourhood opinion and to regard it for correction, admonition, and reproof; but he who would possess his own soul must live outside his neighbourhood. It was precisely at this point that the indifferent farmer parted company with neighbours; they had only the vocation of the hands; he had also the avocation of the spirit.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF THE HORSE

Three years ago every one was predicting the elimination of the horse from the utilitarian world and also from the world of pleasure and amusement. The bicycle fever was then at its height; and every man, woman, boy and girl in the country was either riding a wheel or else planning how to get one. Bicycle-parties were fashionable. Bicycle-language was spoken as extensively as the language of golf is spoken to-day. Go where you would you could hear nothing but talk about different models and "century runs" and the condition of the highways; while map-makers reaped a small fortune by publishing little guides and roadbooks for the use of the bicycle fiend. Even the crowded streets of the city swarmed with riders. Business men rode down to their offices on bicycles, and many of them took spins in the Park before breakfast. The great avenues of our larger cities were made extremely picturesque in the dusk of evening by the endless line of bicyclists whose lanterns in the darkness produced the vivid effect of a river of coloured fire.

About the same time, the cable car and the trolley supplanted the horse-car throughout the country; and finally there came in the automobile, which is still flourishing under the patronage of wealth and fashion. It is small wonder that the newspapers confidently chronicled the impending disappearance of the horse, and wrote of the coming development of electricity as an almost universal agent in locomotion; while the wheel and the automobile were to be the chief instruments of pleasure during one's hours of recreation.

It is rather interesting to note that at the present time the bicycle craze, as a craze, has utterly subsided. We still see both men and women mounted upon wheels and going about from place to place; but their numbers are comparatively few, and the joy of the wheel seems to have departed. No one any longer talks about the bicycle. Very few ride it for the pleasure of the thing. It is sometimes a convenience, and it is sometimes a necessity; but it has become commonplace and no longer excites

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especial interest. One reason for this is to be found in the fact that it is no longer fashionable; and it has ceased to be fashionable simply because the possession of a wheel is now quite possible to every one. Three or four years ago a good model cost a hundred dollars, but at the present time it can be purchased for a quarter of that sum, while a very fair one can be had for even less. Hence, fashion has turned its back upon the bicycle and is smiling upon the automobile, which still remains an expensive luxury and one that is possible only to the few. But the history of the bicycle will presently repeat itself in the history of the automobile as competition among manufacturers becomes keener and the processes of production become cheaper. The *cachet* of exclusiveness will have been removed and with it half the charm of ownership.

It is somewhat interesting in connection with these facts to note that the demand for horses is greater now than at any time within the past ten years, and that saddle-horses in particular command higher prices than ever before. The immediate cause of this is to be found in the change that has come over the social life of those among us who possess great wealth and who have the leisure necessary for its enjoyment. Our millionaires, presumably from their more intimate acquaintance with the customs of the English, have begun to recognise and appreciate the pleasures of country life. With them the city is becoming a place of residence only for the smaller portion of the year. They are building themselves great mansions in the country, to which they repair not only during the summer months, but also at Christmas-time and in the winter season. They have taken to outdoor exercises. They hunt; they shoot; they play golf; they give house-parties; and, above all, they ride. There are two forms of emulation which one most notices at the present time among this class of people. They vie with one another in maintaining great retinues of servants, and they take pride also in the size and the completeness of their stables. Each member of a rich household must now possess a mount. The master must have two or three saddle-horses, the children must have their ponies; and, besides carriage horses, there must be also animals for polo-playing and for the use of guests. You will now see in Lenox and the Hamptons whole cavalcades of riders issuing from the gates of country places—men, women and children—all mounted and going forth for a gallop across the country. This may primarily have been due to the growth of Anglomania among us; but it has taken root and become indigenous through its own intrinsic attractiveness; and it is one of the most hopeful and healthful signs to be detected in contemporaneous American life. It tends to make manly men, and to give us women who are sound of body and natural and clean in thought.

The popularity of the horse rests, indeed, upon a sound and lasting basis; for bicycles and automobiles are fads of the moment, while the love of the horse is rooted in something which is immutable. There is a certain exhilaration, to be sure, in skimming over a good road upon a wheel—a certain birdlike feeling that gives real pleasure. The high speed of the automobile is also not without a certain fascination. Yet both of these pleasures are slight and unsubstantial when compared with the profound satisfaction which the horseman derives from the possession of a good mount. First of all, the rider of the horse finds in his animal not merely a means of locomotion, but a feeling of companionship which can come only from contact with something that is alive and intelligent instead of that which is inert and entirely mechanical. A horse is not an implement or an engine, but it is something that lives and breathes and knows and feels—something that can recognise its rider, that answers to his touch upon the rein and that responds at once to his control and to his liking. A horse, moreover, gives to his rider the subtle pleasure which comes from a sense of mastery. To bestride an animal of spirit and to feel his power, while at the same time knowing that this power is subordinate to yours, that you can control it, that you have made this union of strength and mettle and swiftness the creature of your will—here is something which appeals to the imagination and to whatever quality in man is virile. No combination of leather and steel, no mechanism that is worked by a crank and that puffs out

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stenches can ever give this feeling. Moreover, the limitations upon the horseman are very few. To him not only is the highway open, but the fields as well, the rocky hillsides and those delicious bridle-paths that penetrate the heart of the dewy forest all redolent of the fresh earth and the cool leaves, and eloquent of nature in its simplicity and restfulness. The horseman rides along with a certain exaltation, a deep and lasting pleasure utterly unlike the tense absorption of the scorcher with his set bicycle-face and his eternal preoccupation over the various objects which may at any moment upset his machine and leave it with a punctured tire.

The moral influence of the horse is also very noticeable to one who studies human beings. There is something noble about a horse, and his intelligence is so nearly human that he humanises those who love him. Horsey men, in whatever grade of life you find them, may lack many desirable qualities, but in them the human element is always very strong. They may be crude; they may be even vulgar; but there is always in them a certain geniality and mellowness and generosity which render their companionship delightful to one who is himself possessed of a catholic mind and a wholesome nature. They live much in the open air; they like the sunshine and the out-of-doorness which are primitive traits. They are shrewd of mind and sound of body, and they have a relish for the good things of life. All this explains just why it is that while fads arise and perish and while fashion goes on from year to year, chameleon-like in its multiplicity of changes, the love of the horse will never die out of the human heart, because it springs from a feeling and a liking for all that is sane and wholesome and elemental.

H. T. P.

AN HOUR WITH JAMES MARTINEAU

One reminiscence, fresh and fragrant still, after ten years have elapsed, belonging to a winter's stay of mine in London, is of an hour's interview I had with James Martineau. It came about, very fortunately, but naturally enough, in this wise. I had noticed in the daily papers the announcement that at a certain place, on a certain day, at a certain hour, all duly named, Dr. James Martineau would speak—would, in fact, make an address of some sort. Of what sort did not matter much to me, as long as it was Dr. Martineau who made it; I must, of course, hear the address.

"Of course," I said to myself, never guessing how little a thing, of course, my hearing of that address would turn out to be. The place named was conveniently near to my lodgings, and in my simplicity I took it for granted that I had merely to be on hand in sufficiently good season in order to secure admission and a seat. Two ladies went with me, and we were at the doors early—to learn what had not been announced, that admission was only by ticket, and that tickets to overfill the room had long before been given out. A gentleman kept the door, who was quite abrupt and decisive in denying us entrance and in discouraging all thought on our part of a possible chance for us at last of clinging desperately to the walls somewhere on the outermost fringes of the audience. The ladies gave it up and retired; not so I.

I meekly begged permission of the gentleman who kept the door to remain near him until Dr. Martineau should arrive, that I might, at least, have the opportunity to see the illustrious and venerated man. And would the gentleman have the goodness to point him out to me as soon as he came in sight? Whether it was my meekness or my enthusiasm—something won upon the gentleman to look benignantly on me. At intervals, as unobtrusively as I could, I dropped remarks about Dr. Martineau that might, perhaps, tend to make my doorkeeping friend feel some degree of fitness in the disappointed American

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stranger by his side to enjoy the privilege which was, nevertheless, of necessity to be denied him. I thought I saw the toleration with which he had come to regard me gradually yield to a feeling of kindness, perhaps real compassion.

When at length Dr. Martineau passed in, my friend, the doorkeeper—he was not a professional doorkeeper, but a gentleman performing the office for the occasion—opened the door and took a careful view of the situation within. Coming back, he whispered to me that there was a seat vacant down the middle aisle, which he would venture to let me occupy. Thanking him, I slipped quietly in and forward to the place indicated. I found my chance of hearing as good as could be desired.

At the close of his address, of which it is not to my present purpose to give any report, Dr. Martineau invited any one in the audience desirous of doing so to come up and speak with him; he should be glad to answer any questions that his remarks might have raised in any hearer's mind. I waited a little to let any hearer better warranted than myself precede me in the claiming of this privilege; but since no one seemed ready to move, I went up and introduced myself to the speaker simply as an American and in no other quality; of course, giving him my name. We had a moment's mutual talk, as the result of which Dr. Martineau, with much benignity and quite of his own accord, invited me to call and see him at his residence. I asked to have a day named and an hour convenient to him, and made the call.

Whatever favourable conception I had previously formed of the personality of the man was fully satisfied by the reality that met me in Dr. Martineau—this alike as to the public and as to the private impression which he made. Nothing could well surpass the mingled dignity and urbanity with which, on that public occasion, he had borne himself as teacher to the audience that hung docile and eager on his lips. And now in the private interview that I was enjoying, the same gracious and winning qualities were manifest. True, when I ventured upon a question or two that might naturally imply non-acceptance on my part of some of the views expressed by him in his public address, he answered in a way to make me feel strongly that he was so confirmed in a certain habit of thought and conviction as to be unfitted for weighing new considerations that made against his preconceived ideas—that is, he was tolerant of difference, and urbane, without being very accessible to notions out of harmony with the system of opinion and belief into which he had finally settled. What wonder? He was then already eighty-five years old, he had always been a thinker—and he might pardonably suppose himself to have traversed beforehand every inch of ground in the whole area of the field of thought within which our conversation had its natural bounds.

Dr. Martineau spoke of the Metaphysical Society and of the men that made up its membership. The names of almost all those most eminent in the intellectual world of London were included in the list. I thought that Dr. Martineau spoke with the most interest and the most intellectual and moral sympathy of Tennyson. I was rather surprised to hear him speak with some disparagement of Mr. John Morley. He did not, when I ventured an admiring remark about it, question Mr. Morley's ethical high tone, but he seemed to think him somewhat bounded and sterile in intellectual endowment. It was not until afterward that I bethought me of the probable deep reason for the lack of cordial sympathy betrayed by Dr. Martineau as to Mr. Morley. It was, no doubt, Mr. Morley's anti-theistic attitude that kept Dr. Martineau, intensely ardent theist as he was himself, from any sense of spiritual fellowship with him.

Cardinal Newman had then recently died; and somehow, I have forgotten exactly how—perhaps through his being a member of the Metaphysical Society—his name came into our conversation. I had been fortunate enough in the course of the conversation to express a critical literary opinion concerning him that rather surprised, I thought, and evidently gratified, Dr. Martineau. I had said: "Notwithstanding the high-bred fashion that now prevails of praising Cardinal Newman as a master of style, I myself think that his brother, Francis W., writes better English than he." "So do I," heartily exclaimed Dr. Martineau, and it seemed at once evident that I had gained

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a point in his estimation by that venture of mine in dissent from prevailing literary opinion. I need not conjecture to what extent Dr. Martineau's preference of Francis W.'s religious attitude to John Henry's determined his preference of the former's English style to the latter's. I am quite conscious that my own literary judgment in the case, agreeing with Dr. Martineau's, was independent of any such influence as possibly was operative with him. For in the matter of religious attitude, though I was far off from Cardinal Newman's, I was still more removed from that of his "radical" brother.

On the impulse of the concurrence between him and me unexpectedly revealing itself with regard to the comparative merits of F. W. Newman's style, Dr. Martineau immediately said: "I have here a letter recently received from Francis" [perhaps he said "Professor"] "Newman, in which, since you know of his writings, it may be that you would be interested." Of course, I should be, and Dr. Martineau went and got the letter. He read it to me, commenting as he read. The letter was written on the occasion of his brother's, the Cardinal's, then recent death. It was a pathetic letter. It revealed the not surprising fact that there was a strained relation between the two brothers. Evidently, Francis W. did not feel himself guiltily responsible in the case, though, evidently, it pained him. They twain had gone so wide asunder in that deepest thing of the human heart, religion, that, being both of them very earnest men, they could not by any possibility enjoy a close fraternal fellowship with each other. Francis W., as I judged, felt that John Henry looked down upon him with a pity that had more of disdain in it than of sympathy. He accordingly seemed to respond with resentment, or at least with rejection, rather than with gratitude. It was touching to note that in the solemn hour of final earthly parting by death, the surviving brother appealed to Dr. Martineau with more true brotherly feeling than he had for a long time been able to cherish toward the now departed.

Dr. Martineau had every appearance of being in the enjoyment of a serene old age, in the full exercise of all his mental powers. He was evidently surrounded in his home, as he was surrounded in public, by a meet and beautiful reverence, well won by a prolonged pure life of strenuous and fruitful activity directed toward high ends. I shall have to confess that I did not at the moment of my interview with him know so fully as I afterward came to know, how well qualified he was, as master of style himself, to pronounce an authoritative opinion on a point of style. What I had previously read of his writing seemed to me, and I think would now seem to me, too consciously and ambitiously rhetorical in manner to deserve the highest praise for exemplary and admirable English. But surely he did in some of his writings illustrate what the English language is capable of in the way of lucid, brilliant, rhythmical expression.

By the way, I had the opportunity, on the occasion of Dr. Martineau's address that day, of a few words with Mrs. Humphry Ward. She "assisted" at it, as the French would say, apparently in the character of an interested and active responsible "patroness" of the occasion. I mention the fact of my conversational exchange with Mrs. Ward in order to say that when I made my complaisance to her about her work in literature, I imagined her to appear agreeably surprised that it was of her translation of Amiel's *Journal* rather than of her *Robert Elsmere* that I spoke.

William C. Wilkinson.

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DREAM

Last night I dreamed I saw my mother young.
I never knew her till her hair was gray.
Last night I saw the wrinkles smoothed away
And pearls about her satin shoulders strung.
Out from our homely tools of toil among
She came as if she knew them not. There lay
Old hopes in her young eyes. Faintly to-day
Are sounding the dead madrigals she sung.

I, who had watched the stolen march of days,
And would not see the days they stole away,
Moved breathlessly to meet her, mute with praise.
But, ah, the vibrant hand that in mine lay
Was not the one I love upon my hair;
Nor hers the mother eyes, deep, deep with prayer!

Zona Gale.

POE'S STUDENT DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Seventy-five years ago Edgar Allan Poe became a student in the University of Virginia. His entire sojourn here lies between St. Valentine's Day and Christmas, while his connection with the University covered exactly ten months and a day. There was at the time nothing strange, surprising, or even exceptional in his career, which would readily have been merged into hundreds of others equally uneventful and been forgot but for his subsequent fame. But this renown has carried the University's name to remote lands and made every incident of his student days, however insignificant in itself, of universal interest. Indeed, any fact in Poe's life is of value in enabling us to determine his erratic orbit and in furnishing us substantial material out of which imagination may make real the full picture of his perplexing life.

There was displayed by his earliest biographers a singular and perverse facility in creating for him an incongruous and impossible University experience, but the later students of his life here have striven zealously to discover and to disclose every fact. This they have done frankly, but not always with a due appreciation of the significance of these facts, and certainly not always with full sympathy for Poe himself.

Among the investigators of his University period Mr. Douglas Shirley (*University of Virginia Magazine*, March and April, 1880) and Mr. Schuyler Poitevent (*idem*, December, 1897) were most successful in adding to our limited store of knowledge. The facts furnished by them and by earlier students have, as far as possible, been verified as a basis for this sketch, which, however, contains other material, procured by a minute examination of all University records and by personal interviews.

The University of Virginia, for many years lingering an unfinished creation in the fruitful brain of its prescient founder, Thomas Jefferson, was so far completed in 1825 that on Monday, March 7, the first session began, but without ceremony or celebration. There were fifty students present on that day, and during the whole session, which closed on December 15, there were one hundred and sixteen students.

The session was peculiarly stormy. The professors, who were mainly English, and seem to have been unpopular because of that fact, were the victims of unpardonable disrespect. The faculty-meetings in the first session, when so many matters of policy should have engaged the attention of those called to direct aright the infant University, were

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largely given up to disciplining students guilty of the use of ardent and vinous liquors, or of gambling. There were open outbreaks as well as personal rebellion against rules. The University seemed in imminent peril from within, because of the unrestrained wildness, rampant disrespect, and obstreperous conduct of a body of immature young men, who mistook this new liberty for license.

The second session began on February 1, 1826. On that day thirty-four students matriculated. After that they came in day by day, until by Tuesday, February 14, one hundred and thirty-one students had matriculated. On the 14th five students entered, among them Edgar Allan Poe, who was No. 136 out of a total enrolment for the session of one hundred and seventy-seven.

In the matriculation book, at the very bottom of the page, as shown in the cut, the line runs:

				Long.	*Blätter.*	*Remarks.*
Edgar A. Poe	19 Jan: 1809	John Allen	Richmond	1	1	

Unfortunately this is not in Poe's handwriting. The lists of students for both 1825 and 1826 were neatly copied out by the same hand that wrote the formal pledge required of all students in 1827 and since that day. Presumably the copyist was Mr. Brockenborough, the Proctor. The blank space under Remarks is itself of interest, and is *prima facie* evidence that Poe did not at any time during the session sever his connection with the University; for comments in this column show that of the one hundred and seventy-seven students of the session six withdrew, three were suspended, three dismissed, and three expelled, but no one of these records stands against Poe.

According to the unimpeached testimony of a college mate and warm personal friend, Thomas Goode Tucker, Poe roomed at first on the Lawn with Miles George, of Richmond. There is no evidence of any kind to show the location of this Lawn room. Miles George (born September 17, 1807), the son of Bird George, of Richmond, Virginia, matriculated on February 3, 1826, entering the classes of Professors Long and Key, and remained at the University two sessions. While he does not seem to have been engaged in any of the disturbances or guilty of any misdemeanours, he was not reported by any of his professors among those who excelled in their examinations. He afterward graduated from the Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Early in the session Poe and George had some difficulty. The cause of this youthful disagreement is unknown, and in all probability was not at all serious. The result, however, of the discord was a fisticuff in a field near the University, after which the participants shook hands and parted in peace. George remained in possession of the Lawn room and Poe moved to West Range.

If remaining in possession of the territory formerly occupied is good ground for inference as to the victor, then Poe was probably whipped by his older companion. Perhaps, however, Poe's withdrawal was merely one of the conditions of their amicable settlement and does not point to his defeat.

It is true that Poe was just past seventeen, but his athletic record was already well established. He was "rather short of stature, thick and somewhat compactly set, but very active, being quite an expert in athletic and gymnastic arts." It may spoil a poetic illusion to add that "he was bow-legged and walked rapidly, with a certain jerkiness in his hurried movements." His greatest athletic achievement dates from June, 1825, when he swam, under a hot sun, from Ludlam's Wharf (Richmond) to Warwick, a distance of six miles, against a very strong tide. "Any swimmer in the Falls in my days," says Poe, "would have swum the Hellespont and thought nothing of the matter." This feat on the James, which is duly attested, was indeed remarkable for a boy, and in a measure justifies his boast that he could swim the English Channel from Dover to Calais. But Poe's prowess was not confined to swimming. He had the reputation of being the best

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young boxer in Richmond; and if in fights he ever had to exercise the valorous discretion of flight, he could readily have outstripped most contestants, for his swiftness in running was noted among his companions. His athletic record in field sports, however, would have been made in the running broad jump, for during his early life, probably here at the University, he jumped twenty-one feet six inches on a level, with a running start of twenty yards. His chief competitor in athletic contests here was one of the Labranche brothers, of New Orleans, who had been educated in France and trained in physical exercise. But the sad-faced Poe took his sports seriously, and exhibited little boyish enthusiasm or spirit in his triumphs.

On April 29, 1826, William Matthews, formerly a cadet of West Point, was "allowed the use of the Gymnasium [then where the chairman's office now is] for the purpose of giving instruction upon military tactics to such of the students as may choose to be drilled. Mr. Matthews is held responsible to the faculty for all riots or other disturbances of the peace happening during his attendance upon the students composing his class." The first physical director proved worthy of his appointment, and so commended himself to the faculty that later in the session he was assigned one of the elliptical rooms in the Rotunda. Still later in the session, when his name was mentioned in connection with a local scandal, he was not only completely exonerated, but the faculty took occasion, officially, to commend him. As his class was not officially recognised, there is extant no list of his students and no account of their progress, but it is natural to suppose that among those who took particular interest in his course was the ex-lieutenant of the Junior Volunteers of Richmond.

But we have wandered too far from his matriculation and the early experiences of the session. Poe, after the difficulty with George, moved to West Range. There was for some while a tradition here that his room was No. 17, but no evidence of any kind can be found for this number. On the other hand, Mr. Tucker's confident assertion that it was 13 is in part confirmed by the memory of Mr. Jesse Maury, who still lives, in honoured old age, near the University. Mr. Maury's memory goes back some years prior to 1826, and still holds securely the important events of that year. During that session young Maury, who was never a student at the University, was put in charge of his father's teamsters, who were frequently employed in hauling wood to Conway's boarding-house. The wood-pile was just back of the block on West Range, containing rooms 5 to 15 (odd numbers). This block was then known as Rowdy Row. It was in this row, beyond any doubt in Mr. Maury's mind, that Poe roomed. Mr. Maury recalls vividly the charcoal decorations on his walls and his marvellous penmanship, of which Poe was then so proud. Poe used to entertain himself and his friends by writing on a bit of paper of fixed size the largest possible number of words. These independent reminiscences of Mr. Maury are themselves confirmed, for John Willis tells of Poe's talent for drawing and of the crayon sketches on his walls; and Thomas Bolling relates that he once found Poe engaged in copying on the ceiling of his dormitory an interesting plate from an English edition of Byron's poems.

With Poe now domiciled for the session in 13 West Range, we can turn to his occupations. The round of lectures—lectures—lectures, of which Dr. Emmet complained, had begun, and Poe, on the day he entered, had to elect what courses of lectures he would attend. Poe had shown at Stoke-Newington, in England, as well as under Masters Clarke and Burke in Richmond, not only an aptitude and fondness for literary and linguistic studies, but also an unusual skill in construing Latin and in "capping" Latin verses. In addition, he had exhibited a marked facility in French conversation. It was natural, then, that Latin and French should be among the subjects elected. The matriculation book shows that he took the classes of Professors Long and Blaetterman. The announcement for 1826 thus outlines these courses: "In the school of Antient Languages are to be taught the higher grade of the Latin and Greek languages, the Hebrew, rhetoric, belles-lettres, antient history and antient geography. In the school of Modern Languages are to be taught French, Spanish, Italian, German, and the English language, in its Anglo-Saxon form;

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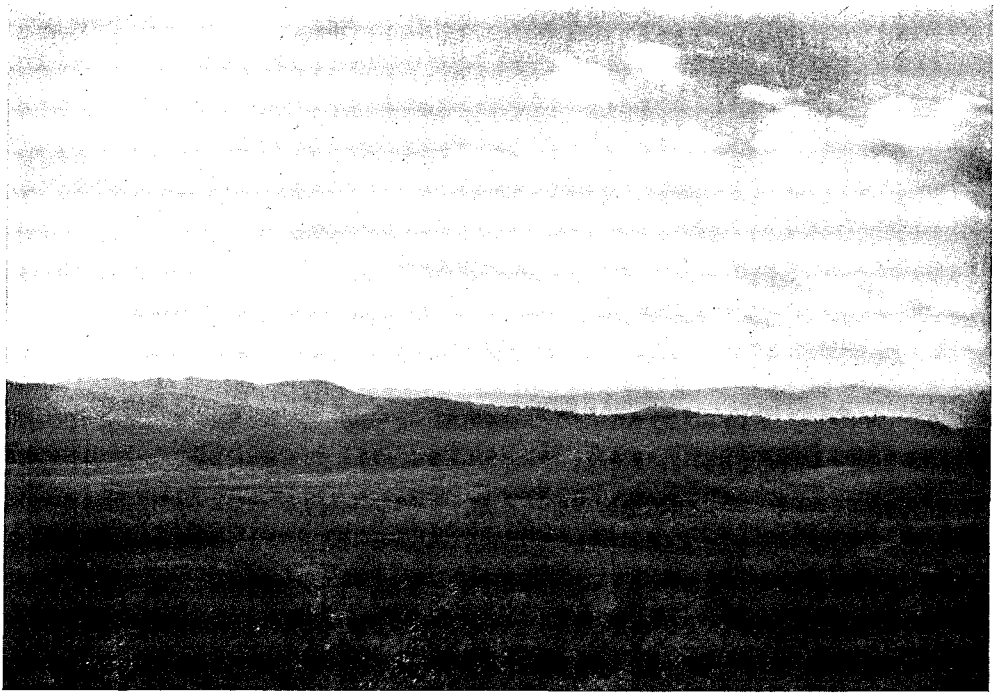
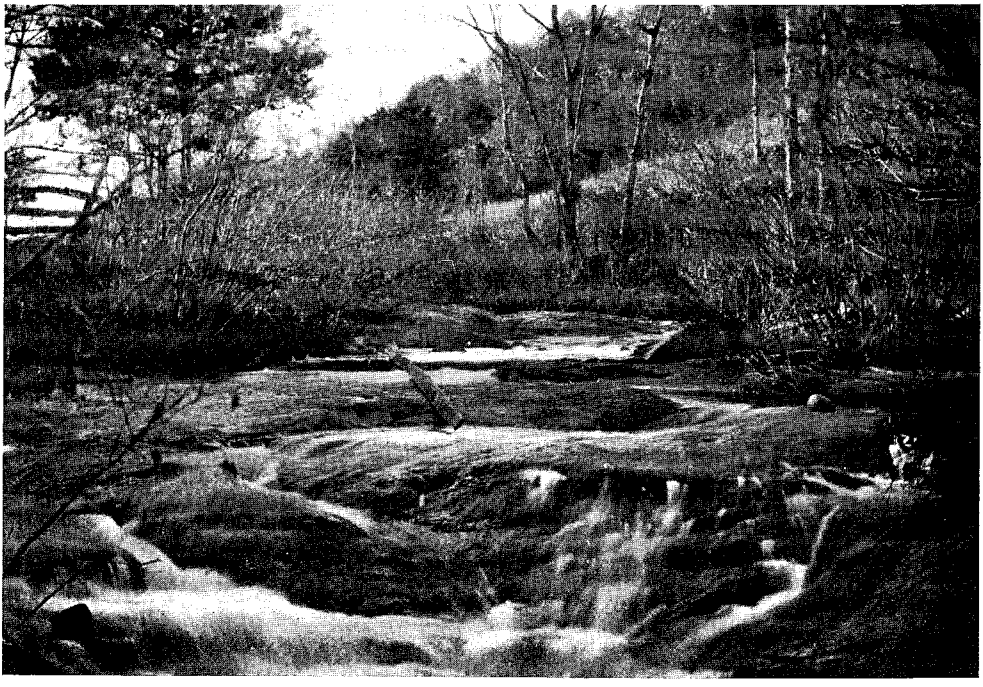


THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS.



SCENE IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS.

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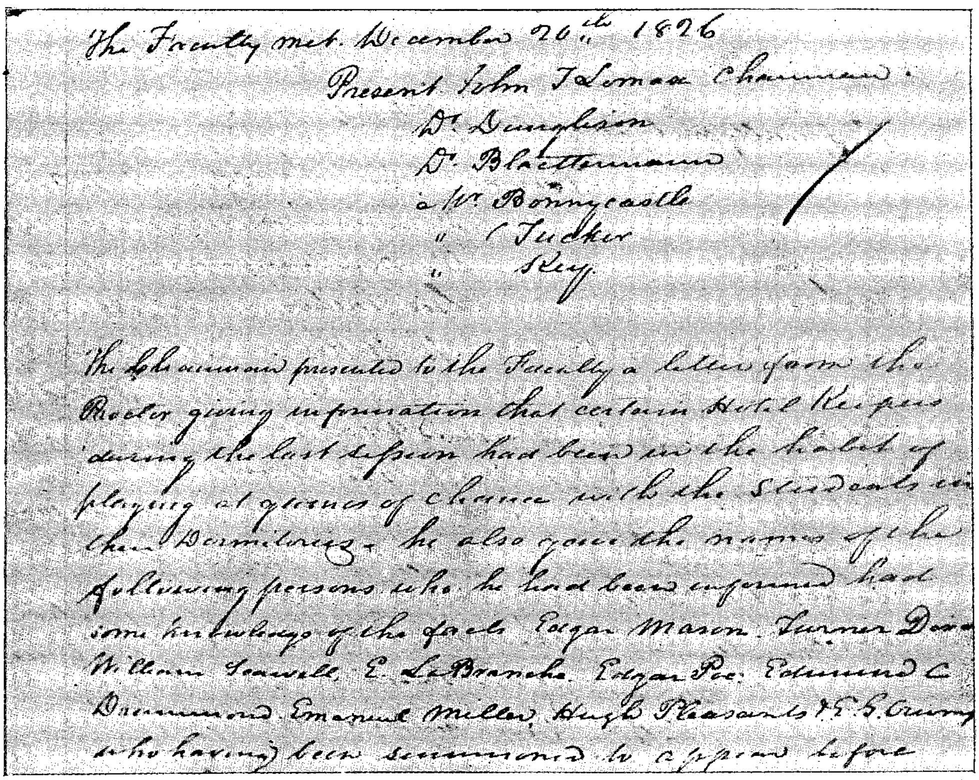
also modern history and modern geography." It seems almost preposterous to suppose that any student would be required to pursue work in all these branches, yet we find that Henry Tutwiler at the end of the session is reported as having excelled in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish and mathematics, while Gessner Harrison, whom Mr. Tucker mentions with Tutwiler among the "hard students," excelled in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German and medicine. It may, then be true that Poe was a member of the classes in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian, though there is no mention of him in connection with Greek.

Of his class-room career we know little except that Mr. Wertenbaker, a fellow-student and librarian, avers that Poe was tolerably regular in his attendance upon the French, Italian and Spanish classes, and was a successful student. He was publicly commended for a verse translation from Tasso. It is easy to believe that, with his previous training, he had little difficulty in keeping up with classes composed of young men, for the most part, with far less preparation than his. And, even if he were not a close student, he possessed, in addition to his training, a quick eye and an alert mind that made the perilous process of "reading ahead" less hazardous for him. According to the schedule of lectures made out by Mr. Jefferson in his own handwriting (see cut), Poe's classes came between 7.30 and 9.30 each day of the week, including Saturday. After the lectures were over there was the long day and the evening hours at his disposal. How did he pass his time?

To proceed gradually from studies to practices far removed therefrom, it is in place to mention first that he spent much time in the library. Mr. Tucker, who enjoyed his intimate friendship, gives a pleasing account of their reading together Lingard and Hume, their favourite historians. In view of the fact that Poe's writings have been declared not immoral, but *un*moral, it is interesting to note that


The Faculty met. December 20th 1826
Present John T Lomax Chairman.
Dr. Dunglison
Dr. Blaettermann
Mr. Bonnycastle
" Tucker
" Key
The Chairman presented to the Faculty a letter from the
Proctor giving information that certain Hotel Keepers
during the last session had been in the habit of
playing at games of chance with the Students in
their Dormitories. he also gave the names of the
following persons who he had been informed had
some knowledge of the facts Edgar Mason. Turner Dixon
William Seawell, E. LaBranche. Edgar Poe. Edmund C
Drummond. Emanuel Miller, Hugh Pleasants & E. G. Crump
who having been summoned to appear before

FACULTY RECORD OF THE GAMBLING CASE IN WHICH POE WAS IMPLICATED.

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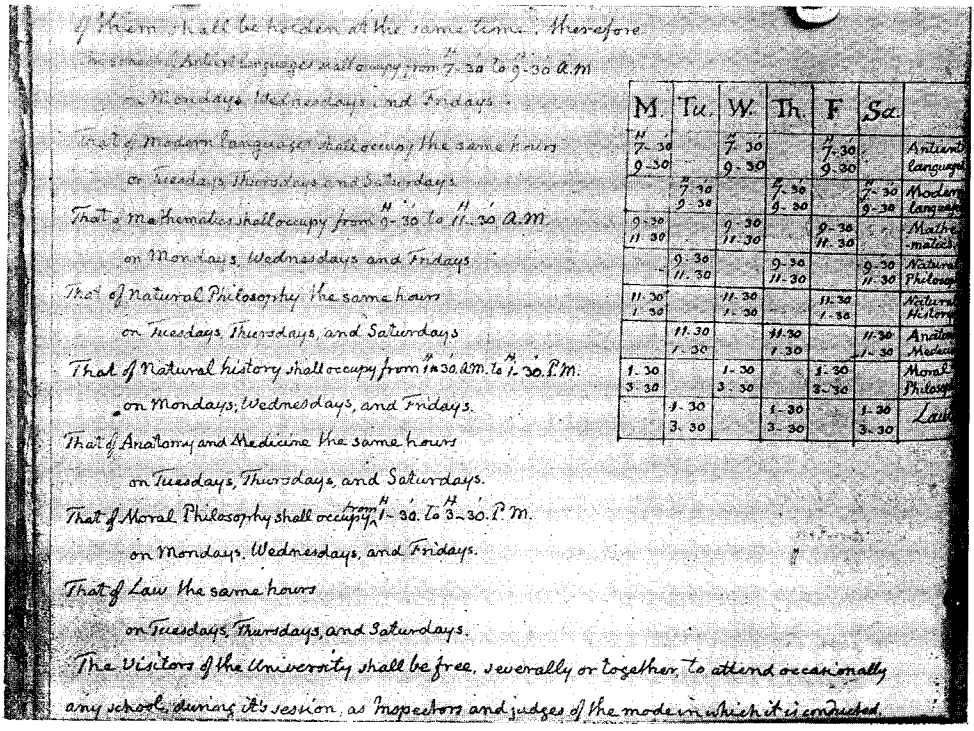
Lingard had encountered the censure of strict Protestants, and Hume, by his philosophy, fallen under the temporary obloquy of all Christians. But these young readers turned willingly from history to English poetry, from Chaucer to Scott. From their chosen poets each copied for the other his own favourite passages.

During the early part of the session Central college building (Pavilion VII., West Lawn, now occupied by Professor Noah K. Davis) was used as a meeting-place of the Board of Visitors, and for a library and reading-room. The library was in the front room upstairs. But the Rotunda had been begun in the spring of 1823, and on November 5, 1824, was under roof and so far advanced that it was used for the famous entertainment given Lafayette. In October, 1825, Jefferson reports that the circular room, destined for the receipt of books, had been pressed forward, and "we trust will be ready for them." In October, 1826, Madison, the rector, says: "The library room in the Rotunda has been nearly completed and the books put in it." Exactly when this transfer of the books was made it is impossible to ascertain, and so we are forced into some uncertainty in picturing Poe in the library. He may have read in the somewhat restricted quarters of the upper room in the "Old Library," as Pavilion VII. was called as late as the forties, and he was certainly a frequenter of the large and meagrely supplied circular room in the Rotunda as it existed before the fire of 1895.

Poe not only used the books in the library, but, according to Mr. Wertenbaker, the librarian, borrowed during the session the following books: Rollin, *Histoire Ancienne;* Robertson's *America;* Marshall's *Washington;* Voltaire, *Histoire Particulière;* Dufief, *Nature Displayed.*

The class-room and the library could not fully meet the requirements of his retiring and reflective nature. Love of moody solitude led him on long and lonesome walks in the Ragged Mountains, where he was surely a "first adventurer" in many a secluded dell. From these long walks, or rather on them, he found material for weird tales, written out and



SCHEDULE OF LECTURES IN 1826 IN JEFFERSON'S HANDWRITING.

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read to some boon companions, and, if favourably received, repeated perhaps to a larger audience, spellbound but somewhat irreverent toward art. His sensitive nature, so exacting of his own work as to destroy these college efforts, recoiled from harsh or jeering criticism. For example, the good-natured taunt that gave Poe the nickname of "Gaffy," because a character of that name was so prominent in one of his stories, cost the world this tale, for the author petulantly tossed the manuscript into the flames.

In the invention and elaboration of these stories Poe served his apprenticeship as a short-story writer, and enrolled himself as perhaps first in time, as he certainly became one of the first in importance in this art. It could hardly fail to be true, though it is now no longer capable of demonstration, that Poe, who was so frugal of his themes and so disposed to use his material over and over, has embodied the substance of some of these college stories in his famous tales.

Poe began to write verse at an early age, and kept up the practice during his student days. Bolling recalls that sometimes while Poe was taking part in conversation he would also write verse, training himself to listen and think of something else at the same time. This r h y m i n g, pronounced creditable, was after all but a sign of his skill in versification, which was also shown in his translation from the Italian. There is good reason for believing that during the session he was seriously busied with poetry. His first volume of poetry was published prior to August, 1827; it probably went to press prior to May, 1827, when he enlisted in the United States army as a private under the name of Edgar A. Perry.* Between December 20, 1826, and May 26, 1827, there was not very much time for writing poetry, because he was first in a Richmond counting house, then on a visit to Baltimore, then on his journeying to Boston. But Poe says that the contents of this volume were written in 1821-22, when he was twelve or thirteen years old. Very little credence can be given to this claim, for many of these poems show unexpected maturity of mind for a youth of seventeen, and could hardly have been written by a boy of twelve; and some of them were distinctly influenced by Byron, in whom Poe was especially interested during his University days. As this volume of 1827 was not, in all probability, written in the troublous months succeeding his University career, and could not have been written at a very early age, it is fair to conclude that some of the poems in this volume were written, and perhaps all of them, with a single exception ("The Song"), were revised while he was a student in the University of Virginia. His alma mater may justly claim him as her poet, though with his unique disregard of time and location he nowhere pays her a passing tribute.

THE POE BUST IN THE LIBRARY.

Athlete, student, saunterer, story-teller and poet, he aspired

*Just a few names above Poe's in the matriculation book (see Appendix 2) is that of Sidney A. Perry. Does this not suggest the source of his borrowed name?

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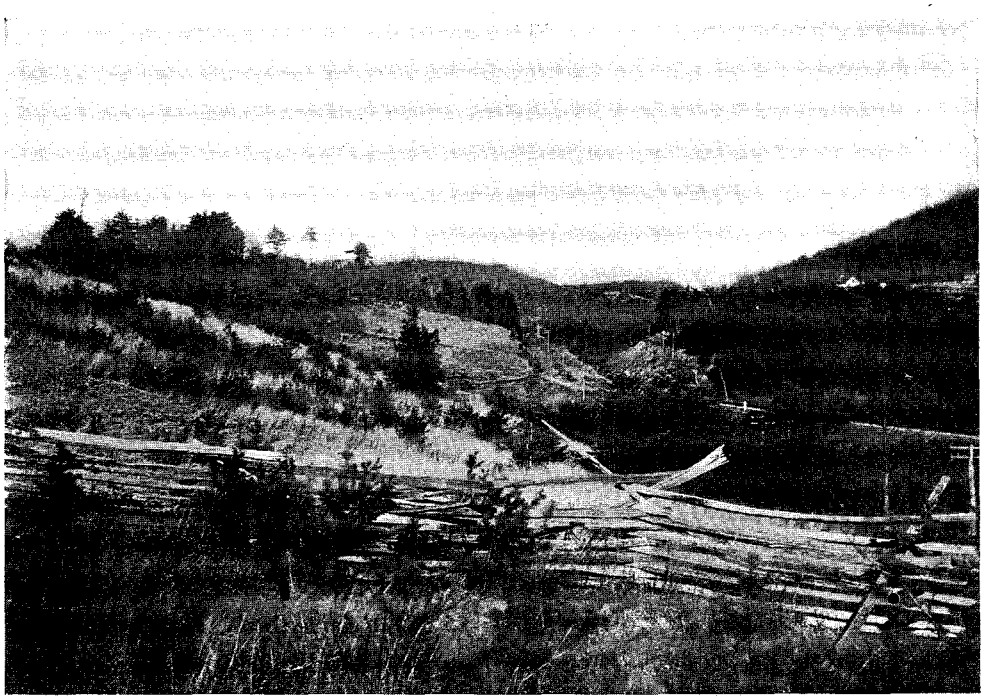
also to another honour, and became very much interested in the debating society organised that year and named after the University's founder. Is it worth while now to prove that a boy of seventeen, so multifariously busy, could not have found time to be a habitual drunkard or an untiring gambler? There is no attempt to gloss over Poe's failings, but he is entitled to justice.

The students divided themselves into two classes; those like Gessner Harrison, Henry Tutwiler, and others who were noted for their quiet, studious habits, and those like the Brunswick County group, Dunn, Creighton, Gholson, and Tucker, who gave their studies a small share of their time. But in this large number who were not altogether studious there were all varieties of delinquents. There were the confirmed gamblers, who met over Jones's book-store, or in one of the rooms clearly designated in the faculty minutes, to play loo or all-fours, at from one to ten dollars a game. There were those who played occasionally for large stakes, but more frequently played whist or seven-up for small amounts, or indulged in the forbidden game of backgammon. In the faculty minutes, filled in that year with trials of students, we read of visits to Mosby's and Daffan's confectioneries, where all manner of drinks, such as mint-sling, mixed and unmixed wine, toddy, Madeira, eggnog, peach and honey, and ardent and vinous liquors, might be had; and we learn further of dormitory entertainments, where such beverages were known. But in all these records we nowhere find any mention of the name of Edgar Poe; and when a long list of students summoned to appear before the Albemarle grand jury was made out Poe was not included, though many of his boon companions were. Poe was not, then, among the offenders known to University or civil law, but from the private testimony of his college mates it is evident that he did sometimes play seven-up and loo, his favourite games, for money. That he was not so expert as Tucker considered him and his companions, would seem to be established by his considerable losses. His partner, afterward a devout clergyman, and his adversaries, including frequently two friends, who became respectively a well-known divine and a pious judge, were far better known to the



IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS.

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University sporting circle than was Poe.

That there was much gambling at the University in the first sessions is, unfortunately, true. At one of the numerous trials conducted by the Faculty a certain witness deposed that there were not fifty students at the University who did not play cards. With as much readiness and no less accuracy he might have affirmed that not fifty of the fathers of these students were free from the same vice. The sentiments against it in the Faculty could not have been unyielding, for in 1825 three out of seven of the members wished gambling removed from the infractions punished seriously and transferred to the list of minor offences punishable by insignificant fines. It is no excuse for gaming that it was common, and but little extenuation that sentiment against it was not strong, but when gaming was both common and but mildly condemned, it is uncharitable to select one out of many and pronounce him the arch-criminal. It is unreasonable and unjust to select as this arch-criminal Edgar Poe, who, when others were tried and expelled for this offence, never at any time fell under any kind of official censure.

In the scurrilous and irresponsible indictment drawn up by Griswold in his notorious *Memoir of Poe* is the count that at the University of Virginia Poe "led a very dissipated life," and "was known as the wildest and most reckless student of his class." Mr. Wertenbaker, on the contrary, who as librarian and class-mate saw him perhaps every day, says: "He certainly was not habitually intemperate, but he may occasionally have entered into a frolic. I often saw him in the lecture-room and in the library, but never in the slightest degree under the influence of intoxicating liquors." Mr. Wertenbaker evidently did not know of his own knowledge that Poe even occasionally entered into a frolic, but presumed this to be true because there was later a rumour to that effect. The rumour was true, but it does not seem to have been substantiated until Mr. Tucker wrote to Mr. Shirley in 1880, and his account probably states the whole case against Poe. "Poe's passion for strong drink was as marked and as peculiar as that for cards. It was not the taste of the beverage that influenced him; without a sip or smack of the mouth he would seize a full glass, without water or sugar, and send it home at a single gulp. This frequently used him up; but, if not, he rarely returned to the charge."* "He was very mercurial in his disposition and exceedingly fond of peach and honey," adds Mr. Tucker. There is nothing astonishing in this account of Poe's drinking. As a tiny tot he had been trained to stand on a chair at dinner parties, and with a glass of wine pledge the brilliant company in Richmond or at the Old White Sulphur Springs. He lived in a land veritably flowing with peach and honey, where every sideboard held its full weight of inviting decanters. Drinking habits then prevailing in the homes were naturally transferred in part to the University, and Poe did not entirely escape the temptation. Nor need we be surprised that Poe was so easily affected. He was a nervous, sensitive boy, and a full glass might, according to his physical condition, readily excite him to "wild and fascinating conversation," or render him unfit for any companionship.

Filled for Poe with the duties, diversions, and occasional dissipations, the session passed with but one event of public moment and few of local interest. The faculty in June passed this resolution: "That the students be permitted to celebrate the Fourth of July next by an oration and by a dinner within the Gymnasium." But before this day came Mr. Jefferson was seriously ill, and it took all the skill of Dr. Dunglison (then chairman of the faculty) to prolong his illustrious patient's life until July 4, a date for which he anxiously inquired. There is nothing more said of the celebration, which presumably was given up. On July 5 the faculty passed most appropriate resolutions drafted by Professor Tucker, and determined to wear mourning on the left arm for the space of two months and to attend individually the interment at the family burying place. This decision on the part of the faculty was no doubt operative among the students, who were probably present on the same sorrowful occasion.

The summer, as hot then as now, if we may judge from the complaints of the students of 1825, soon yielded to the

*Thomas Goode Tucker to Douglas Shirley, April 5, 1880. Printed in Woodberry's *Poe* (American Men of Letters Series).

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golden autumn days, when rambles in the Ragged Mountains must have been a genuine delight. As December approached there was doubtless then as now the somewhat feverish preparations for the final examinations. In the previous session the Board of Visitors had decreed that there should be public examinations, which they themselves would attend, but at which by faculty resolution no strangers should be present unless specially invited. In issuing invitations, preference was to be given parents and guardians (of the male sex). These public examinations began on Monday, December 4, in the elliptical room of the Rotunda, and were attended during that week by Madison (rector), and Monroe, Joseph Cabell, and General John H. Cocke. The examination in modern languages was held on Tuesday, December 5; presumably ancient languages came on the previous day. If so, then Poe stood all of his examinations in the presence of these four distinguished men. There is no record of the length of the examinations, which were oral, but in July, 1827, they were either two or three hours long and began at the very unseasonable, if not unreasonable, hour of 5 A.M. They could hardly in midwinter have begun earlier than the usual lecture hour, 7.30.

The examinations were over on December 13 or 14, and on the next day, December 15, the Faculty met. The very first resolution offered indicates that the method of examination had not proved satisfactory, and provides for material changes next session. It was further resolved "that, for publishing the result of the examinations, a brief statement from each professor be subjected to the Faculty." The reports of the several professors were then submitted. "Mr. Long made a report of the examination of the classes belonging to the school of ancient languages and the names of the students who excelled at the examination of these classes." For the first time in the Faculty minutes for 1826 the name of Edgar Allan Poe appears, as fourth in a list of nineteen who excelled in Senior Latin. These distinguished students are divided into groups, and Poe is third in the second group, Gessner Harrison standing alone in the first group. At the same meeting "the names of the students who excelled in the Senior French class" were reported by Professor Blaetterman. The eight names are arranged alphabetically, so Poe's stands sixth in the list. Mr. Wertenbaker says that under regulations existing in 1869 Poe would have been entitled to diplomas as a graduate in these two languages. This is not to be reconciled with the fact that Gessner Harrison, who heads the list in 1826, is again reported as excelling in Senior Latin in July, 1827. In other words, Poe was not necessarily a graduate in these languages, but he had excelled in the examinations, and this was a high honour.

At the Faculty meeting on December 20, 1826, "the Chairman presented to the Faculty a letter from the proctor giving information that certain hotel-keepers during the last session had been in the habit of playing at games of chance with the students in their dormitories; he also gave the names of the following persons, who, he had been informed, had some knowledge of the facts." Then follows a list of nine, including Edgar Poe. Except in the official lists of those who excelled in examinations, this is the very first time Poe's name had ever been before the Faculty, and this time it was merely as a witness. The proctor, however, seems to have been misinformed as to the knowledge possessed by some of the witnesses summoned, for several have no information in point. Among these is Poe, for "Edgar Poe never heard until now of any hotel-keepers playing cards or drinking with students." It is not at all necessary to suspect this clear and explicit statement, for Poe's circle of gaming friends was perhaps select and was almost certainly small.

In his reminiscences Mr. Wertenbaker says: "As librarian I had frequent official intercourse with Mr. Poe, but it was at or near the close of the session before I met him in the social circle. After spending an evening together at a private house [could this possibly have been the evening when Professor Long led to the altar the beautiful Widow Seldon?] he invited me on our return into his room. It was a cold night in December, and, his fire having gone pretty nearly out, by the aid of some tallow candles and the fragments of a small table, which he broke up for the purpose, he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour with him. On this occasion he

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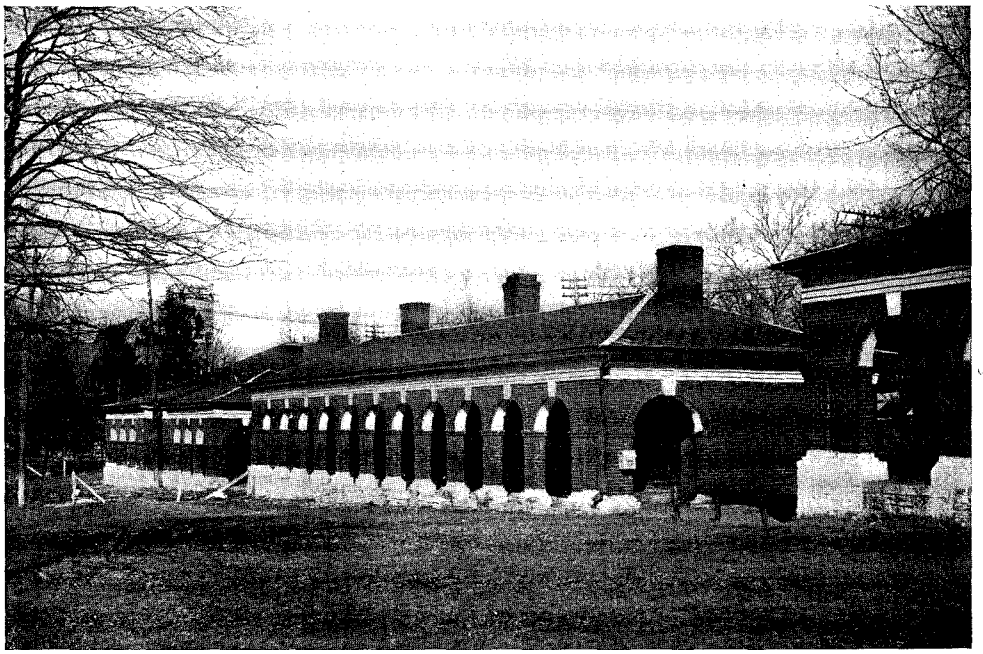

WEST RANGE.

POE'S ROOM, NO. 13, IS BACK OF THE SECOND ARCH, TO THE LEFT OF THE LETTER-BOX.

spoke with regret of the large amount of money he had wasted and of the debts he had contracted during the session. If my memory is not at fault, he estimated his indebtedness at $2000, and, though they were gaming debts, he was earnest and emphatic in the declaration that he was bound by honour to pay at the earliest opportunity every cent of them. . . . I think it probable that the night I visited him was the last he spent here. I draw this inference not from memory, but from the fact that, having no further use for his candles and table, he made fuel of them."

Whether Mr. Wertenbaker's inference is sound or not, Poe's confession to him contains the real reason why he never returned to the University. Edgar Allan Poe was not expelled, nor dismissed, nor suspended, nor required to withdraw, nor forbidden to return, nor disciplined in any wise whatsoever at the University of Virginia; but Mr. Allan was shocked and incensed at the extent of his dishonourable "debts of honour"—which he at first refused to consider, but finally settled—and determined to put his extravagant foster son in his counting-room.

Like Hawthorne, Poe may have been guilty of "doing a hundred things the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for him," but it is too late now to expel him for vices then undetected, or disgrace him for faults long ago outlived by his former college-mates and companions—the respected planter, the upright judge, the saintly clergyman.

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A BUDGET OF BOOKS *

We have before us a number of volumes taken at random from among the books that we have been reading during the past month or two. They have no particular connection one with another, and, therefore, there is no particular reason, according to the conventions of the book-reviewer, why they should be brought together and noticed in a single paper. Nevertheless, from another standpoint, it is rather a good plan so to review them, because they represent pretty well the general run of books now appearing from the press—the good, the bad, and the indifferent—and hence, a collective notice of them is in a way a notice of the current literature of which these fifteen volumes are fairly typical.

It is quite superfluous to devote much space to Mrs. Wharton's latest collection of short stories. It is superfluous, not because *Crucial Instances* is a book to be passed by unheeded, but because Mrs. Wharton has now attained to the enviable position where her work is known to every one, where her style and manner are fixed, and where the reader and the reviewer take up a new volume from her pen not for the purpose of investigation and discovery, but with the certainty of satisfaction and enjoyment. If the stories in this volume differ at all from any that she has written, the difference is to be found mainly in a certain self-restraint which leads her to forego the pleasure of perpetual epigram. Her style is just as neat, her understanding is as sympathetic, and the air of distinction in what she writes is just as noticeable as ever. Likewise, the extraordinary resemblance to the earlier and better Henry James is just as striking. If one came across the story called "The Rembrandt" and found it unsigned, he would almost stake his life that it was the work of Mr. James. There is the cosmopolitan attitude and there is also that tone of cultivated knowledge of the world that are so absolutely characteristic of Mr. James's writings. The knowledge of art, the bits of French—very special French—the completeness and the sense of form—all these are Henry James himself. The very names of the people are the sort of names that one finds scattered through his books. They are much better names than the generality of people have. Eleanor Copt, Mrs. Fontage, Mr. Crozier—when taken together, these alone create a Henry James atmosphere; and that the unsophisticated young man of the story should be called Mr. Jefferson Rose is a purely Jacobean touch. In the first story, entitled "The Duchess at Prayer," Mrs. Wharton has done a very audacious thing in that she has not only invited but even challenged a comparison of this tale with Balzac's powerful narrative "La Grande Bretêche." She could hardly have expected that the comparison should be to her advantage, and as a matter of fact it isn't. The theme of the two stories is precisely the same; but whereas Balzac succeeds in imparting a sort of horror and in producing a shudder in the most book-worn reader, Mrs. Wharton accomplishes nothing of the sort even though she introduces the element of the quasi-supernatural. She succeeds much better in the last story, "The Confessional," which is a very forcible and impressive piece of writing. It is the best thing in the book as "The Moving Finger" is the worst; but Mrs. Wharton's

*Crucial Instances. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
The Sacred Fount. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Labor. By Émile Zola. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Aristocrats. New York: John Lane. $1.50.
A Chambermaid's Diary. By Octave Mirbeau. Translated by Benjamin R. Tucker. New York: Benjamin R. Tucker.
Every Inch a King. By Josephine C. Sawyer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.
A Sailor's Log. By Robley D. Evans. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.
Up from Slavery. An Autobiography. By Booker T. Washington. With portrait. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.
Eccentricities of Genius. By J. B. Pond. New York: The G. W. Dillingham Company.
Napoleon: The Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Book of Jade. New York: Doxey's.
On Life's Stairway. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.
The No-Breakfast Plan and the Fasting Cure. By E. H. Dewey, M.D. Meadville, Penn.: Published by the Author.
Ephemera Critica. By John Churton Collins. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.
Five Months in a Mad House. By an Inmate. New York: The Press Exchange Company.

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worst is much beyond the best of many other writers.

Henry James is beyond all question in a bad way. He became morbid and somewhat decadent several years ago, when he wrote *What Maizie Knew* and *In the Cage;* but even so, he was interesting, and one could read him through. When he wrote *The Awkward Age* we thought that it was only a temporary lapse; but now that he has produced *The Sacred Fount* he really seems to be sinking into a chronic state of periphrastic perversity. It is impossible to tell what the book is about without using almost as many words as Mr. James has wasted in the telling of it, and as when told it isn't worth one's while, we shall prudently refrain from the attempt. The manner of it all beggars description—the endless talk, the innumerable little inuendoes and hints and uncompleted sentences, the subtle speculations about nothing, the morbid analysis of thought and phrase and look and gesture, and then the analysis of the analysis. We have read everything that Mr. James has ever written, and many of his books we have read a dozen times, as we expect to read them a dozen times again, for they are a joy and a delight. No one can accuse us of approaching Mr. James's work in a Philistine spirit. None the less, we can not quite endure the sort of thing that he is writing nowadays. The casual person would say of the present Henry James that he is woozy; and though the term is not precisely academic we can not think of any other adjective that so completely fits the case. So let it go at that.

If Mr. James is in a bad way, so is M. Émile Zola. It is rather curious to note how surely an interest in Socialism will ruin a writer of fiction in the pursuit of his chosen calling. He may take up almost any other sort of theme and he may write novels with a decided tendency; but the moment that he is bitten by the socialistic gadfly his career as a novelist is at an end. Charles Dickens wrote *Oliver Twist* to discredit the workhouse system; he wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* in part to destroy the awful abuses of the Yorkshire schools; and he wrote *Bleak House* to stir up public sentiment against the preposterous procrastination of the chancery courts. Charles Reade attacked Trades Unionism in *Put Yourself in His Place;* he struck at the solitary prison system in *It is Never too Late to Mend;* and he wrought a reformation in the English laws relating to private insane asylums when he wrote *Hard Cash.* All these books were not only successful but they were masterpieces, and the reason was that author's interest in his particular theme was only temporary, and that in the second place it was an interest which did not make him wild-eyed and fanatical. But the socialistic novelist is a creature to beware of. He lures you on by the promise of a story, and then when he has got you in his power, so to speak, he bores you to extinction with a sermon. Mr. Howells's career as a novelist ended when he began to inject a sickly sort of Socialism into what purported to be a story; and now M. Zola is going the same way. One can stand his symbolism and his perpetual recurrence to something which is a concrete reminder of his central theme. One can excuse the recurrence of the glittering still and the bottles of the *brasserie* in *L'Assomoir,* and the golden fly in *Nana,* and the yawning pit in *Germinal;* for after all, M. Zola never makes this sort of thing obtrusively ridiculous as does Frank Norris; but in *Labor* he is not satisfied with these more or less artistic devices for keeping his purpose before your mind; and after writing about a hundred pages of much promise and admirable performance, he cuts loose and gives us a long tract on Socialism tempered with Adultery. Neither helps the other and both of them repel and tire out the reader. The only good thing in the book is found in the picture given in the early chapters of the brutalities of life in a French manufacturing town. Some of the descriptions and some of the incidents here set forth show the power of the master still unimpaired; yet, as we read further on, the recollection of them merely serves to heighten our regret that so great a genius should seek such futile ends through the diversion of its force to alien objects. M. Zola may still write novels which all the world will rejoice to read; but when he preaches and when he poses as a socialistic agitator, he will find his audience diminishing until it consists entirely of persons as impossible as he himself seems likely to become.

The Aristocrats is one of the cleverest books of the year, though only the En-

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lightened will be able to get the full flavour of its most piquant subtleties. The story—if it can be called a story—is supposed to be told by one Lady Helen Pole, who is spending some months in the Adirondacks for the benefit of her brother's health. Her brother, by the way, is a duke, and a very interesting specimen of the British nobility; for though his lungs may be affected, his mind is decidedly in working order, and he has a fine, frank way of speaking which delights the reader as much as it sometimes shocks the "refined" Americans whom he and his sister meet. The book is really a very shrewd and searching study of two particular sets of people whom we all recognise, and who divide between them the hegemony of our social world. One is the so called "cultivated" set, and the other is the so called "smart" set; and both of them have been hit off to a dot by the very ingenious author of this book. Incidentally there is some very entertaining by-play; the germs of two love stories which the author very cruelly cuts short just as they are beginning to be most interesting; and there is also some really admirable description of forest and lake and of the haunts which lovers of the Adirondacks will read with a thrill of delighted recognition. There has been a good deal of speculation as to whether the book is of English or of American origin, and whether the writer of it is a man or a woman. Personally, we believe that a woman wrote it because some of the touches are too beautifully feminine to be the work of a mere man; and we think that it is an American woman who knows a great deal about England rather than an English woman who knows a great deal about America. We never yet found any English person, man or woman, writing about this country without somewhere or somehow making at least the tiniest bit of a "break" and in *The Aristocrats* there are no breaks at all.

A Chamberhaid's Diary is the translation of Mirbeau's *Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre* which obtained a somewhat unsavoury success in Paris about a year ago. Mr. Tucker in translating it has also expurgated it, and by way of explanation of this proceeding he has prefaced his translation with an introductory letter to M. Mirbeau, in which he apologises for having omitted in his translation some of the objectionable features of the original, and says that the reason why he did so is because our legislators and judges lead such evil lives themselves as to induce them in their official acts to be particularly prim and puritanical, by way, we suppose, of striking a sort of moral balance in the sphere of *les moeurs*. The book as it stands in the English version is not in any way worth while. It contains certain suggestions of a psychopathic nature; but they are too few to repay the lovers of the morbid for their trouble in reading the book as a whole, since it is extremely dreary; and as for its "realism," in which Mr. Tucker is presumably a believer, it is about as unreal as anything that we have ever read. The lady who keeps the diary is utterly unlike a typical *femme de chambre;* while, viewed as a mere *cocotte,* she can have no interest for any one, because she possesses no characteristics that distinguish her from a thousand others of her class.

It was kind of the publishers to notify us in their advertisements that *Every Inch a King* is a story of character, because otherwise we should never have guessed it; and it was also kind of some literary critic, whose name we don't remember, to tell us that in this book Miss Sawyer has "successfully paralleled Shakespeare," for we shouldn't have suspected that, either. But as the story is a story of character, and as it successfully parallels Shakespeare, we are relieved from the necessity of making any critical comment; for who are we that we should go around judging Shakespeare's equals? So we shall just confine ourselves to expressing the pleasure which we have received from contemplating Harry of Monmouth as drawn by the Shakespearean pen of Miss Sawyer. He was a very good young man and his clothes were simply stunning. At one time he had "a dark blue robe" curiously decorated with needles and thread. At another time he wore "an exquisite suit of cream-coloured satin." Even when he was in a hurry and had to take a hasty ride "he was dressed in an elegant costume of delicate yellow satin, the doublet slashed, and exhibiting the white ruffled linen, his limbs clad in white silk hose and a long cape lined with white satin falling from his shoulders to the floor." He evidently went in for satin, though one wouldn't

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have supposed that satin was the best sort of material for a riding-suit. Moreover, we don't see how he could have dressed so expensively, when on this very occasion it is noted that his purse contained only one pound fifteen, and that he had to borrow of a judge to make up a fine imposed upon Bardolph. But, now we come to think of it, perhaps it is because he spent so much on clothes that he had only one pound fifteen left. Miss Sawyer does not inform us that he ever paid up this little loan to the judge, and there are various indications in the book which make us fear that he did not. This only shows how impartial the author is, and how she has resolutely abstained from glozing over her hero's weaknesses. As we have said, he was a very good young man; but, nevertheless, he had his moments like the rest of us. He used to go off with Falstaff and Poins and Bardolph; and sometimes they even drank sack. If we remember rightly, he was once present when some of these persons sang a ribald song; but the song is not given, so we don't know just how far we ought to condemn him for having listened to it. Miss Sawyer says in her prefatory note that "this book was written with the single purpose of proving that the character of Henry V. while Prince of Wales has been greatly misjudged." It isn't easy to see precisely how a novel is going to establish anything in the way of historical truth; but we shall study the advertising columns of the newspapers, and perhaps some day we shall learn this also.

Rear-Admiral Evans has chosen a very admirable title for his volume of rough-and-ready reminiscences. *A Sailor's Log* is excellent reading—genuine, manly and full of interest. Its narrative begins in the days of the old navy and ends with the conclusion of the Spanish-American War; and its pages are peppered with picturesque incident and off-hand anecdote. The most attractive parts of it are those in which the rear-admiral tells of his experiences while in command of our squadron in Bering Sea at the time of the sealing controversy, of his adventures in Chile, whither he took the *Yorktown* during those critical weeks which followed the mobbing of the *Baltimore's* crew in the streets of Valparaiso when popular feeling was running high because of the alleged countenance which we gave to the Balmaceda régime; and finally, the narrative of what took place at the Kiel celebration in 1895. At Kiel, Captain Evans, as he was then, entertained the German Kaiser on board the cruiser *New York*. This entertainment was led up to by a little incident which occurred at a reception given on one of the German battleships soon after the *New York's* arrival.

As I was not a dancing man, I stood to one side to be out of the way, and entered into conversation with a young, clean-cut-looking German captain, who spoke English perfectly. It was soon evident to me that he was brilliant in his profession, and we engaged in a rather sharp professional talk. I did not agree with the captain, whose name I had not caught, and did not hesitate to speak my mind—nor did he. After a time he said he would be glad to present me to his wife, which he did, and I found her a very charming and attractive woman. Of course I had not caught her name either, and, after talking with her half an hour, I noticed that a good many people seemed to be waiting to speak to her, so I took myself off to the smoking apartment to enjoy a cigar. When I entered, Admiral Knorr greeted me and said: "Evans, the Prince says you are a good fellow, and he wants the Emperor to know you." I replied, "My dear Admiral, I haven't seen the Prince and don't know him." "Well," he said, "you ought to know him; you have been talking shop with him for half an hour, and I don't know what you have been saying to the Princess during your conversation with her."

It was Prince Henry and the Princess Irene. A sort of snap-shot impression of the Kaiser himself is very interesting:

People often ask me to tell them what impression the Emperor made on me, and I always find it very difficult to answer the question. To say that he made a pleasant impression is simple and easy, but it means nothing. I found him one of the most magnetic and companionable of men—I should say, with one or two exceptions, the most magnetic. He knows more about more different things than any man I have ever met. When I was in Kiel my band was playing music composed by him, and on my cabin table was a book of poems written by him. He was the head and front of the finest army in the world, and at the same time giving his personal attention to what must some day be reckoned one of the leading navies. The Kiel Canal was of

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his creation, and his engineers told me that he was familiar with all its details, as well as with those of bridge-building in a large sense. The farmers informed me that he could instruct them in their business, and I personally saw him manœuvre a fleet at sea in the most creditable way. After luncheon at the palace one day, during a very interesting conversation, he described to me our first battle-ship, the *Indiana,* which I afterward commanded, and his knowledge of her construction and details of armour and guns was perfect. He seemed to have the same knowledge of all foreign ships. When I gave him a Smithfield ham for dinner he even knew where Smithfield was.

There is something delightfully naïve about the way in which Rear-Admiral Evans expresses his surprise and discomfort over the fact that he is popularly known as "Fighting Bob." He is so peaceful and mild that he can't understand it. This is beautiful; because his own diary makes it perfectly obvious that whenever there was any trouble going, he was always fairly aching for a fight. Thus, on page 254 we read: "I wish we could have a scrap with the *Errazuriz,* for I feel confident that we could take her into camp within forty-five minutes by the watch, notwithstanding all her new French rapid-fire guns; but no such chance will offer, I fear." Again (page 260): "It is not my business to make trouble here, and I don't intend to give offence until I have orders from home, and then I shall do it with my guns and not with my tongue." Again (page 262): "We are all anxious to know . . . what President Harrison has advised about Chile. . . . The *Baltimore* and *Yorktown* would give their navy a drubbing in two hours, and when the *Boston* comes we could shell the town into ruins." Again (page 264): "The Chilean officers have been most careful in observing toward me the greatest courtesy. . . . I would yank up the first man who ventured to neglect the least point of etiquette." Commander Evans was walking through Valparaiso with a friend, when he noticed a number of Chilean ruffians following him and muttering. He remarks: "We were in the main street of the town, otherwise I have no doubt they would have attacked us; and if they had, we would surely have pounded the life out of two of them at least." Soon after, some of the Chilean rabble threw stones at a boat belonging to the *Yorktown,* and dared the men in it to come on shore. Then says Rear-Admiral Evans: "I was hot all over, and without going to my own ship, I pulled straight for the *Cochran,* whose captain, Vial, is senior officer in command of the city as well as the fleet. I could hardly hold myself down while I told him of it; but I did, and then read him the riot act. I served notice on him then and there that a repetition of the offence would be sufficient evidence that they could not control their people, and that I should arm my boats and shoot any and every man who insulted me or my men or my flag in any way." Yes; it is strange, very strange, that any one should think of calling Admiral Evans by such a curious name as "Fighting Bob." We sympathise with his feeling in the matter, because any one can see that he was really intended to be a Quaker. However, let him cheer up; for we beg to assure him that there is at least one person who will never misunderstand him, and who thinks him about the finest specimen of the American sailor that exists—one who does honour to the service, to his country, and to his flag.

Mr. Booker T. Washington tells in a very pleasant way of his gradual evolution from an unconsidered pickaninny tumbling about in a dingy cabin in the far South to the grown man who is now the recognised leader and spokesman of his race, and who seems likely by his shrewd common sense and thorough understanding of the problem which has long vexed the South, to solve that problem and give his people, as a people, prosperity and peace. The book is more than an autobiography. It is an explanation of the man and of all that the man stands for in his relation to our national development. The book, therefore, is one that should be read not merely by the curious and by that nondescript who is vaguely styled "the general reader," but by every thoughtful man who takes a serious interest in whatever concerns the welfare of the nation.

Eccentricities of Genius is not precisely an accurate title. Major Pond has really very little to tell about the celebrities whom he has "managed" that can really be regarded as eccentric. Thus, the fact that Dr. Watson enjoys eating a large

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steak is not eccentric or unusual, nor can Mr. Marion Crawford be accused of a touch of the *bizarre* because he has a "silver monogram on every article of his toilet." Likewise, he is not a freak because he "carries his own stationery and pen and ink." However, this matter of the title is of no particular consequence, and we are bound to say that amid a good deal of irrelevant and unimportant matter, Major Pond has collected many anecdotes and bits of personal description that are worth remembering. The most interesting thing in the book, as it is the most strikingly frank, is the account of Major Pond's experience with the Rev. Mr. Talmage. Of course, Mr. Talmage might have another tale to tell were he to give his side of the story; but we really think that somehow or other, without the slightest particle of literary ability, the Major has managed to put the clergyman in such a light as to make him appear supremely detestable. Yet there is not a word of invective, of reproach, or of apparent ill-feeling in all the pages which tell of this sorry experience. Major Pond has narrated certain things in the most quiet, self-controlled, and therefore extraordinarily effective manner; and we are not so sure after all but that this thing shows him to be possessed of the *ars celare artem*. The following anecdote of the last lecture which Emerson ever gave is new to us and is most affecting:

> The Old South was filled with as choice an audience of the blue blood of Boston as has ever assembled in that old chapel. Mr. Emerson came in and was introduced by Father Neil. As he began reading his lecture the audience was very attentive. After a few moments he lost his place, and his granddaughter, sitting in the front row of seats, gently stepped toward him and reminded him that he was lecturing. He saw at once that he was wandering, and with the most charming, characteristic, apologetic bow he resumed his place—an incident that seemed to affect the audience more than anything that could possibly have occurred. A few moments later he took a piece of manuscript in his hand, and turning around with it, laid it on a side table.
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> Just then one of the audience said to me (I think it was Mrs. Livermore or Mrs. Howe), "Please have the audience pass right out;" and rushing up to Mr. Emerson, said, "Thank you so much for that delightful lecture;" then turning around, waved the audience to go out.
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> He probably had been speaking about fifteen minutes. The audience passed out, many of them in tears. It was one of the most pathetic sights that I ever witnessed.

It is rather late to write a formal review of Lord Rosebery's study of Napoleon in exile, for the book appeared many months ago; and many persons will say that unless so exceptional a book can receive a very full and careful appreciation it might better be left unnoticed altogether. There is some truth in this; yet none the less we can not refrain from dwelling upon that particular quality which is, after all, its most remarkable feature. We have heard a distinguished historian in private conversation say that in writing this study Lord Rosebery was in reality writing a political tract—a Liberal out of office exposing the blunders and brutalities of a Conservative ministry in days gone by. We do not believe that Lord Rosebery was consciously animated by any such motive as this; yet even if he were, that would not necessarily detract from the merit of what he has written. Cæsar's commentaries were, as a French writer has called them, a campaign document in their time; yet none the less they are immortal in the history of literature. There is certainly no evidence in the manner, the tone, or the temper of his *Napoleon* to show that Lord Rosebery was not writing with sincerity and seriousness a fascinating account of a fascinating personage; and in doing so he has used his sources with the judgment, the impartiality, and the single-hearted regard for truth which animate the professional historian. Still, it is not the sifting of contradictory authorities, nor even the spell which attaches itself to everything Napoleonic, that so attracts us in the reading of this book; but it is rather something much more personal to Lord Rosebery himself. Again and again we have heard it asked just why it is that no American statesman of Lord Rosebery's class could be even thought of as able to write a book like this—a book whose every page bears the impress of exquisite urbanity, of high-bred ease, of the distinction, in short, which belongs to everything that is done or said or written by an

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accomplished man of the world. This is an interesting question; but why limit it to American statesmen? How many writers of the English language are there in any department of literature whatsoever who impress you in the way wherein Lord Rosebery impresses you? How many of them sound even the faintest note of that distinction which is his? That is the word—distinction, distinction, distinction—the rarest thing in human thought and expression, as it is the finest thing in human life. What living essayist possesses it? Mr. Henry James, perhaps, in a minor degree; Mr. Whibley here and there; but no one else that we can think of. There is not a suggestion of it in Mr. Howells, and even Mr. Churton Collins, who has almost every other quality that is admirable, attains distinction very rarely. In fiction is there such a thing to-day except sporadically and in isolated passages? Even among those scholars who have been nurtured on the classical literatures of Greece and Rome we can think of only one who has distinction, and that is Mr. J. S. Mackail—a very important exception, to be sure, yet an exception which merely serves to prove the rule. And among historians distinction is sadly to seek. Professor McMaster is Macaulay's sedulous ape, almost his caricaturist. Mr. Goldwin Smith is neat and lucid, but nothing more. The late Bishop Stubbs had a style that suggests a labyrinth full of brambles. There is only one scientific student of history and of historical themes who has distinction, and that is Professor Munroe Smith—and he, unfortunately, writes but little. Lord Rosebery, however, is a master of a style whose charm is all the greater because it is indescribable. You can not tell wherein it lies, but on the other hand you can not fail to recognise it, and to feel how exquisite and fine a thing it is.

Decadent verse has of late appeared so seldom that when we find some in *The Book of Jade* it has a certain attractiveness due to its comparative novelty. The author of these verses does not give his name; and we are not altogether surprised at that, after having read the book. Perhaps the most characteristic poem in it is one entitled "Dead Dialogue," which is a metrical conversation between four corpses who discuss (in iambic pentameter) their respective stages of putrefaction; and they do it mainly in old English words that have long since been eliminated from the vocabulary of polite society. The mildest epithets which they apply to each other are "ragged-bones," "slop face," and "dung-eyes;" and one of them says to another:

O pudding, gravied in thine own dead sauce!

This is about as much as we care to quote; but there is one rather amusing and ungrateful sonnet addressed to Harvard, which may be cited in full. It is supposed to have been indited in Ispahan; but perhaps this is only a literary fiction, and very possibly the author wrote it somewhere out in Hackensack.

Tired Muse, put faded roses on thy brow,
Put thy bare arms about the harp, and sing:
—I am a little bor'd with everything.
Past the clos'd jalousies the mlengkas go;

They are not beautiful; no Greek they know;
They go about and howl and make a fuss;
I gaze through *sâd*-shap'd eyelids languorous,
Far off from Ispahan, where roses blow.

Professors sit on lofty stools upcurl'd,
Through Yankee noses drooling all day long;
I find all these things quite ridiculous.

Before despis'd old age comes over us,
Let us step into the great world ere long.
We shall be very grand in the great world!

On Life's Stairway is a very different sort of book. Its verses are written with perfect taste and a true feeling for nature and humanity. The author sometimes, however, lets his lines limp and thereby mars the effect of what he writes. In the following poem, for instance, just when one begins to be really delighted with the theme, a syncopated foot in the eighth line spoils the whole thing. We wonder, however, whether the word "coins" be not a typographical error for "colour."

A WISH.

O sandal-footed years, soft stealing by
With the swift cunning of a thievish band,
Snatch what of youth you have already spared;
I mock your thefts, I leave my latch upraised
And proudly bid you enter—plunder all!
But ere ye go, one guerdon. There's a girl
Whose hair holds gold that must have waked
your greed,

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For it has caught the coins of the sun
Within its meshes. Years, I pray you spare
The beauty that holds court within her eyes
And on her brow—her lips. O gently pass,
And lay a few more roses in her hand!

Dr. E. H. Dewey, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, does not believe in eating breakfast, and he has written a book to announce this fact to the American people, and to give his reasons for it. Incidentally, we gather also that he does not much believe in eating at all, and he also gives his reasons for that. We are not particularly concerned with his reasons, because we prefer to look at the question in a large, philosophic way, and somewhat on the basis of the various portraits contained in Dr. Dewey's book. These portraits represent patients of the Doctor who have learned from him the baneful effects of food. Personally we should prefer not to dogmatise on this subject nor to insist upon any one's eating breakfast unless he or she desires to do so. We are very liberal-minded in this matter, and our general conclusion is (after looking over the portraits) that to give up eating is a good thing for some persons and a bad thing for others. For instance, there is Mrs. E. A. Quiggle, of Chicago, whose photograph appears on page 104, and shows her as she appeared after having gone without breakfast for a period of twelve years. We should say that Mrs. Quiggle was all right, and that she had better keep right on indefinitely, devoting the time which other persons use in breakfasting to reading Dr. Dewey's books or to caring for her offspring. On the other hand, there is Mrs. A. M. Lichtenhahn, whose portrait faces page 54, and who is represented as she appeared after going thirty-six days without breakfast or any other food. If she were to come to us for a prescription, we should, on the basis of her general appearance, prescribe at once not only a breakfast but several breakfasts taken one right after the other. She really needs them. However, as we said, there may be something in the theory; yet it is our secret opinion that Dr. Dewey himself, whose likeness appears very properly as a frontispiece, and who presumably never eats anything at all, ought to take something once in a while to keep him going—not very often, say once in two months, and not very much, but still something. We like the book and we like Dr. Dewey; but after communing with both, we must confess that we still like breakfast also.

We advise every one who takes THE BOOKMAN to purchase a copy of Mr. John Churton Collins's *Ephemera Critica,* and to read it through from beginning to end. Here are real criticism, real courage, and real scholarship, lightened by humour and pointed by wit. It is the most refreshing book that we have read in many a day. It bowls over innumerable literary shams; it shows any number of educational and literary fakes in their true light; and when you lay it down you will feel grateful to its author for having given you a model of what criticism ought to be—something absolutely distinct from pompous generalities and feeble eulogy, as it is also free from personal bias and petty prejudice.

Of *Five Months in a Mad House: By an Inmate,* we can conscientiously say that the title gives a most admirable indication of the character of its contents.

Harry Thurston Peck.

SIX BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S "HISTORY OF CRITICISM AND LITERARY TASTE."*

The present volume, the first of three in which Professor Saintsbury has for some time purposed presenting the history of criticism and literary taste in Europe from the earliest texts to the present day, contains an exhaustive analysis of the varying phases of critical opinion in Greek and Roman times and in the Middle Ages. It is to be followed by a second, dealing with the subject from the Renaissance to the death of eighteenth-century Classicism, and by a third on Modern Criticism. The attempt, as the author admits, savours of audacity, but the charac-

* A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. By George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. In three volumes. Vol. I., Classical and Mediæval Criticism. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1900.

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ter of its first fruits show that no apology is needed. And although the two remaining volumes will inevitably lack the special interest that attaches to this first one, in so far as their subject-matter is much more generally familiar, they will have the very great advantage of dealing with periods immensely more productive of literary criticism proper. For this point of view, as Mr. Saintsbury laments, was in antiquity only too often conspicuous by its absence. It is not merely that the scholiasts, both in Greek and in Latin, seem perfectly unconscious that any such treatment is expected of them. Seldom, even in the scholia on Homer, which give us the critical study of generations of an author who entered into Greek life and thought as no book, save the English Bible, has ever entered into the life and thought of any other race, do we find such a comment as that on the *Odyssey* vi. 391, "on the poet's wonderful faculty and daring in making the sound suit the sense, and of showing in that sound all the sorrow of the sight." Still more rarely do we find remarks upon the constructive problem, of the relation of the parts to the whole, of the language as characteristic of the author, of the beauty of the scene depicted. Servius, though he insists that Vergil writes in the grand style, has not a word to say of its peculiar and subtle quality. Nor do the professed rhetoricians often rise to any true conception of style, but show instead a marked fondness for "schemes and types and conventional schedules, in which, by a minimum of intellectual exertion, the orator or writer could throw what he wanted." Even great writers, to whom we might turn with reasonable hope, are not infrequently so impressed with the didactic value of the matter (a perennial error) that they disdain the niceties of style. Plutarch, for instance, who uses in his *Moralia* the widest liberty of treatment, and some of whose subjects—*e.g.*, "How a young man should read poetry," seem almost to necessitate a literary handling, observes gravely that "a man who will not attend to a useful statement because its style is not Attic, is like a man who refuses a wholesome drug because it is not offered him in Attic pottery." Even Boccaccio, in the *Comento* on Dante, can analyse the magnificent Paolo and Francesca passage of the *Inferno* without a word upon the passion and exaltation of the poetry.

If it be asked then: "How has Mr. Saintsbury managed to write a book of nearly five hundred pages and make it attractive?" it must be answered that, even where the results are negative, the discussion is by no means dry, and its severity (for the book is evidently addressed to serious-minded inquirers) is often relieved by the author's happy way of putting things, or by an apt comparison. Fronto, for instance, the famous professor of Marcus Aurelius, on whom our author is inclined to throw the blame of the Emperor's low opinion of literature, is assigned to the "labelling" school of critics. "Sallust writes history *structe,* Pictor *incondite,* Claudius *lepide,* Antias *invenuste,* Sisenna *longinque,* Cato *verbis multiiugis,* Cælius *singulis.*" One can not help "nodding approval and saying, 'This is very satisfactory to know,' as Lady Kew did when she was informed that 'Alfred was a trump, and Ethel a brick, and Barnes a snob.'" Most of the time, however, the reader is concerned with positive elements, with Aristotle's *Rhetoric* and *Poetics,* with Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Longinus, with Cicero, Horace, Persius, Martial, the younger Pliny, and Quintilian (on whom there is a long and highly appreciative chapter), and, finally, with Dante's *De Vulgari Eloquio,* in which Mr. Saintsbury finds "not only the most important critical document between Longinus and the seventeenth century, but also one of intrinsic importance on a line with that of the very greatest critical documents of all history."

And this leads us to the discussion of what our author understands by literary criticism. It is defined, at the outset, as "pretty much the same thing as the reasoned exercise of literary taste—the attempt, by examination of literature, to find out what it is that makes literature pleasant, and therefore good—the discovery, classification, and as far as possible tracing to their sources, of the qualities of poetry and prose, of style and metre, the classification of literary kinds, the examination and 'proving,' as arms are proved, of literary means and weapons, not neglecting the observation of literary fashions and the like." The method, therefore, is to be "the humble *a posteriori*" one. A little later we are informed that

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it is the endeavour of the true critic "to extract from *all* literature, ancient, mediæval, and modern, lessons of its universal qualities, which may enable him to see each period *sub specie æternitatis*." This initial enunciation of his point of view seems clear enough, but as the book progresses, the *vera ratio* of criticism is even more precisely delimited, in part positively, in part negatively. It is altogether delightful to find our author in his analysis of the *Dialogus* (which he holds is *not* by Tacitus) vigorously combating Mr. Nettleship's position that "literature must be taken and judged as the expression of national life, not as a matter of form and of scholastic teaching," and one foresees at once the slighting reference to M. Taine which presently follows. If any one doubts the fairness of this estimate, let him compare Taine's treatment of Anglo-Saxon poetry with that of Stopford Brooke. The endeavour of an unquestionably great critic to relate literature to geographical and racial conditions rather than to conditions of language has there led to conclusions quite the reverse of the truth. And if it be urged that the fault lies not in the theory, but in its application, one must still say that, while literature undoubtedly *is* an expression of national life, the inquiry into their relations is one essentially diverse from that of the critic, and helps us rather to understand than to judge. On the contrary, the comparative method is the great lamp of criticism. Mr. Saintsbury, indeed, is convinced that in nothing is the marvellous power of the Greek race so impressively shown as in the fact that, having no opportunity of literary comparison in two languages, they yet achieved so much that is permanent. This advantage, which the Romans possessed, was largely neutralised by their deliberative effort to model their own creative work in the technical lines laid down by the Greeks. But the Middle Ages (and here our author is especially interesting, for here the ways are mostly untrodden), when the old tradition was for a time completely lost, and the human mind, stirred by a thousand new impulses of environment, sought at its own sweet will new forms of expression, become of the first importance to the critic, not so much because of their positive contributions to critical thought, though here the essay of Dante is of the highest value, as because in almost every kind of literature they furnished material for what Mr. Saintsbury calls "an entirely new Calculus of Critical Variations." Above all, they made to the world the priceless gift of the Romance, and this, despite the fact that the *Odyssey* is perhaps the greatest romance ever written. There is no finer passage in the book than that in which this thesis is upheld as against the claim of Longinus that this poem is "old age, though the old age of Homer." But it was the work of the Middle Ages to make clear this limitation of view on the part of Longinus, as well as similar limitations of Aristotle, due to the absence of prose fiction and the existence of but one type of tragedy. As our author phrases it in the opening of the summary which follows the discussion of mediæval criticism, "enforced and necessary ignorance of what the Middle Ages had to teach accounts in almost every case for whatever shortcomings we find in the Classics; wilful or careless ignoring of this accounts for most of the shortcomings of the moderns; recourse to it accounts for most of the merits, such as they are, of the criticism of the nineteenth century."

But the finest flower of literature is, after all, style, and for the appreciation of this Mr. Saintsbury is ever on the watch. It is regretfully admitted of Aristotle, with whose two books there is made "almost the advance from chaos to cosmos," so that "we shall find nothing in all the rest of the history quite to equal it," that he has an unfortunate inclination "on the one hand not to give quite enough importance to Diction, and on the other to lay down arbitrary rules about it." He is delighted to find that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, whom he ranks high as a critic, in analysing the style of the proem to the History of Thucydides, attributes to it "an archaic and headstrong beauty." But his special favourite among the Greeks is naturally Longinus, whose dictum, "For beautiful words are in deed and in fact the very light of the spirit," he calls the Declaration of Independence and the "Let there be light" of literary criticism. Dionysius had practically the same idea, and Dante, long after, showed his quality by fixing his attention not so much on questions of matter, conception and plan, as on considerations of prosody, harmony,

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vocabulary and structure. One looks forward with keen interest to the future discussion of Wordsworth's "Preface to Lyrical Ballads."

There are many interesting points made in regard to this question of style in the Latin section. Mr. Saintsbury thinks that in Cicero's famous comment on Lucretius, *Lucreti poemata, ut scribis, ita sunt; multis luminibus ingeni multæ tamen artis,* a *non* should be supplied before *multis,* so that the sentence will run: "The poems of Lucretius are, as you say, not very full of brilliancy in genius, but show plenty of art." But it is incredible that the man to whom Mr. Saintsbury himself concedes a real love of poetry should have denied genius to the greatest poet in the Latin language, and, besides, it is necessary to change the text in order to make him do this. The sentence as it stands is perfectly sound: "The poetry of Lucretius is just as you write; it shows frequently great brilliancy of genius, and, though the two are not often combined, much skill in composition." To Mr. Saintsbury's further objection that Cicero merely echoes his brother's words in a cut-and-dried formula, it is sufficient to say that the letters to Quintus of this year (54 B.C.) are most of them short because the writer is in a hurry. At the time of this particular letter Quintus's return was almost momentarily expected, and literary references were certain to be incidental and brief. In his general estimate (which is of course low) of Cicero's critical insight, our author tilts again with Mr. Nettleship, but this time the honours of the field seem to us to rest decidedly with the latter.

One is glad to note that to Martial ("'the mixed and subtle Martial,' as Gavin Douglas called him"), Mr. Saintsbury assigns a very much higher rank as an artist than does Mr. Mackail. In the dozen delightful pages given to him, he is praised for seeing, "not merely with instinctive but with critical certainty, that gift of precision, clearness, felicity, *venustas,* which the Greek-Latin blend of the Golden and Silver Ages had." Yet more important, "he directly extols the cultivation of style—of that quality which will make any decent judge identify a poet when he has heard three lines of his poem. And he practises what he preaches."

But we must leave to the reader the further investigation of this most fascinating book. He will find many things of which we have not space to speak, a rather questionably low estimate of Horace's *Ars Poetica* (which our author wishes Martial had written), a most interesting discussion of Persius, of Quintilian above all, of Aulus Gellius, of Sidonius Apollinaris, and, to revert to Byzantine criticism, of Photius. And here, as everywhere, he will note our author's persistent quest for the perception of style, of harmony, of rhythm. Mr. Saintsbury is quite right. It is certainly true, as the late F. W. H. Myers said in his exquisite essay on Vergil, that "Poetry is both an imitative and an imaginative art. As a choice and condensed form of emotional speech, it possesses the reality which depends on its directly recalling our previous thoughts and feelings. But as a system of rhythmical and melodious effects—not indebted for their potency to their associated ideas alone—it appeals also to that mysterious power by which mere arrangements of sound can convey an emotion which no one could have predicted beforehand, and which no known laws can explain." This, which is eminently true of poetry, is in lesser degree true of rhythmical prose, whether we find it in the great Funeral Oration in Thucydides, or in Sir Walter Raleigh's musings in his *History of the World* on the end of empires and of life.

But why, why does Mr. Saintsbury, who prefixes to his chapter on Greek Criticism the remark of Longinus that "the judgment of words is the latest and crowning fruit of long experience," vex the ears and souls of his readers with (evidently pet) perversities of diction? Temerarious, inusitate, næves (though the apology of quotation marks is offered with this), conpulsed (?), quintessenced pen, velleity, divagation, meticulous, poemkin, perstringe (he surely does not wish to be associated with Dr. Parr?), criticastry, crotcheteer, rustical, flebile, tractatule, pullulate—the list might be extended. Few, we think, will understand the sense of *defrays* on page 361, and we are quite sure that the use of *adoperate* as an intransitive verb on page 460 is quite new in English. Against Aristotle's objection to archaisms he remarks that "what the old kings of literature have stamped remains current for-

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ever, and what the new kings of literature stamp takes currency at once." The authority of the old kings might perhaps be invoked in behalf of many of the words just mentioned, though we venture to doubt the universality of the principle. But, as regards *adoperate,* are we to infer that Mr. Saintsbury considers himself a new king of literature?

Nelson Glenn McCrea.

II.

The Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ.*

The gigantic task of collecting material for this great Lexicon of the Latin Language, the method of which was briefly described in The Bookman for November, 1897, has at last been completed. The Board of Editors has been selected, and the labour of sifting the enormous collections, and so selecting and arranging typical examples, as to give an outline of the history of each word from its earliest appearance until the end of the sixth century, or until its disappearance from the language, is being pushed rapidly forward. The first instalments of the first and second volumes, containing respectively 112 and 120 pages, with two columns to each page, have already been issued. The former comprises *a* to *absurdus,* and the latter *an* to *aplūda, adplūda.*

A brief preface of two pages describes the inception and development of the plan which culminated in the present work, and the method of collecting material which was finally decided on. A fuller preface by the editor-in-chief is announced to appear *alio loco.* The charge of the work has been given neither to Leo nor to Wölfflin, who have had charge of the collections at Göttingen and Munich, but to Friedrich Vollmer, who is known to the philological world from his recent excellent edition of the *Silvæ* of Statius, as well as from other contributions. He is assisted by Drs. Dittman, Bannier, Otto, Klotz, Lommatzsch, Rabbow, Diehl, Lehnert, Von Mess, Oertel, Prinz and Bickel, all belonging to the younger school of philologians, but described as "*antiquarum litterarum studio probatis.*" The secretary is Dr. Oskar Hey, who has served in that capacity at Munich since the beginning of the present undertaking.

The comparative youthfulness of the staff makes it probable, as it is earnestly to be hoped, that they will all continue in active service during the fifteen years which are expected to elapse before their task is completed.

The eight pages and a half which follow the preface are headed: *cum opus incipimus nobis præsto sunt copiæ hæ* They contain a list of the Latin writers whose works are drawn upon, with the names of those who "*ediderunt,*" "*recognoverunt,*" "*excerpserunt.*" This not only serves as a recognition of the work of the scholars named, but fixes the responsibilty for the correctness of the texts and for the accuracy of the excerpts. Wölfflin's activity is shown by the fact that his name occurs four times under the first head, fifteen under the second, and twenty-two under the third.

The typography of the volumes has been rather severely criticised in this country, and it certainly seems as if the different divisions of the articles might be indicated more clearly. The numbering of the lines also, in a column running down the middle of each page, is somewhat unsightly, though exceedingly convenient. But the type, though small, is clear, the paper is good, and the printing (in small capitals) of the names of the writers cited is a commendable feature. While the closely set pages present a somewhat forbidding appearance, they are not nearly so difficult to read as would appear from a hasty inspection. The great amount of matter which is to be presented within comparatively small limits should be taken into account, as well as the extraordinarily low price—7 marks 20 pfennigs for each fascicle.

With the change in the control of the work a modification of the original plan has been made, and none of the numerous lexicon-articles which have appeared from time to time in the *Archiv für lateinische Lexikographie und Grammatik,* based for the most part on the "Archivzettel," will find a place in the *Thesaurus.* This is doubtless wise, considering the

*Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ. Editus auctoritate et consiliis Academiarum quinque Germanicarum, Berolinensis, Gottingensis, Lipsiensis, Monacensis, Vindobonensis. Vol. I., Fasc. 1, and Vol. II., Fasc. 1. Leipzig: Teubner, 1900 and 1901.

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amount of new material which the editors have at their disposal. It is gratifying to learn that the publication of the *Archiv* is to be continued. References to the journal are, as would be expected, exceedingly numerous in the *Thesaurus*.

Each article, or series of successive articles, is signed by the editor whose work it is, and it is highly appropriate that the first one, "*a prima littera*," bears the name of Wölfflin, the man to whose unselfish devotion and untiring efforts it is in a great measure due that the project is practically sure of being carried out. The article on *a, ab, abs*, in accordance with the new plan, has been entirely rewritten by Lommatzsch, who is well known as one of the editors of the *Lexicon Petronianum*, and takes the place of the writer's article published in the *Archiv*, x., p. 465, to which reference was made in THE BOOKMAN for November, 1897. The same fate has befallen Praun's *absque* (*Archiv*, 1889) and, apparently, all the others.

Lommatzsch has had the advantage of not being held down to twice the space given to *ab* in the Forcellini-De Vit. As a matter of fact, his article contains nearly eight times as much matter as that in the Forcellini. It is apparent that the original plan is to be modified, since *abstineo* has more than four times, and *abscedo* about twelve times the space allotted to those words in the Italian lexicon. It is certainly desirable that rigid mathematical proportion should not be observed, but that especially important and interesting words should be allowed additional space. The freedom which Lommatzsch enjoyed has enabled him to give a great many more examples of the various uses of *ab*, but it is a question whether this has not been accompanied by a sacrifice of clearness. It is difficult to judge an article arranged in accordance with a plan different from one's own, but I must confess that I do not find his work easy reading. On one point I disagree with him radically—namely, as regards the statement about the use of *a* or *ab* before consonants: "*hoc solum cum quadam similitudine veri potest statui, ante nonnullas præ ceteris formam ab in usu fuisse.*" While there are undoubtedly many difficulties, I believe that by taking account of certain stereotyped formulas, such as *ab Jove, ab re*, and the like, and by considering a writer's style, sources and date, some general principles may be formulated. This is not the place to discuss the details; I must refer those who may be interested in the matter to a paper on "*The Preposition ab in Horace*," to be published in the next volume of the *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*.

In his account of the word order with *ab* Lommatzsch does not appear to have distinguished the arrangement modifier —*ab*—substantive, which occurs in Cicero, and once in Cæsar and Livy respectively, from that of substantive—*ab*—modifier, which is not found in prose before Tacitus. Both arrangements occur in poetry from an early period.

The superiority of the *Thesaurus* to the Forcellini-De Vit appears not only in the longer and better arranged articles of the former, but also in the greater number of words which it contains. Proper names are given in their regular alphabetical order, instead of being relegated to a separate *Onomasticon*. This part of the work is in the hands of W. Otto, and will, undoubtedly, give us a much fuller and more satisfactory collection than is anywhere available at present.

In the Forcellini between *ab* and *abacus* there are seven words; in the *Thesaurus* we have thirteen; three of the former are omitted in the *Thesaurus*, and five of the latter are proper names. Between *abacus* and *abalienatio*, the Forcellini has four words, of which only one finds a place in the new lexicon; the latter has fifteen, of which ten are proper names. The 112 pages from *ab* to *absurdus* represent a little over 30 pages of the Forcellini; the 120 from *an* to *apluda*, about 66. These figures will give some little idea of the additions and corrections in the new work. When words which occur in the Forcellini are not given in the *Thesaurus*, the reason of course is that a more careful recension of the texts has shown that they do not exist; or that they represent mere differences in pronunciation as in orthography, like *ababus* = *abavus*, cited in the new lexicon, under the latter word. Participles like *abactus, abalienatus*, etc., are not given as separate words in the *Thesaurus*. Doubtful words are given with a query, e.g. *? abaculus*, Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* 36, 199, where the manuscripts read *ab*

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oculis, and *abaculus* is a conjecture of the "*editores veteri.*"

In the case of each word of special importance the lexicon-article proper is preceded by a brief sketch of its etymology and morphology, and in some cases of its prosody, with an outline of its semasiological history. The etymologies are the work of Thurneysen, while the Romance philologist is Meyer-Lübke. At the end of each article synonyms and *opposita* are cited, where they exist.

In our American lexicons and vocabularies the fashion has prevailed of late of giving the active form of the perfect participle in the principal parts of verbs, instead of the supine or the neuter form; e.g., *duco, ducere, duxi, ductus. The Thesaurus* uniformly gives the form in *—um.*

The new lexicon marks an advance on any which has yet appeared outside of America in indicating the quantity of all the long vowels, including "hidden quantities." It is somewhat difficult, however, to understand what principles are followed in this work. Final *—o* in the first person of verbs, and in such nouns as *abactio,* is regularly left unmarked, although other final syllables, such as *—ūs* in the genitive of the fourth declension, have the macron. This is doubtless because the *—o* was frequently short in later Latin, but as it was also often long, it seems as if some hint of the fact ought to be given. In some cases individual editors seem to have had different views. Thus we find *abscēdo, —cessi* (*ē ?*), *—cessum* (*—ē ?*); Lommatzsch; *antecēdo, —cēssi, —cēssum,* Oertel; *antecessīvus, antecessor,* Bannier.

In the case of transliterations of the Greek we sometimes find the quantity indicated, sometimes not; e.g., *anatomē,* ἀνατομή; *anagnostēs,* ἀναγνώστης; *analemmata,* ἀνάλημμα; *anadiplosis,* ἀναδίπλωσις; *apes,* ἄπαις, etc., etc.

Since the matter of quantity is not taken so seriously in Germany as it is in this country, it is not safe to conclude that the omission of a macron indicates a deliberate conviction of the editor, still less of the entire Board; and absolute consistency is perhaps not necessary in a work intended primarily for scholars. An interesting problem is presented also by words whose quantity varied during the long period represented by the *Thesaurus.* It will be interesting to observe how doubtful cases are treated, and it is reasonable to assume that all the evidence will be carefully examined. Few such cases appear in the present instalments. We may note *abrelictus* (*relĭctus,* Bennett); *apiscor* (*adipīscor,* Bennett), though elsewhere a long vowel is recognised before *—sco* (*—scor*); *abremissus* in accordance with most authorities, though to be consistent one should also write *cessi, cessum.*

The great merit of the work, so far as we may judge from what has so far appeared, and its value to all workers in the various branches of classical philology, will be universally recognised. Criticism of details is easy and inevitable. Hardly any two lexicographers would agree in the selection of examples and in their arrangement, and the preparation of complete biographies of words, such as appear in the special lexicons, and for example in Diehl's *elementum* and Usener's *flagitium,* and *flagitare,* are in some respects easier to write, although of course out of the question for a work of this kind.

The editors are naturally most vulnerable in the period after Suetonius, where the examples are taken, not from complete collections, but from excerpts. Here it is almost inevitable that some omissions should be made, and it is in this field that the greatest necessity exists for new recensions of the texts, for special lexicons, and for syntactical studies.

John C. Rolfe.

III.

Josiah Flynt's "The World of Graft."*

It is not often that a book has the good fortune to be heralded by the peculiar sort of advertising that has been given *The World of Graft.* It has been the subject of contention almost ever since the first chapter appeared in a magazine, and every succeeding instalment has been greeted with more or less discussion and abuse. The police considered it, to say the least, impolite; and those in authority gave out statements which announced all

*The World of Graft. By Josiah Flynt. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.25.

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sorts of uncomfortable happenings that would befall Josiah Flynt in case he did not retract past utterances and refrain from future ones. As each new article appeared, the outcry grew louder and louder until some one very gravely and rather sarcastically pointed out that all these threats and inuendoes did not seem to be causing the author any annoyance, but that they would certainly prove a very excellent advertisement for his book. So the officials of the Police Department have ceased talking about "records and third degrees." But the publishers of the book have shown a sense of appreciation of the business value of it all, and have set printers and binders industriously to work, and brought out *The World of Graft* probably several months before it otherwise would have appeared.

Mr. Flynt seems to have abandoned for the present the subject of tramps and tramp-life, with which he first won recognition, and to have taken up in its place the more lurid and complicated study of police corruption and official patronage of crime. In this book he has endeavoured to turn into direct and logical special articles the material which he and Mr. Walton had already presented under the guise of fiction in *Powers That Prey*. *The World of Graft* is divided into five parts and supplemented with a glossary of the slang used in the Under-World. Much of this slang is already known to those who read Mr. Flynt's *Tramping With Tramps*. Thus Mr. Flynt, in his Introductory:

> In regard to the word "graft," which is used freely in the text, I desire to state that it is a generic slang term for all kinds of theft and illegal practices generally. In some cases it also covers transactions which are within the letter of the written law, but wholly outside the law covering equitable treatment of one's neighbour. It is used mainly by tramps, thieves and thief-catchers, but it is not wholly tabooed in Upper-World circles. A "grafter" is one who makes his living, and sometimes his fortune, by "grafting." He may be a political "boss," a mayor, a chief of police, a warden of a penitentiary, a municipal contractor, a member of the town council, a representative in the legislature, a judge in the courts, and the Upper-World may know him only in his official capacity; but if the Under-World has had occasion to approach him for purposes of graft and found him corrupt, he is immediately classified as an "unmugged grafter"—one whose photograph is not in the Rogues' Gallery, but ought to be. The professional thief is the "mugged" grafter; his photograph and Bertillon measurements are known and recorded.

Under the general title "Metropolitan Grafting," Mr. Flynt has given us certain observations on the relations between the criminal and the municipal official in Chicago, New York and Boston. Chicago he describes as "'Chi'—an honest city," New York as "'York'—a dishonest city," and Boston as "a plain clothes man's town." From the chapter dealing with New York we quote the passage which caused so much perturbation on the part of Commissioner Murphy and Captain Titus.

> One of the Powers that Rule in New York City, or "York," as the Under-World prefers to call it, is a man that used to be one of the Powers that Prey. His photograph as a known thief may still be seen in Chicago, and he is recognised by it from time to time when travelling Powers that Rule visit New York. He is generally to be found about eleven o'clock at night at uptown haunts, where he "rubbers" around, makes a "pinch" occasionally, keeps track of newcomers in the haunts and takes in as much "scale" as his position allows. From the Lombroso point of view he would hardly be picked out for an "ex-gun." He is intelligent, has good manners and might pass in the street for an ordinary man of affairs.

In conversation with the author, this "ex-gun" placed the blame for the "open" conditions in New York virtually where the reformers do—on Tammany. Politically he has no preferences, and believes that if the Republicans were in power they could be dealt with as easily as the potentates of the Hall. Compared with Chicago, New York is not so available as he would like to have it. Tammany gets scared every now and then, he says, and has to make a pretence to virtue. Speaking generally, he considers the present excitement in the city concerning corrupt policemen, gambling dens and disorderly houses to be simply a passing manifestation of public curiosity; the citizens will get tired before long with the chatter about vice, and the

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town will then settle back to its customary indifference to such matters. In company with an English pickpocket, the author made a tour of inspection of the resorts frequented by the criminal classes of New York.

The majority of the places visited were saloons located on and to the right and left of Broadway, between Fourteenth and Thirty-seventh Streets, but I saw more grafters in "Bohemia," "Cairo," "The" Allen's gambling-house, "Mollie's" in Forty-second Street and the "Black Rabbit" in Bleecker Street than in all the other places put together. Only a few of the grafters were men with "records," but all of them steal when they can, and the majority live on plunder. The life at the "Black Rabbit"—this place has since been raided—inspired my companion to make some remarks. . . .

From New York the author passes on to Boston, and then turns to the general subjects of the lives of criminals and the systems by which they are held under police control. He tells of "the mouthpiece system," which means the policy of forcing a certain number of thieves to report the actions and intentions of their fellows; he shows the profit and loss in the account of the known thief, and has much to say about the bill of the tax-payer.

Firmin Dredd.

IV.

Zack's "The White Cottage."*

The White Cottage is the work of an artist—of an artist in whom the creative impulse would not be denied. To one who entertains the sweet old-fashioned notion that all novels are inspired such a statement seems superfluous. But in this era of easy production and generous advertisement time-honoured beliefs about literature must be revised.

Ours is the age of machinery. All through the economic world sounds the din and the whir of it. Philosophers and socialists tell us insistently that the individuality of the workman is lost in the roar and throb of great engines with their strength of a thousand men; that he is no longer a humble artist, putting something of himself into each finished product. He is but an insignificant detail in the process of manufacture. He himself has become the machine.

It seems a far cry from economics to literature; but by a curious law of universal psychology the dominant note in one department of activity sets up a sympathetic vibration in another. The mechanical workman has his correlative in the mechanical bookmaker. Under present conditions an author can step briskly into his literary kitchen, provide himself with a slight knowledge of history and a few characters, stir them together, add a pinch of humour and love to taste, send the result to his publisher, and in ninety days become a celebrity with the royalty in his pocket of one hundred thousand novels sold.

These recipe novels are remunerative. They probably serve their purpose in the period of transition to which they belong. They are amusing, and the public would be loath to part with *David Harum, Eben Holden* and other novels of the same kind. But they are not art, and the critic, surfeited with a diet of them, gives a heartfelt sigh of relief when a novel like *The White Cottage*, bearing the stamp artist-made, varies the literary menu.

The book is a study in negation, a revival of the ancient Tantalus theme, with a Bere-Upton fisherman as the central figure, and Luce, the fairest of the fair maids in the Cornish village, the prize which his eager fingers can never quite grasp. A deficiency of will, a little mental hitch, keeps him always just a step away from what he most desires in life. Luce, who is pledged to be his wife, with the intuition of protest against a mistake, sees his weakness and the hopelessness of it. In the first interview between the two after the story opens she states the text of the novel:

"Your spirit iddn't here," she cried bitterly. "I don't feel it saying kinder masterful, 'Luce, you be jest Mark's, and he'll up and do wi' 'ee what he reckons best.'"

"Why should I say that?" Mark expostulated. "You've got your rights the same as me."

Dropping her hands to her side, she retreated a few paces from him. "Tiddn't no use," she said; "a man can't be more'n hisself."

*The White Cottage. By Zack. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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It is a fatalistic doctrine, this, that a man cannot be more than himself. Given an ambition and a ball and chain, which prevent the prisoner from overtaking it, and a tragedy is the result. Such is *The White Cottage*. The author is consistent with her hypothesis, and try as he will, Mark cannot pass beyond the boundaries of his limitations. As in a Greek tragedy, the beginning foreshadows the end. Born without choice into a certain set of characteristics, Mark is foredoomed to failure because of them. Fate plays its tricks with him and then leaves him to expiate the faults for which he is not responsible.

The author develops her story with a strong, sure touch. Hers is not the exhaustive genealogical method, which begins with a great-great-grandfather and ends with a granddaughter. She catches significant scenes here and there in the lives of her characters, and by a few quick strokes emphasises the features which are necessary for the unity of her plot. The surface of the story is washed in with neutral tints, but "Zack" has a masterly way of suggesting by her subtones the burning depths of feeling underneath. The chapter describing the meeting between Ben Lupin (who wins the stakes from Mark in every game of circumstance) and his rightful wife, who finds him after he has married Luce, is one of the most intense in the book. The pathos of it is the kind that grips the heart, but with her characteristic method the author makes it lie more in what is implied than in what is said. The woman, Hester, driven to drink by Ben's neglect of her before he left her altogether, pleads with him to come back.

"I hain't no drunkard now. . . . I've given it up, I've fought agin it all these long months. Times and times when the drink hunger was upon me I've flung myself down and gnawed the bare bones rather than give way to ut."

Lupin remains unmoved. She says again:

'Twudn't be the same living wi' me now as 'twas afore. . . . I've made the little cottage bitty, and the flowers be coming up trustful. There was a mort of yaller crocus in the patch aside the door when I hiked off.

When she has tried her last argument and failed, and yet has refused to deliver him over to the law, the author gathers the climax into a few quick, terse words, that do the work of half a dozen pages.

"Ben, Ben," she cried, clasping his hand; "kiss me jest wance afore you go."

For a moment he stood and looked upon her face, which seemed as if all the sorrow of the world had been crushed into it, and a horror seized him of this woman capable of entertaining such suffering. He thrust her from him and hurried away into the gathering darkness.

With a stern conscientiousness, like George Eliot's, the author applies the thumbscrew of consequences to Ben's happiness. Hester in the sharpness of her disappointment turns to drink once more and unconsciously babbles her secret. The execution of the law falls into less kindly hands than hers. The constable goes to arrest Ben, and the guilty man enters the cottage, where Luce is crooning over her baby, to tell her why. Here, once more, is a chance for clap-trap and stage thunder, but "Zack" chooses the better part. The farewell is managed without heroics or noise, except for one "cry as of a woman stricken unto death," which travels through the still air to Mark, the righteous and unfortunate, lying hidden behind the hedge.

Yet, again, consequences work their cruel will when the little lad whom Luce loves above all the world is carried off by Hester in a fit of delirium while his mother is away trying to get help for her rival. But at this point the retributive process seems to stop. The disgrace of Ben, the loss of the child, bring Mark no nearer the fulfilment of his hopes for five long years. Then when happiness seems within his reach at last, and Luce has promised to marry him, Ben comes back from prison, and the two go away together. In the meantime, Mark on his way to Luce finds the skeleton of Hester and the baby. For one moment shaking himself free of his pettiness, he dashes into the cottage to tell Luce that she may marry whom she will. With the pitiless consistency of the artist the author turns this single heroic act of his life into mockery. Luce has not waited for her release. The cottage is empty, and Ben, the dare-devil, sinful, unworthy but masterful, has won again.

The Story of Sarah, recently published, presents in a different way the problem

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of *The White Cottage*. A girl is loved by two men, one of whom is good and respectable, the other disreputable and fascinating. Virtue, by means of much plot machinery, has its reward in this novel, and the good young man carries off the bride. A comparison of the two books serves to emphasise the dramatic, forceful way in which "Zack" has treated the situation. Her three principal characters are sharply drawn, and their development is natural, logical and inevitable. In *The Story of Sarah,* on the other hand, the characters seem puppets, moved as the will of the author directs. Occasionally the minor people of the story in *The White Cottage* seem less convincing than they should, stop-gaps, as it were, between the silences of the stars. The author, however, lapses thus but seldom. On the whole, the book in conception, technique and feeling is admirable. The recipe novel may be amusing. This is not. It is grey and sombre, dealing with broken hopes and baffled desires. But it is an artist's expression of life—vigorous, strong, intense—a thing to be cherished in these practical days, when "only coin can ring" and the mechanical novel is the short cut to rich rewards. The book, though force is its keynote, is not lacking in poetic suggestion. The white cottage, used like the refrain of a rondeau at the beginning of the story, and repeated from time to time, gives a lyric touch to the whole, and at the end it softens with the dream which Charles Lamb has made immortal, the bitterness of Mark's loneliness.

Years passed; the white cottage fell into disrepair, for the villagers held the house to be unlucky, and no one ventured to live there; but each year, with the coming round of summer, Mark would steal into the little garden, sit beneath the apple-tree and, closing his eyes, dream that the cottage was his home, Luce his wife and the voices in the breeze those of his children.

Alice Katharine Fallows.

V.

E. W. Townsend's "Days Like These."*

Mr. Townsend does good work with such obvious ease that one is always a little irritated that he has not done better. There are very few men in the business of story-making to-day who write with such apparent facility and out of so ready an invention. One feels as if just on this account it would be the proper thing "to slate" roundly whatever he does, and yet somehow one always ends by putting the slating off till the next time. In *Days Like These* Mr. Townsend has written a strong and a good novel, which we lay aside with a certain amount of exasperation, because we cannot but feel that with a little elimination here and a little revision there he might have made it a very fine novel indeed.

That this book will have an extraordinary vogue there is no use trying to deny. For sheer audacity of characterisation it surpasses anything that has appeared for some time, and on account of this its success is as certain as was that of Mr. Ford's *The Honourable Peter Stirling* after it became generally believed that the young man who conducted the "swill mill cases" and bossed a district was drawn from President Cleveland. Mr. Winston Churchill found it convenient to deny that he had intended to caricature Richard Harding Davis in *The Celebrity,* and perhaps we may find Mr. Townsend protesting that if Weston and Drummond are, respectively, Senator Platt and Mr. Croker to the life, it is all a mistake; that if the description of Horace Garnett exactly fits Mr. W. C. Whitney, and if in the Mallorys and Worthingtons are recognised some of the peculiarities of certain notoriously wealthy New York families, it is not his fault; that he was writing of types, and not personalities; and that, of course, as a novelist, he wants to write true, he was obliged to draw as fully as possible upon his knowledge of New York life and people.

Days Like These is a very good story, marred by some of the more glaring faults of *A Daughter of the Tenements.* It is entirely too dramatic. Mr. Townsend makes his contrasts too striking. When he has finished a chapter of slum life and rounded up his crooks and ward heelers and wharf rats and drunken sailors, he seems to feel that the reader needs a very decided change, and so he introduces us to "really 'igh society" and pelts

*Days Like These. By E. W. Townsend. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

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us with multimillionaires and dukes and serene highnesses. The book was originally to have been called *Incomes,* and the change to the present title was made because of a belief that the first title was too suggestive of a treatise on economics. It is well, however, to keep the original title in mind when one is reading the book. Years before the time of the opening chapter of the story a family dispute separated Martin Farnham and his sister Mary, and the latter marries Jack Cavendish and settles down to a life of toil and hardship in a tenement-house in one of the streets of the East Side. Meanwhile, her brother by his energy and shrewdness and sagacity, and mainly because of his belief that "New York is the greatest boom town in America," goes on building up one of those sudden and great fortunes which are peculiar to this country. Of course when he dies his sister's daughter becomes his heir, and of course the theme of the story is the girl's transformation from a model in an East Grand Street department store to a splendid society woman, about whose beauty and bank account all the eligible men of the story seem to hover. To this extent the book is commonplace enough; where it differs from other stories built up upon the same theme is in the fine scenes, the strong characterisations, the sense and the satire. It is a poor story, or at best a very conventional one, but that is only a detail, because it is enlivened by real humour and strong descriptive power. People will read it because of this; but its real success, it is to be feared, will be owed to curiosity.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

VI.

Mrs. Voynich's "Jack Raymond."*

It is unfortunate that the surest way to give an unhealthy book a vogue is to denounce it. There are always plenty of readers on the lookout for the garbage of literature. And yet the only honest thing to do is to tell quite frankly just what a story like this of Mrs. Voynich's contains. If any one still wants to read it, he can get it of the nearest booksellers; but, at least, no one will take it up with the mistaken idea that it is something radically different from what it really is. The present writer does not wish to be thought supersensitive about books which deal with the baser side of life. Realism, even the realism of Zola, has its place in fiction; in its own way it is art, and very powerful art, too. Psychological analysis, even when it is the morbid psychology of D'Annunzio in the *Trionfo della Morte,* may also be art and contain an underlying, wholesome moral as well. But when we come to the exceptional and abnormal phases of perversion, to those forms of human degradation which fall within the province of the specialist in obscure mental diseases, we can find no excuse for their presence between the covers of any book outside of treatises on medical jurisprudence.

Mrs. Voynich has been known hitherto only as author of *The Gadfly,* a book with an ill-proportioned plot and certain episodes of considerable, although rather gruesome, power. It is obvious from her whole manner of writing that she takes herself and her chosen calling very seriously. She finds in life certain existing evils; she feels herself called upon to attack them, and she does so with virulence. *The Gadfly* was an attack upon corruption as she believed that it existed among Catholic priests; *Jack Raymond* to some extent is a protest against corruption in boys' boarding-schools. It may be conveniently summed up as a study of precocious vice and morbid passions; and it is made all the worse by being told in a half-veiled way, which keeps the reader wondering just how unspeakably vile the hidden idea really is. A few plain blunt Anglo-Saxon words in one or two of the chapters, something of the clean-cut phraseology of the physician, would be a positive relief. It would be like striking a match in a haunted house.

It would be easy to gloss over the unpleasant side of this book, to call it a study in the loneliness of childhood, of the sufferings of a sensitive boy who is systematically misunderstood, and who later grows up to a useful and noble life through the influence of the mother-love which comes to him at the eleventh hour. Very likely it is something of this sort which the author herself thinks that she

*Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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has done. What she has really written is the story of a lad of fourteen, who, because he is a healthy young human animal with the vigour of an unbroken colt and the leader of much boyish mischief in school, is singled out by the head-master as the instigator of vice which he is too normal and clean-minded even to understand the meaning of; and because he has nothing to confess is systematically tortured day after day to the verge of death through chapters too ghastly even to summarise. But a hint may be given in the fact that the head-master is an austere ascetic with only one failing—an abnormal, loathsome passion for seeing others suffer, for viewing the reddening lash cut into quivering flesh. On the Continent they have a good deal of this sort of literature dealing with moral and sexual perversions. Sacher-Masoch, for instance, enjoyed the questionable distinction of seeing his name become a part of medical nomenclature. English fiction has hitherto been fairly exempt; and that is another reason why one finds *Jack Raymond* unpleasant—doubly so when one remembers that it was written by a woman.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

HERE AND THERE

I.

The Triumph of Inertia.

One great advantage which Orientals possess over Europeans is found in the infinite patience which is theirs. To Americans, the diplomatic processes and the business methods of Englishmen seem slow. Those of the Germans seem slower still. Yet both Englishmen and Germans conduct their affairs in a frantic whirl as contrasted with Asiatics. Even when driving a bargain in an Oriental bazaar, the European, unless he is willing to pay the asking-price and thereby suffer himself to be egregiously cheated, must talk and chaffer and bargain, and, above all, wait. The Oriental likes this sort of thing, and he carries it into every department of life. Time has no value in his eyes. He never hurries. He never frets. His patience and his imperturbability are born in him, and they are inseparable, he thinks, from that calm dignity which he desires always to keep inviolate.

No better illustration of this patient self-control and of its power can be found than that which is afforded us in what has occurred in China during the past six months. The allies entered Chinese territory animated in part by a spirit of revenge, in part by the lust for territorial acquisition, and wholly with the purpose of so rearranging the conditions of government in China as to make impossible the recurrence of those events which last year startled and for the moment alarmed the Western world. It was thought to be an easy thing to depose the Empress from her sinister supremacy, to reorganise the provincial governments, to teach the Chinese a lesson which they would not soon forget, and to secure financial indemnity, commercial privileges and enhanced prestige—in other words, to exploit the Chinese Empire in whatever way might seem best.

As a matter of fact, what has been actually accomplished? The positive results are very slight. The legations have been rescued; a good many coolies have been killed; Pekin has been occupied, and Russia has laid a heavy hand upon Manchuria. Yet all these things amount to nothing when looked at in their true historical perspective. They have not, in any way, appreciably affected the political or the commercial conditions of the Empire. Western impetuosity has hurled itself against the impenetrably stolid patience of the Oriental and has been conquered by it. To-day, in spite of all the bluster of the Germans, and in spite of the keen but ill-defined ambitions of the other Powers, China is sinking back to the old régime. In a few months, to the Chinese the very memory of the past year will have been obliterated, as though a great wave had passed over it and left

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no trace behind. This is the nature of the Asiatic—to look with a certain contemptuous curiosity upon the incidents of the moment, and then to turn away unmoved. What is it to the Chinese that a few thousand insignificant, almost nameless, peasants have been shot down, that a fort or two has been destroyed, or even that one great city has been occupied and a few officials executed? This is but a momentary annoyance. It means nothing; it counts for nothing. The Empress is still in supreme control. The Court is safely housed beyond reach of foreign interference. There is not a single sign that the Manchu dynasty has lost a particle of its prestige. To the very guiltiest of the great officials no punishment has come. Finally, the allied armies are leaving China in the face of Count von Waldersee's threat of a permanent occupation. The question of indemnity and the question of commercial privileges still remain unsettled. If Russia has Manchuria, it is only what she might have had at any time on some pretext as flimsy as that which she has lately found. The truth is that the patience, the stubbornness and the inscrutability of the East have tired out the hasty passion of the West. The great, inert, impenetrable mass which bears the name of China remains what it has always been; and that which to the Western world has seemed so strikingly dramatic and so momentous, is to the Chinese mind a casual episode, unpleasant while it lasted, but having no importance, and, therefore, soon to be forgotten.

II.

Cuba.

Just what is going to happen in Cuba is not wholly clear; but now that the Cubans have accepted the Platt Amendment without qualifications, they will commence a new régime under American control. They will do this because they will be compelled to do it, and because they prefer even partial dependence to complete absorption in our new colonial system. In the end they will no doubt be better off than they were under the rule of Spain, and, perhaps, more prosperous materially than if this country had kept its promise to them and had permitted them to enjoy the rights of a sovereign people. Their adversity and their prosperity are, however, entirely beside the question when we come to consider the policy of our government throughout this whole affair. We solemnly bound ourselves to give the Cubans absolute independence; and in declaring war upon Spain, we made proclamation to the world that we sought no territorial aggrandisement. Now, when the time has come to fulfil our promise, we refuse the gift of independence, we claim a naval station, and we "hold up" Cuba for an important island.

The most depressing part of this whole affair is the display of cynicism which has accompanied it, and which is to be found both in our public prints and in private conversation. Statesmen, editors and men of affairs in general are justifying the negation of the Teller Resolution by arguments in which a frank brutality is more conspicuous than just reason. A "fool-promise," they say, is better broken than kept. We know what is good for the Cubans better than they do themselves. When we promised them independence, we did it under the spell of an absurd enthusiasm. What we are doing now is done in our sober moments and after due reflection. This and much more they say; and they say it with that blustering air which always betokens an uneasy conscience. These men in their own private transactions and in their personal relations with their fellows are honest and honourable and veracious. They would scorn to use in the issues of their private life the arguments with which they back up the government's discreditable policy. If one of them were to sign a promissory note in order to help a friend, he would hardly go to the bank on the date of its maturity and say that he must decline to pay it because it had been signed in a moment of enthusiasm and because subsequent reflection had convinced him that the promise to pay was a "fool-promise," and was, therefore, better broken than kept. At any rate, the bank would hardly take this view; the machinery of the law would very soon dispose of it; and the propounder of it would be generally regarded as either a rascal or a fool. If an able financier happened to know a person whose affairs had been conducted rather

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unsuccessfully, that fact would hardly give the financier the right to take away the other's property, to manage it at his own discretion, and to allow the original owner such a portion of the income as the new possessor might decide upon as fair.

The truth is that in the long run there cannot be one morality for men and another morality for nations. What is base and treacherous and false in a single individual is no less base and treacherous and false in that group of individuals who constitute a government. The laws of right and honour and justice are immutable for all generations, for all nations, and for all men. Our country can do what it will with Cuba, for it has the power. Because of that power and the consciousness of it, it is daring to do the wrong thing rather than the right one, to be false rather than to be true. The Mexican War has always been a blot upon our national escutcheon. The betrayal of Cuba will stand forever as another.

III.

The President and the Coronation.

The coronation of King Edward VII. will take place at some time during the next twelve months, and there is no doubt that it will be one of the great historic pageants of the twentieth century. King Edward has a love of splendour; and although the English are somewhat given to counting the cost of these great functions of State, they will be influenced at this time by a half-unconscious feeling that this particular ceremonial should be made as magnificently impressive as is possible. British prestige has suffered somewhat by the events of the past three years; and it will be quite in accordance with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen to make the crowning of their new king an occasion for the display of all the symbols of their wealth and power, precisely as the Third Napoleon (*absit omen!*) after his Mexican fiasco, sought to regild his imperial honours by the gorgeousness of the Exposition of 1867. The coronation of Edward VII. will, after a fashion, be England's answer to those pessimists at home and abroad who have professed to detect in her the elements of decay, and who have described her as a nation whose energies are waning. She will assemble, therefore, on this occasion her mighty fleets; her armies from all over the world will send contingents to line the streets of London; and, as at the time of the late Queen's Golden Jubilee, from every dependency and every colony will come enthusiastic multitudes of men, white, black, and brown, to testify their loyalty and show in concrete form the vastness and the majesty of the British Empire. It will be an object-lesson to all the nations of the world; to some it will be a challenge and a defiance. In the thunder of the cannon, in the martial music, in the rhythmic tread of her veteran legions, Britain will proclaim with a proud self-consciousness and an exultant sense of power her right to the place that she has always held among the dominant forces of the modern world. The spectacle will be thrilling; its meaning will be one of profound impressiveness.

Why should not the President of the United States attend the ceremony of King Edward's coronation? It would be a break in the traditions that have obtained since the founding of our Republic; but just now we are breaking with much more important traditions than these, and there also would be good and sufficient reason for it. Our country has at last, for weal or for woe and almost in its own despite, abjured its old-time isolation and has taken its natural place among the powers that must be reckoned with in every great international movement. Its past history and the conditions of its civilisation have likewise, in spite of minor jealousies and the clash of minor interests, drawn it nearer and nearer to Great Britain in sympathy, in purpose, and in destiny. Why, then, should not the President, both as the ruler of one of the mightiest nations of the earth and as the exponent of a policy that has brought the two great Anglo-Saxon empires into a partial union which, if made complete, would be irresistible—why should not he be present at the crowning of the King of Great Britain and Emperor of India? The thought appeals to the imagination, and its realisation would symbolise a splendid fact—the ultimate alliance and the final dominance of our world-conquering race.

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There is a popular superstition that the President of the United States is inhibited from leaving this country during his term of office; but it is a superstition only. The article of the Constitution which relates to the President contains no provision of the sort, and therefore the President is quite free to do precisely as he chooses in this matter. The reason why no President has ever visited foreign countries until after his retirement has probably been due to the fact that in the early years of the Republic, before the invention of the telegraph and before the laying of the Atlantic cable, and also before the development of steamships of great speed, absence from the country would have meant so protracted a severance of communication between the Executive and the subordinate officers of government as to constitute what would have been practically an "inability to discharge the powers and duties" of his office. When it required a month to make the voyage to Europe, and when letters and orders could be transmitted only by sailing packets or, afterward, by steamship, it would, of course, have been impossible for the President to visit England without practically abdicating his office and installing the Vice-President in his place. But now, when the time required to pass from New York to Queenstown is but little more than five days, and when, immediately upon his landing, he would be in telegraphic communication every moment with his Cabinet, there exists no satisfactory reason why he should not feel entirely free to perform a striking act of international courtesy. It is not, indeed, true that no President has ever gone beyond the boundaries of his country. President Arthur during his term of office once went to Florida by sea; and although he did so on a vessel of the navy and was, therefore, technically still upon American soil, he was, as a matter of fact, shut off from communication with the administrative departments for several days; and President Cleveland also on one occasion, while shooting in the Adirondacks, crossed the Canadian boundary and for several hours was, without knowing it, actually upon British territory. If, indeed, the President of the United States were now to visit Egypt he need never be so remote from Washington in point of facility of communication as was President Monroe when, during the Era of Good Feeling, he left the seat of government and travelled by canal and coach and carriage to the city of Boston. We trust, therefore, that President McKinley will seize this unique opportunity of doing something which in itself would be strikingly historic and which would be an act of high State policy as well. All true Americans would be glad to see their chosen ruler standing at Westminster in the historic sanctuary of all who speak the English tongue, who observe the English law, and who believe in the perpetuity of English civilisation —taking his place as an equal among the emperors and kings who have of late accepted as an undisputed fact the power and the grandeur of the American Republic.

H. T. P.

CHARLES DICKENS

The asseveration that "Dickens" is "a name to conjure with" seems almost a truism. The innumerable editions of his works so constantly pouring from the press abundantly testify to the continued and unabated popularity of the most famous writer of fiction of the Victorian epoch. As regards the circumstances appertaining to his career—the start in life under harassing conditions, the brilliant success attending his initial efforts in authorship, the manner in which he took the world by storm and retained his grip of the public by the sheer force of genius —there is, I venture to believe, no parallel in the history of Literature. Born in a humble station of life, his early years spent in the midst of an uncongenial (not to say demoralising) environment, his natural gifts, combined with almost superhuman powers of perseverance, enabled him to overcome obstacles which would have deterred ordinary men, with the result that he rapidly attained the topmost rung of the ladder of fame, and remained there.

Although the leading incidents in the life of Charles Dickens are generally

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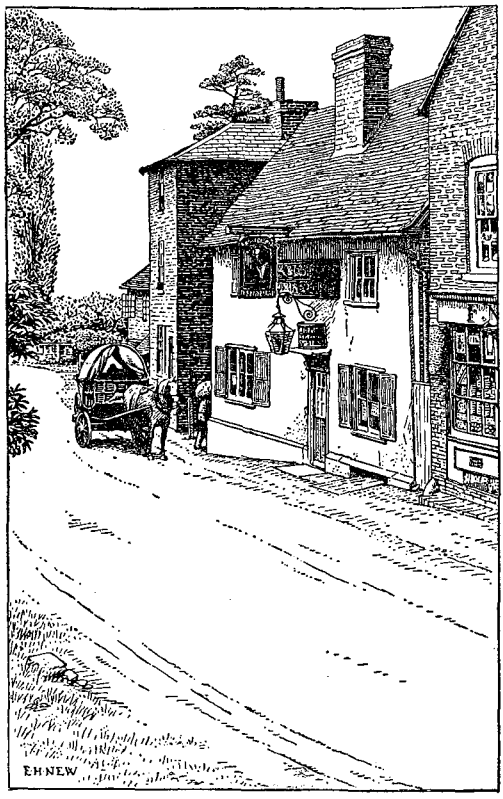
familiar, thanks to the various biographies of him published from time to time, a few facts, briefly stated, will not, I hope, be devoid of interest for readers of THE BOOKMAN. The novelist first saw the light at No. 387 Commercial Road, Mile End, Landport, in the island of Portsea; like David Copperfield, he was born on a Friday, the natal day being



THE "LEATHER BOTTLE," COBHAM.

"'And really,' added Mr. Pickwick, after half an hour's walking had brought them to the village, 'really, for a misanthrope's choice, this is one of the prettiest and most desirable places of residence I ever met with.'

"In this opinion also both Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass expressed their concurrence; and, having been directed to the 'Leather Bottle,' a clean and commodious village ale-house, the three travellers entered, and at once inquired for a gentleman of the name of Tupman."

February 7, 1812. The baptismal register of Portsea Parish Church (St. Mary's, Kingston), where he was christened, records that three names were bestowed upon him, Charles John Huffam, the second being that of his father, and the third the cognomen of his godfather, Christopher Huffam, a "Rigger to His Majesty's Navy," who lived at Limehouse Hole, on the north bank of the Thames. The birthplace in Landport—still existing—is an unpretentious tenement of two stories, surmounted by a dormer window, and fronted by a small railed-in garden. John Dickens, the father of Charles, had filled a clerical position in the Navy Pay Office, Somerset House, whence he was transferred to a similar post at Portsea. About four years after the birth of Charles (the second child), the Dickens family removed to Chatham, residing there until the boy was eleven years old. It was at Chatham where he first went to school, and where he, being endowed with exceptional powers of observation, imbibed his earliest impressions of humanity, to be subsequently made available as material for his inimitable Sketches.

London, however, was again to be the home of John Dickens—the mighty metropolis which, with its phantasmagoria of life in its every aspect, its human comedies and tragedies, ever attracted the great writer, whose magic pen revelled in the delineation of them. It was in 1823 that the Dickens family took up their residence in Bayham Street, Camden Town—then the poorest part of the London suburbs. There had come a crisis in the affairs of the elder Dickens which necessitated the strictest economy, and the house in Bayham Street (which may still be seen at No. 141) was nothing but "a mean tenement, with a wretched little back garden abutting on a squalid court." This was the beginning of a sad and bitter experience in the life of Charles Dickens. Here he seemed to fall into a solitary condition, apart from all other boys of his own age, and recalling the circumstances in after years he observed to Forster: "As I thought, in the little back garret in Bayham Street, of all I had lost in losing Chatham, what would I have given, if I had had anything to give, to have been sent back to any other school, to have been taught something anywhere?" Not only did the exceptionally intelligent lad miss the pleasures of association with his schoolfellows and playmates at Chatham, but he no longer had recourse to the famous books whose acquaintance he had made there—*Don*

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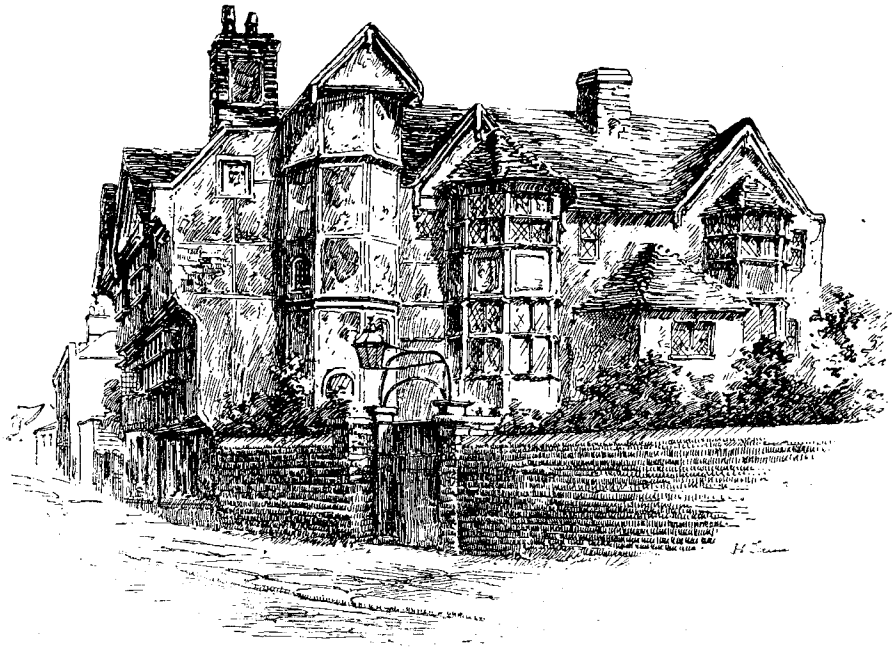
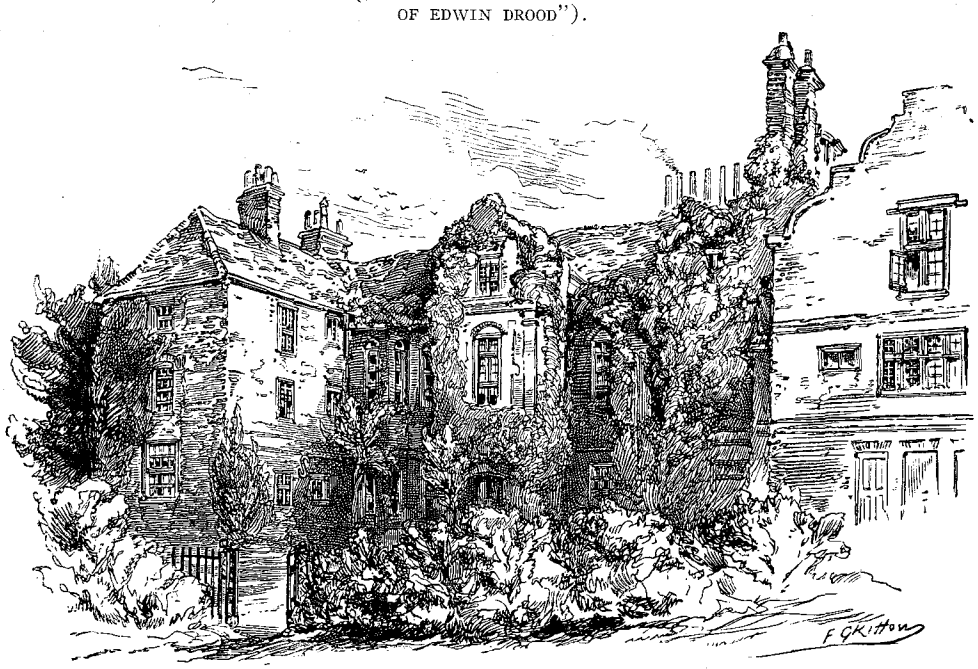


EASTGATE HOUSE, ROCHESTER (THE ORIGINAL OF THE NUNS' HOUSE IN "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD").



RESTORATION HOUSE (THE "SATIS HOUSE" OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS").
Engraved by F. G. Kitton, from his own Drawing.

"'Enough House!' said I. 'That's a curious name, miss.'

"'Yes,' she replied; 'but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think.'"

"To be sure it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown crooked on its pole by some high wind, and would have made the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be rocked by it. But there were no pigeons in the dove-cot, no horses in the stable, no pigs in the sty. . . ." —*Great Expectations.*

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Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights, et hoc genus omne—which, as admirers of his works will remember, he was so fond of quoting. The account given by Forster of the Bayham Street days is painful reading, and we are told that, thus living under circumstances of a hopeless and struggling poverty, the extreme sensitiveness of the boy caused him to experience acute mental suffering. After a short residence in Bayham Street the family removed their belongings to Gower Street North (the identical house was demolished a few years ago), and an effort was made to bring grist to the mill by an attempt on the part of Mrs. Dickens to start a school for young ladies; but the venture proved abortive, notwithstanding the fact that

NO. 15 FURNIVAL'S INN, HOLBORN.

In 1835 Charles Dickens resided in 15 Furnival's Inn, and on March 31 of the following year published the first number of the *Pickwick Papers*. On the second day following this notable date the author married Miss Catherine Hogarth, and for some time the young couple lived in this house in apartments on the top floor.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE.
(Recently demolished.)

In which Dickens resided for nearly nine years, dating from November, 1851. Here *Bleak House, Hard Times*, a part of *Little Dorritt* and *A Tale of Two Cities* were written.

Charles did his utmost to aid the project by leaving "at a great many doors a great many circulars," calling attention to the advantages of the establishment. John Dickens's financial difficulties increased, tradesmen became pertinacious in their claims for a settlement of long-standing debts which could not be met, until at last the father was arrested and lodged in a debtors' prison—events which the novelist afterward vividly recalled, and which will be found duly set forth in *David Copperfield*. It was at this awkward juncture that some relatives of the family, named Lamert, realising that an opportunity should be given to the poor, neglected lad of earning a livelihood, found him an occupation in their blacking manufactury (started in opposition to the famous Warren), and here he earned a few shillings a week by covering and labelling pots of paste-blacking! While infinitely preferable to a state of enforced idleness, under demoralising conditions, the boy's experience during what is usually referred to as "the blacking-bottle period" forever remained a terrible nightmare, and the novelist pointedly referred to that unhappy time when, in *David Copperfield*, he observed that no

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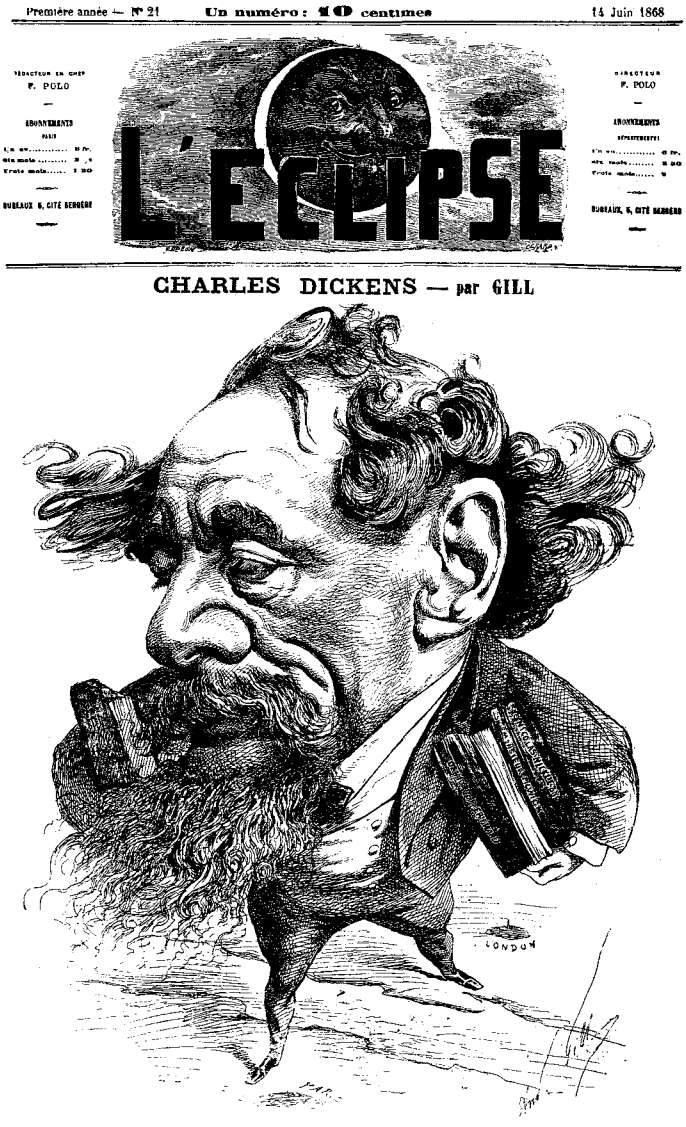
one could express "the secret agony" of his soul as he sank into the companionship of those by whom he was then surrounded, and felt his "early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man" crushed in his breast. In respect of a miserable and neglected boyhood, Alphonse Daudet suffered as did Charles Dickens, and, phœnix-like, both emerged triumphantly from the ashes of what, to them, appeared to be a cruel conflagration of their desires and aspirations. There is no doubt that the ordeal of poverty, with its unhappy accompaniments, had counteracting advantages in the case of Charles Dickens; his natural abilities were sharpened, as well as his powers of observation, his excellent memory enabling him in after years to record those actualities of life which render his books a perpetual joy and delight. Fortunately, brighter days were in store. The elder Dickens (in whom it is easy to detect glimpses of Mr. Micawber) was in a position to send Charles to a reputable school in the Hampstead Road, known as Wellington House Academy (still standing), where he remained two years, and on leaving it he entered another scholastic establishment near Brunswick Square, there completing his studies, rudimentary at the best.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L'ECLIPSE

CHARLES DICKENS — par GILL

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The year 1827 proved a memorable one for the subject of this sketch, for then it was that he, in his fifteenth year, "began life," first as a clerk in a lawyer's office in Lincoln's Inn, and then acting in a similar capacity for a firm of attorneys in Gray's Inn, where his weekly salary amounted to something under a sovereign. As was his wont, he made mental memoranda of his environment, noting the manners, customs, and peculiarities of lawyers, their clerks and clients, for the result of which one needs only to turn to the pages of the immortal *Pickwick*. His father, who had left the Navy Pay Office, turned his attention to journalism, and at this time had become a newspaper parliamentary reporter. Charles, craving for a similar occupation, in which he believed there might be an opening for greater things, resolutely determined to study shorthand, and became an assiduous attendant at the British Museum. His persevering struggle with the mysteries of stenography were recalled when recording David Copperfield's experience—a struggle resulting in ultimate victory. Following in his father's footsteps, he, at the age of nineteen, succeeded in obtaining an appoint-

DICKENS AT HIS DESK.

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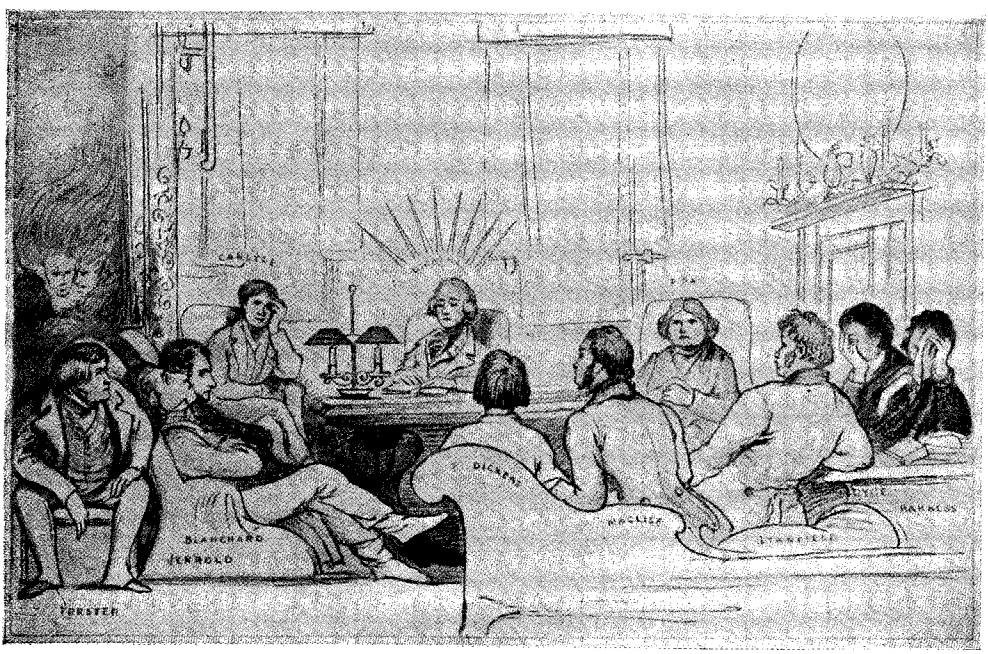
DICKENS'S FAVOURITE RAVEN.

The original of "Grip" in *Barnaby Rudge*. After death the famous bird was stuffed, and when sold at the Dickens sale it realised £126.

"'I make *him* come?' cried Barnaby, pointing to the bird. 'Him, who never goes to sleep, or so much as winks! Why, any time of night, you may see his eyes in my dark room, shining like two sparks. And every night, and all night too, he's broad awake, talking to himself, thinking what he shall do to-morrow, where we shall go, and what he shall steal, and hide, and bury. *I* make *him* come! Ha, ha, ha!'"—*Barnaby Rudge*.



CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES" TO HIS FRIENDS AT 58 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, MONDAY, THE 2D OF DECEMBER, 1844.

From the engraving by C. H. Jeens, after the original sketch by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

"An occasion rather memorable, in which was the germ of those readings to larger audiences by which, as much as by his books, the world knew him in his later life."

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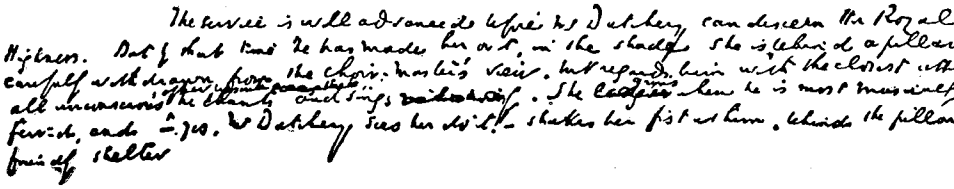
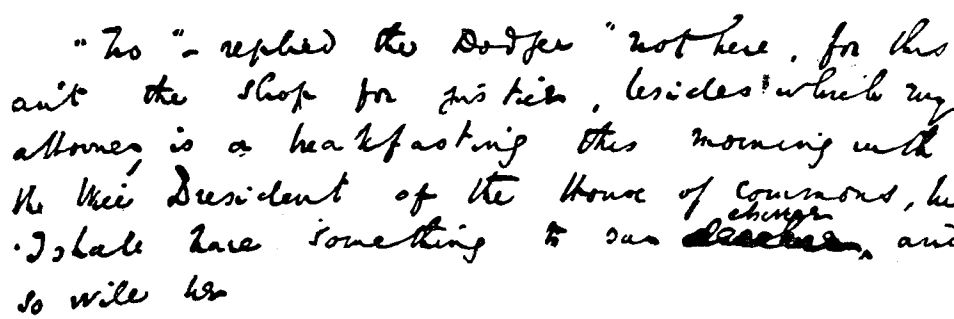


FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE LAST PAGE OF "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," WRITTEN BY DICKENS JUNE 8, 1870.

ment as a reporter in the press gallery at the House of Commons, where he was presently acknowledged to be the most skilful shorthand writer among the many so engaged there.

Dickens had just attained his majority when, in 1833, he essayed to venture into the realm of fiction. He has himself related how, one evening at twilight, he stealthily entered "a dark court" in Fleet Street (it was Johnson's Court), and, with fear and trembling, dropped into "a dark letter-box" the manuscript of his first paper—a humorous sketch entitled, "A Dinner at Poplar Walk" (afterward called "Mr. Minns and His Cousin"); and how, when it "appeared in all the glory of print," he walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because (he explains) his eyes "were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there." To this initial effort (which was published in the old *Monthly Magazine,* December, 1833), there is a slight reference in the forty-second chapter of *David Copperfield,* where the youthful hero intimates that he "wrote a little something, in secret, and sent it to a magazine, and it was published in the magazine." His journeys across country by coach or postchaise, when reporting for his newspaper (the *Morning Chronicle*), proved invaluable from a literary standpoint, inasmuch as those expeditions by day and night and in all seasons afforded him special opportunities of studying human idiosyncrasies, as he necessarily came into contact with "all sorts and conditions of men." The success of his little paper in the *Monthly Magazine* induced him to try his hand at others for gratuitous publication in the same journal. They bore no signature until the sixth sketch appeared, when he adopted the curious pseudonym of "Boz;" this had for some time previously been to him a familiar household word, as it was the nickname of his youngest brother, Augustus, whom (in honour of *The Vicar of Wakefield,* one of his favourite books) he had dubbed Moses, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. The time had now arrived when he considered himself justified in endeavouring to increase his stipend as a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle* by offering to contribute to its pages a similar series of sketches, for which he should be remunerated, and the proposal was acceded to. Accordingly, we find several papers, signed "Boz," in the *Evening Chronicle,* an offshoot of the *Morning Chronicle.* Some of his sketches of "Scenes and Characters" (signed "Tibbs") appeared simultaneously in *Bell's Life in London,* and a couple also in *The Library of Fiction,* edited by Charles Whitehead. Early



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "OLIVER TWIST."

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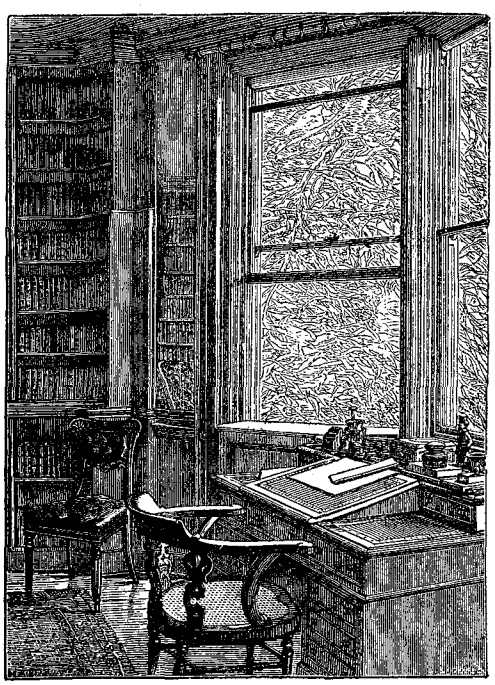
in 1836 Dickens collected together a number of these bright little articles and stories, and sold the copyright for £100 to Macrone, who published them in two volumes under the title of *Sketches by Boz*.

Although remarkable for their humour and originality, the "Boz" sketches were presently to be eclipsed by a work which immediately took the world by storm, and upon which the reputation of Dickens securely rests. I allude to the ever-fascinating *Pickwick Papers*, and perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance in connection therewith is the fact that the author was then only three-and-twenty, his book rapidly achieving a degree of popularity which we cannot but regard as astounding even in these days of large editions. The *Pickwick Papers* originated in this way: The junior partner of what was then a young publishing house, Messrs. Chapman and Hall (now a leading London firm), called upon the rising author at his rooms in Furnival's Inn with a proposition that he should furnish the letterpress for a "monthly something" that should be a vehicle for certain sporting plates by a humorous draughtsman named Seymour. The first idea of a sort of Nimrod Club did not appeal to Dickens, for the excellent reason that he was no sportsman, and it was therefore eventually decided that, having agreed to supply the text, he should exercise a free hand, allowing the illustrations to arise naturally from the text. To give a complete "History" of the *Pickwick Papers* would occupy considerable space. Suffice it to say that the book was issued in shilling monthly parts (1836-37), then a favourite method of publishing novels, and consistently adopted by Dickens; that it was illustrated by means of etchings; that the sale of the first few numbers was so small that both publishers and author were in despair; and that the success of the work was assured as soon as Sam Weller made his first bow to the public—a character which, by reason of its freshness and originality, called forth such admiration that the sale of ensuing numbers increased until a circulation of forty thousand copies was attained! The creation of Sam Weller, therefore, was the turning-point in Dickens's fortune, and so great became the popularity of the book that the name of *Pickwick* was be-

CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE AND HER SISTER.

From a pencil drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in 1843, a few years after the marriage of Dickens.



THE STUDY AT GAD'S HILL.

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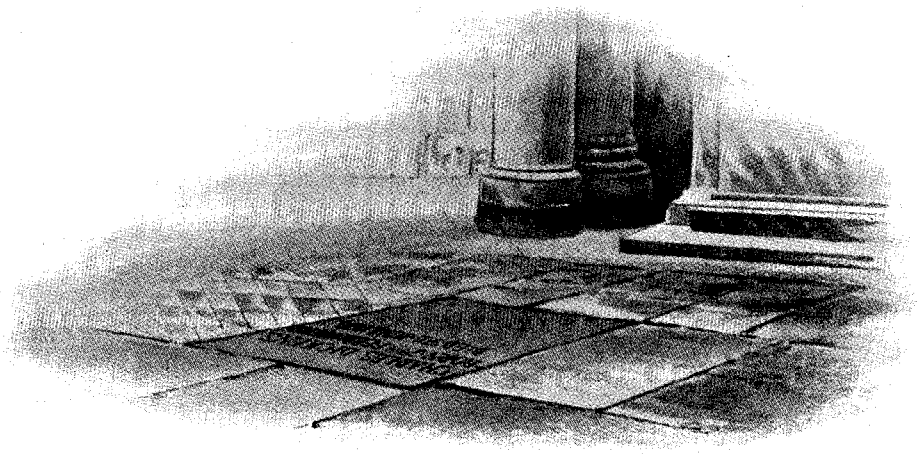
stowed by enterprising tradesmen upon their newest goods, while portraits of Dickens himself were in the ascendant. People of every degree, young and old, revelled in the pages of the *Pickwick Papers*—judges on the bench as well as boys in the street—and we are reminded of Carlyle's anecdote of a solemn clergyman who, as he left the room of a sick person to whom he had been administering ghostly consolation, heard the invalid ejaculate, "Well, thank God, *Pickwick* [the monthly number] will be out in ten days, anyway!"

The identity of the author of *Pickwick*, by the bye, was not disclosed until that work was nearly completed. It had given rise to much conjecture until the name of the young writer was at length revealed, when the following "Impromptu" appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany:*

> Who the *dickens* "Boz" could be
> Puzzled many a learned elf,
> Till time revealed the mystery,
> And "Boz" appeared as *Dickens's* self.

As soon as the first number of the *Pickwick Papers* was launched (that is, in April, 1836), its author took unto himself a wife, the bride being Miss Catherine Thomson Hogarth, eldest daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, his fellow-worker on the *Morning Chronicle.* By her he had several children, and among those surviving are Mrs. Kate Perugini, a clever painter, and Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, the eminent K.C. Mrs. Dickens survived her husband nine years and five months.

Before the last of the twenty numbers of *Pickwick* was launched the author became a public favourite. Certain sage prophets foretold that as "Boz" had risen like a rocket, he would of a surety fall like the stick. But, as events proved, they were wrong, for Dickens not only became the most popular novelist of the thirties and forties, but, by the sheer strength of his genius, maintained that supremacy. Story after story flowed from his pen, each characterised by originality of conception, each instinct with a love of humanity in its humblest form, each noteworthy for its humour and its pathos, and nearly every one "a novel with a purpose," having in view the exposure of some great social evil and its ultimate suppression. Following *Pickwick* came *Oliver Twist,* attacking the poor laws and "Bumbledom;" *Nicholas Nickleby,* marking down the cheap boarding-schools of Yorkshire; *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge, Martin Chuzzlewit, Dombey and Son, David Copperfield, Bleak House,* holding up to ridicule and contempt the abuse of chancery practice; *Little Dorrit, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, Our Mutual Friend;* and, finally, the unfinished fragment of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* to which Longfellow referred as "certainly one of his most beautiful works, if



THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS, POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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not the most beautiful of all." Of his many minor writings, special mention should be made of the attractive series of Christmas books, the first of which, *A Christmas Carol,* has become almost a text-book, and we know that, by the reading aloud of this touching little allegory to enthusiastic audiences, Sir Squire Bancroft has afforded substantial aid to many deserving charities. Dickens is appropriately termed "the Apostle of Christmas," and it is undoubtedly true that his Yuletide stories were the pioneers of Christmas literature.

Having thus briefly reviewed the literary career of Charles Dickens, it becomes almost essential to consider him from a personal and social point of view, in order to thoroughly realise what manner of man he was. Referring to his personal characteristics, Forster says that to his friends (and their name is legion), Dickens was "the pleasantest of companions, with whom they forgot that he had ever written anything, and felt only the charm which a nature of such capacity for supreme enjoyment causes every one around it to enjoy. His talk was unaffected and natural; never bookish in the smallest degree. He was quite up to the average of well-read men, but as there was no ostentation of it in his writing, so neither was there in his conversation. This was so attractive because so keenly observant, and lighted up with so many touches of humorous fancy; but with every possible thing to give relish to it, there were not many things to bring away." He thoroughly endorsed the axiom that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." He was most methodical in his habits, and energetic to a degree. "In quick and varied sympathy, in ready adaptation to every whim and humour, in help to any mirth or game, he stood for a dozen men. . . . His versatility made him unique." Concerning the novelist's personality, the following testimony has recently been placed on record by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a surviving member of the "Dickens Brigade" of young men who revered him as "the Master": "I say advisedly there was, and never could be, so genial, amiable, unaffected and untiring a person in his treatment of friends and guests. He was always eager to listen rather than to speak—to take a second or third place; more anxious to hear rather than to tell an amusing story. His very presence was enough, with the bright, radiant face, the glowing, searching eyes, which had a language of their own, and the expressive mouth. You could see the gleam of a humorous thought first twinkling there, and had a certain foretaste and even understanding of what was coming; then it spread downward—the mobile muscles of his cheek began to quiver; then it came lower, to the expressive mouth, working under shelter of the grizzled moustache; then, finally, thus prepared for, came the humorous utterance itself!"

Dickens was intensely fond of the drama, as evidenced not only by the frequent reference in his writings to theatres and actors, but by the fact that he himself was an actor of an exceptionally high order, and it is conceded that had he adopted the stage as a profession he would have attained first rank. Indeed, it was by the merest accident that he did not enter the profession, for, when he was about twenty, he applied for an engagement to the stage-manager at Covent Garden Theatre, and an appointment was made, which Dickens failed to keep on account of a terrible bad cold. After that he never resumed the idea. In later years he became the leading spirit of a wonderful company of amateur actors, who, on one occasion, performed before her late Majesty Queen Victoria, by special request. Sir John Tenniel is now the sole survivor of that merry confraternity.

As a reader, too, Dickens stood pre-eminent. It has lately transpired that his very first public reading took place, early in the fifties, at Chatham, in aid of the Rochester and Chatham Mechanics' Institution, and the subject of the reading was the *Christmas Carol.* He gave public readings from his own works both in Great Britain and America, and an entertaining account of these tours may be found in Mr. George Dolby's volume, *Charles Dickens as I Knew Him.* There can be no doubt that the mental tension caused by these readings (which covered a period of some fifteen years), supplemented by the strain of literary and editorial labours, curtailed the brilliant career of England's greatest novelist. It was at his charming rural retreat, Gad's Hill Place, near Rochester (his home from 1856), that Charles Dickens

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breathed his last on June 9, 1870, in his fifty-ninth year. "Before the news of his death even reached the remoter parts of England," says Forster, "it had been flashed across Europe; was known in the distant continents of India, Australia and America; and not in English-speaking communities only, but in every country of the civilised earth, had awakened grief and sympathy. In his own land it was as if a personal bereavement had befallen every one." Although he himself would have preferred to lie in the small graveyard under the ancient wall of Rochester Castle, or in the pretty Kentish churchyards of Cobham or Shorne, public sentiment favoured the suggestion that the mortal remains of Charles Dickens should be interred in Westminster Abbey; and there, in Poets' Corner, they were laid to rest, quietly and unostentatiously. What Carlyle said of him a few days later will meet with universal acceptance:

"The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an Honest Man."

F. G. Kitton.

THE LIVING MUSE

Horace calls no more to me,
  Homer in the dust-heap lies:
I have found my Odyssey
In the lightness of her glee,
  In the laughter of her eyes.

Ovid's page is thumbed no more,
  E'en Catullus has no choice!
There is endless, precious lore,
Such as I ne'er knew before,
  In the music of her voice.

Breath of hyssop steeped in wine,
  Breath of violets and furze,
Wild-wood roses, Grecian myrrhs,
All these perfumes do combine
  In that maiden breath of hers.

Nay, I look not at the skies,
  Nor the sun that hill-ward slips,
For the day lives or it dies
In the laughter of her eyes,
  In the music of her lips!

Harold MacGrath.

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WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHARGE AGAINST WARWICK.

Warwick was taken to the county seat of Stringtown County and then direct to the home of the provost-marshal. No introduction was necessary, for the men had known each other from childhood. Both had been born and reared in that county, the ancestors of both had toiled to clear the land, and on that same land they had fought the Indian and the wild beast.

Having entered the room, the prisoner was invited to be seated. Only Warwick and the provost-marshal were present, for the soldiers remained outside.

"And now, James, may I know why I have been arrested?" Warwick asked coldly, his look severe.

"By order of the general."

"The charge?"

"Treason."

Instantly the mind of Warwick reverted to the guest who sat behind the door at the time of Dr. John's visit, and he decided at once that this man had been the informer. Indignation shook him, for to a Kentuckian such a breach of hospitality was despicable. But he gave no outward expression or intimation of his suspicion.

"James, you have sworn to do these things, much to your discredit, too. Would it not be better to go into the Northern army, and let foreigners slip around our Stringtown County roads and arrest your old friends?"

"Be patient, Mr. Warwick," replied the marshal in a conciliatory tone; "things may not be as bad as you anticipate. You are too old to attempt to serve the Confederacy. You are also a minister, and, being a man of peace, need not concern yourself in the troublesome affairs that now disturb the country. Be thoughtful of your own interests; leave the settlement of these temporal matters to other hands. You have been arrested by me, it is true, but because of a positive order from my superior. Is it not better for you that I, an old friend, hold this position than that an indifferent outsider were provost-marshal of Stringtown County?"

"What is the full charge against me?" asked Warwick, ignoring the subject under discussion.

"The charge, Mr. Warwick, is that you sympathised with the South; that you have openly prayed for the rebel cause and have sung rebel songs before the people."

"The man who says that I sympathise with the South tells the truth. I have two sons in the Confederate Army, and my hope is that their cause may succeed. I believe it just and right. But the man who says that in public I sang rebel songs lies, for in public and private I sing only the sacred songs of God. When was it, sir, that it is charged I sang these worldly songs?"

"It is said that while preaching you openly proclaim yourself a rebel, that you pray for the rebels, and then, too, while in the pulpit, that you sang rebel songs."

"James, that is a lie. You know that in the sacred house of God I preach only the word of God. Shame, shame on you, to listen to such a charge. You know me well and know that before these things would be done by me my tongue should be torn from its roots. Who makes the charge?"

"The charge is made by the general, who bases his order for your arrest on the sworn testimony of witnesses who stand ready to testify thereto."

"And who may these witnesses be?" asked Warwick, for it was now evident that he had wrongfully suspected his guest.

"William and his wife, black William, your former slaves."

Until this time no one would have supposed from Warwick's tone of voice or demeanour that he was at all disturbed, that even then the troop of soldiers without were awaiting their prisoner. But at the last words of the provost-marshal he lost his self-possession and sprang from his chair.

"By the Eternal," he cried, "and has it come to this, a citizen of Stringtown County while preaching the word of God arrested like a common criminal, led from his family like a thief, paraded through this town on the Lord's Day, a sight for all beholders, on the charge of treason made by a ***nigger?***"

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The provost-marshal attempted to reply, but Warwick would brook no interference.

"You sent a troop of foreigners, Dutch, Irish and Northerners mixed, to do this villainous work, sir. They did not even know me—me, a Warwick, sir, born and reared in this very county. Had you asked your Stringtown County recruits to perform the deed you would have asked in vain, sir, and *you,* James, were ashamed to lead the gang. You discredit the land of your birth, you disgrace your own people and your own kindred by such an infamous deed, done on the word of a *nigger.*"

Not in the least disturbed, the marshal replied: "I did the bidding of my superiors, and it pained me deeply, I assure you, Mr. Warwick, but the order came. I had to obey."

"On the testimony of a nigger, whose parents my father bought to save them from going further South," Warwick sneered.

"That does not concern us now. Be calm, Mr. Warwick."

"It concerns *me,* sir. The injustice and wrong makes my blood boil."

He shook his clenched hand at the marshal, and then, pointing his finger toward the North, vehemently added:

"When New York State freed her niggers she did so *gradually,* in order that time might be given their owners to remove the able-bodied slaves to the South. The parents of that 'William' were of a New York gang, led by a New York slave dealer, and he begged my father to buy them both. This my father did, partly out of pity, and you know the rest. This same North that sold us all our slaves and pocketed our money now cry 'traffic in human flesh,' and send armed men to steal them back, *steal* them, sir; and now they teach the descendants of those same slaves to concoct villainous tales concerning their lifelong protectors and rightful owners—tales that shame the devil, sir."

"Enough, enough, Warwick; enough of this. You may rest assured that I, your old friend, would never have ordered your arrest. I have known that you are a rebel sympathiser. Have I not left you in peace?"

"I make no denial of my love for the Southern cause."

"I know that two of your sons are in the rebel army."

"Yes, and Warwick is proud of it."

"Kentucky is under martial law, and yet I did not disturb you."

"We were boys together, James, but now our paths separate. I have looked for you and your soldiers day and night. I have schooled my children to anticipate my arrest and to be prepared for my transportation to the North. Even my daughter, who shrinks from a clap of thunder, was ever ready for the home guards, and to-day she met, as should a Warwick, this crisis, which bids men be men and bids children be ready for the worst. But yet, James, I did not look for arrest on a charge made by a nigger. Shame on you, James, for this."

"Here are the orders," was the reply. "I simply carry them out. Mr. Warwick, I am directed to send you to Covington to-morrow, from whence you will be at once transferred to Camp Chase, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you take the oath."

"Burbridge's iron-clad oath?"

"Yes."

"Never, James, never. Send me to Camp Chase, Johnston's Island, anywhere; never will I take that despot's oath."

"It is but a promise to be loyal."

"It is more, James, and you know it. By that oath I promise allegiance to the *North,* not to the United States, for there are now no United States. This oath also makes me promise not to help a Southern soldier in distress by shelter, food, even a drink of water. I must promise, James, to turn my own children from my home, be it night or day. By this oath I swear to drive my neighbour from my door, to become a traitor to my principles. James, you know that I believe in States' Rights; that I believe, too, that the Constitution offers no barrier against the South seceding from what is now a distasteful affiliation; that this privilege and the right to property earned, and earnestly earned, heired or purchased, is the cause the Confederates plead by battle."

"That is not the subject which concerns us now, Mr. Warwick. No good can come from a discussion such as this. The day of argument has passed. It is war now, and to the strongest history will give the right."

"But not to be diverted," Warwick continued.

"God help our unhappy land if despotic might prevail over right. God help the negro when the vindictive invader tears him from his watchful owner's care and throws him helpless on the world. But yet, James, if these things be ordained, so must they be. The Book says: 'I make peace and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things.'"

Warwick strode back and forth across the

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room, but to this last remark the provost-marshal made no reply, seemingly awaiting the subsidence of his prisoner's indignation.

After a time the preacher stopped. "I am ready, sir, for Camp Chase."

"Mr. Warwick," spoke the officer in a kind tone, "is this course wise? Do you help the South, do you benefit yourself, do you serve your God by such a rash decision?"

"To Camp Chase, I say. James, do your duty. Men there are in Camp Chase to whom the word of God may be preached. Men there are in Stringtown County to whom Warwick may well teach a lesson."

"Be it as you decide, Mr. Warwick; but yet I see no just reason why you should not take this oath and then in peace go to your home. It pains me deeply to——"

"Go on. Do not hesitate."

"To lock a man like you even for one night in the Stringtown County Jail. It pains me very deeply."

"It need not, sir. You know the Warwicks, you know their record. With gun over their shoulder and Bible under their arm they fought and prayed their way through the wilderness to the wilds of northern Kentucky. They also helped carve out the States north of the Ohio—helped to give the invaders who now oppress us their very homes. From this county of Stringtown men—Warwicks, too, James—shouldered their muskets and marched down the ridge where now runs the Stringtown Pike to defend old Fort Washington, where Cincinnati stands now. And from this same county in 1813 went men to fight with Perry in Lake Erie. And next, sir, Stringtown County men—a full company from this one county, sir; two brothers had I with them—marched to Mexico with General Scott and our own brave Butler, of Carrollton. And Stringtown County men fight now for liberty—the liberty of the South. They fight the tyrant, sir—the tyrant they helped to enthrone. Think you, sir, that I, whose forefathers and brothers did these things of old, and whose children to-day serve with John Morgan, shall shrink from sleeping in the jail of Stringtown County? Think you, James, that I, who trust in God's justice and heaven's vengeance, will rebel against the will of the All-wise God, who for some far-reaching purpose has decreed that these bitter things shall be my part?"

"So must it be, Mr. Warwick. I perceive that word of mine is powerless to move you. Farewell until to-morrow."

That night Warwick rested behind the bars of the little jail which faced the white-pillared court-house in the county seat of Stringtown County. And that night, for the first time, came to Warwick, as by a flash, the fact that the next day would be *the first Monday after the first Sunday that followed the first Saturday.*

Then there came to his mind the promise made to Dr. John:

"I swear that the Monday night following the first Sunday that follows the first Saturday of next month Warwick will be in this room, listening for the tap on the door."

A prisoner, destined for Camp Chase, with but one day between himself and the all-important night, Warwick sat alone in his cell.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the sentry passed back and forth before the jail; and tramp, tramp, tramp, all night when not on his knees, Warwick moved from end to end of his cell. Sleep did not come to his eyes, for his mind was racked as it had never been before. On the one hand, was his sworn word to Dr. John; on the other, that iron-clad oath of Burbridge. The first he must not break, the second he could not take. In his anguish he had prayed to his God for strength, for light, for help, but never with a thought other than that these trials were for the best, and that God would guide the movements of His servant in the future as He had in the past. And when the sentry gave place to the relief guard next morning, Warwick in his cell, composed, confident, sternly pious, knelt in prayer, after which aloud he repeated the Scriptural text: "But if a man live many days, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many."

Instead of the prisoner's breakfast being served from the jailer's house, the provost-marshal directed that Warwick be brought to his own home; thus he ate with the marshal and his family; often had he done so before, but never under circumstances such as these. Not less fervently, however, than on other occasions did he now ask the blessing of the Lord on that table and all who sat about it. Breakfast over, the prisoner was conducted to the room where the audience had previously been held with the provost-marshal, who now opened the conversation.

"Mr. Warwick, I hope that mature reflection has shown you the folly of carrying to the extreme your decision of yesterday. A very painful duty it will be to me should you make it necessary to take you to Covington, for that must be the step toward Camp Chase. Spare me this unpleasant task, Mr. Warwick."

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"James, I have pondered deeply. I have called on the Lord for light and strength. Not once did my eyes close last night in sleep. I, too, wish with all my soul to be spared that journey into Ohio as a prisoner."

"Then take the oath. Be sworn, Warwick, and depart in peace."

"James," said Warwick, ignoring the suggestion, "may I not go home on furlough, advise with my children, consult with my friends, attend to some urgent duties that needs must be done and return to-morrow?"

The officer shook his head.

"On my word, James. The word of a Warwick was never broken. I promise to return to-morrow morning, and either take your oath or go to Camp Chase."

"That your word is your bond I know, but I am powerless. I am ordered either to administer to you the oath of allegiance or this day deliver your person in Covington. I have no option, Mr. Warwick."

"James, if any man had told me yesterday that this day I should have humiliated myself as now I do, I should have frowned the speaker down. But I, a Warwick, beg you to grant me a favour; just a single day at home —one night more—James, grant me one night only with my family, and then away with me to Camp Chase or Johnston's Island. This one favour, James."

"I cannot concede even that. But the oath will give you freedom for all time, for I know full well you will never break your word."

Then to Warwick's mind came with painful forebodings the fact that unless the coming night be spent at home he must *break his sworn promise.* The dialogue that passed between Dr. John and himself came to his mind.

"Is the man who comes in secret to seek my help worth a life?"

"Yes."

"Warwick's?"

"Yes."

"You may bring him. I promise that the Monday night following the first Sunday that follows the first Saturday of next month Warwick will be in this room, listening for the tap on the door. I swear it, John." The time was now at hand; this day's night would be the promised night. This night he *must* be home. Knowing nothing of what passed through Warwick's brain, the marshal sat patiently awaiting his decision, unaware that on it depended events of importance that concerned General Burbridge more than an oath taken by a thousand such as Preacher Warwick. Had the provost-marshal of Stringtown County known who was to call that night at Warwick's home, he would not have hesitated a moment in taking the responsibility of freeing his prisoner and next in laying his plans to catch the nocturnal guest.

Warwick paced the room. He strode back and forth, back and forth, while still the provost-marshal sat patiently hoping that the journey to Covington might be spared both Warwick and himself. At last the prisoner stopped.

"James," he said, "must I go away without bidding my family farewell and attending to some private duties? What matters it to Burbridge whether an obscure Kentucky country preacher begins imprisonment a day sooner or a day later? Give me this one day longer."

"It cannot be."

"James, God knows that I would not ask you to do a wrong; but cannot you honourably take the responsibility? Cannot you say to your superior that you knew Warwick would live up to his word and return on the morrow, and that, knowing this, you gave him one day of grace? Remember our mothers, our fathers, our school-boy days together, James."

The officer shook his head.

"James, a Warwick must not be taken to Camp Chase on the word of a nigger. You cannot be a party to such an indignity; go to Burbridge and argue this point with him. You are an attorney; be now both his officer and my attorney; draw up your deed transferring to Burbridge my home, farm, everything I own, real and personal; make me a pauper and my children beggars, but spare me this dishonour. Go personally and say all of this Warwick offers for freedom, and return with the decision. I will be in this room with the deed. If the word yet be either Burbridge's iron-clad oath or Camp Chase, I will go with you a pauper prisoner. But if I be not here (and death only shall detain me), my all will be Burbridge's by the deed."

"It cannot be."

Then Warwick reverted to the charge.

"The charge is false. Never did I sing a rebel song; never did I preach a sermon in favour of the rebels; never in church did I pray aloud for the rebels. The charge is false, sir."

The marshal stepped to the door.

"Bring black William and his wife," he said to the guard in waiting.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"DISGRACE HANGS OVER THE HOUSE OF WARWICK."

In a few moments the door opened and two negroes entered, one a woman, the other a man. They were very black and apparently about the age of Warwick. That they knew the occupant of the room and in turn were known by him was evident; but while Warwick with head aloft gazed at them sternly, they, abashed, looked down at the floor.

"You may question William, Mr. Warwick," said the provost-marshal.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir. *You* are hired to do these things."

"William," said the marshal, "your former master is in trouble through what you and your wife said in Covington."

"'Deed, Marse James, I doan tole nuffin'."

"And you?" The marshal spoke to the woman.

"I doan tole nuffin', neidah."

"How's this, William? I have been advised to arrest your former master and send him to Covington on charges made by yourself and wife. The officer who presented the order brought you with him to give the evidence."

"I done tole de truff in Cov'n'ton."

"Tell it again, William."

"I jest preached a leetle to de cullud folks, like de marse teached me to do, an' sung de ole songs. A niggah sojer tole nex' day dat I wah prayin' fer de rebels an' singin' rebel songs, an' den de sojers come an' took me up. De cap'n axed me who done gibe me de sarmon an' de song, an' I tole him Marse War'i'k of Stringtown County. Den a man wid gole shooldah straps took a book an' read de name ob Marse War'i'k as a man 'spected ob bein' a rebel."

"Was it a large leather book with a blue back?"

"It wah."

"I did not know your name had been recorded as a suspect, Mr. Warwick. That was done by no consent of mine. But, Mr. Warwick," and now the provost-marshal spoke very earnestly, "every man whose name is in that book must be arrested on charge or suspicion, and must either take the oath or go to Camp Chase. Go on, William."

"De nex' I knows de sojers had me 'n de ole woman safe in de lock-up. Den de nex' mahnin' dey took us out, an' heah we am. I doan say nuffin' bad 'bout good ole marse, an' I doan spoke nuffin' but de truff."

The frown deepened on the brow of Warwick.

"He lies, James. I never taught him a line of a rebel song; never did he hear me preach or pray a line of such things. Ask him to repeat the words."

"Tell us what you preached and sung."

"I'se pow'ful pious, as yo' boff knows, an' when de spir't comes obah me, I preaches an' sings and exhoits like Marse War'i'k do, fer I hev gone to meetin' all my life, an' de marse knows et. I got pow'ful happy dat 'vival night an' tole dem Cov'n'ton sinnahs dat de debbil ud git em suah lessen dey jump in de salbation wagon, jest like es Marse War'i'k tole de folks down in de ole church on de creek. Den I got pow'ful skeered 'bout myself, an' I shout out, 'Lord, forgib me, a rebel sinnah; Lord, forgib *me*, a rebel sinnah,' jest es Marse War'i'k do ebery second Sunday yeah in an' yeah out. Yo' know yo' do, marse," William appealed directly to Warwick.

"Go on, William. Tell us about the rebel song you sung," ordered the marshal.

"Sing de song, Rach; sing de song, ole woman."

Obedient, the old woman raised her voice, in which William joined, and soon Warwick, too, unable to withstand the habit of old, broke into the lines.

They sang one hymn after another, becoming emotionally enthused, with voices increasingly louder, and before they were through a smile was on the face of every occupant of the room, for the religious fervour of the two negroes had affected even the marshal. The following were the mischievous verses from three different hymns:

Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive.
Let a repenting *rebel* live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

And are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet *rebel?*
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

Lord, we have long abused thy love;
Too long indulged our sin.
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What *rebels* we have been.

Dear Saviour, prostrate at Thy feet
A guilty *rebel* lies,
And upward to Thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

"Enough, William," spoke the marshal. "You may go. I perceive that the charge is true. Mr. Warwick *did* pray for the rebels

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and *did* sing rebel songs. I have heard them from your lips many times, Warwick."

"Grant that this is so, I sang no *ribald* songs and I prayed in public for no rebel soldier. James, gathered before me every Sabbath are to be found mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers of men in both armies; brave men these, James, and loving kinsmen. It would ill become me to pray for either North or South, but I do beseech the Lord each service, if it be His will, to have pity on our unhappy country." Continuing, he added: "Now that you know the truth and the trivial nature of the charge, you will no longer detain me."

He reached out his hand. "Farewell, James. Let us forget the unfortunate incident that has given such pain to both."

But the marshal did not reciprocate.

"The oath first, Mr. Warwick. The order to me is positive. The oath must be taken."

"You do not mean it, James?" A look of anguish deeper than before overspread the preacher's face.

"I do, for I have no choice in the matter. Mr. Warwick, your name was in the big book; all who are named in that book must be arrested, charge or no charge. The oath *only* can liberate these men. If they are loyal, they have no reason to object to it; if they are not loyal, their place is in Camp Chase."

"When do you start for Covington, James?"

"At four o'clock this afternoon. Three others, men you well know, are to be your companions."

"Take me back to my cell, sir."

Late that afternoon Warwick sent for the provost-marshal.

"Disgrace hangs over the house of Warwick, for I have decided to take the iron-clad oath of the despot Burbridge. Could you have given me one day longer, all the powers of the North, sir, might have conspired in vain to raise my right hand. Neither threat nor argument could have opened my lips and led them to respond to the words you soon will speak. But, James, I must submit to the will of God; the Scriptures teach that 'all things work together for good, to them who are the called according to His purpose.'"

That evening, just before dusk, Warwick might have been seen riding away from the jail. With bowed head and hat drawn down over his eyes, looking neither to the right nor to the left, without a word or a nod to any one, shamefaced, broken in spirit, alone, he rode toward his home on the knob.

CHAPTER IX.

"YOUR FATHER, MARY, HAS BROUGHT SHAME TO THE NAME OF WARWICK."

After the arrest of Warwick in the church Lionel and the son and daughter returned home. No cavalrymen now guarded the by-roads, no armed horsemen sat on the brow of the hill that confronted the home on the knob. Squirrels there may have been on the tree trunks, but if so they were not seen by the student from the North; the splash of the turtle that fell from off the log was unheard, the slipping water-snake unseen. The hills that towered over the valley, the cliffs and dells, forests and rock-bound creeks had now no charm for the visitor who brooded over the strange events the day had brought forth. And when the home was reached and they were sitting at dinner it became evident that grim, austere Preacher Warwick had drawn himself closer to Lionel even than that personage had supposed. The inevitable blessing had previously been painfully conspicuous for its length as well as for its fervour, embodying as it did primitive faith and sincerity. Much would Lionel have given to have now seen the dogmatic man who once had ruled that home sit in his place at the head of the table. And with each succeeding meal the absence of that form and the loss of Warwick's voice grew not less, but greater.

The evening meal on Monday was late, for Joshua came from work unusually late. During the conversation that ensued Lionel remarked:

"Surely, Miss Warwick, your father will return soon."

She shook her head. "No, we have been expecting his arrest and transportation North. He is a Southern sympathiser."

"He'll not be back at all, I tell you," interjected Joshua. "He couldn't git off without taking the oath, and I'd hate to be the man that holds his breath till he took thet oath. You'll not see pap home from Camp Chase till the war's over."

"From Camp Chase!" exclaimed Lionel. "Do you think the charge is so serious?"

"I tell you it don't make no difference 'bout the charge; he's got two boys in the rebel army, and sech men in this country must either took thet oath or go to Camp Chase."

"Both you and your sister seem to accept the situation coolly and take his arrest very calmly."

"We promised him to do so," said the girl. "Besides, we have been trained in a bitter

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school of late. We are accustomed to such scenes as this. Scarcely a young man is left in our entire neighbourhood. All are in the war, gone either to the Northern or Southern army. But that is not the worst," she added, "for many, many of the older men have been arrested and confined in Camp Chase. These are sorrowful times for those who live in Stringtown County, sir."

"But you do not seem deeply concerned over your father's arrest. You have not even inquired regarding his final destination."

"Thet's all you know 'bout et," said Joshua. "They yanked him before the provo'-marshal yisterday, an' he told 'em he'd never took the oath. They put him in jail, an' ter-night he'll be in Cov'n'ton, an' the next night he'll be in Camp Chase, too."

Lionel was surprised at this information, but asked no questions concerning the method by which it had been obtained.

"Possibly he may take the oath. He can do no service to any one by refusing."

"Ef he'd took thet iron-clad oath, he'd disgrace himself an' all on us. No, sir; no Warwick 'll ever took thet oath of Burbridge. He'll die in his tracks—" Just then an unexpected sound broke upon their ears, that of horses' feet, and Joshua left the sentence unfinished. Next a measured tread on the ground without, and then Warwick stepped into the house.

Joshua dropped his knife and fork and looked up in amazement. His sister sprang from her place and rushed to her father's side, throwing her arms around him, but he thrust her off and turned his head away.

"My father," said the girl, "what has happened? Oh, my father!" But Warwick, standing yet as before, made no reply. His great frame quivered, his breath came slowly, his chest heaved, the furrows in his forehead deepened.

He turned his ashen face toward the girl and spoke slowly, each word being articulated with painful exactness.

"Your father, Mary, has brought shame to the name of Warwick."

Then he took his Bible, seated himself in his accustomed chair and read aloud: "My soul trusteth in Thee; yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

Over the face of Joshua came a look such as no one had ever seen before. The stoop-shouldered boy abruptly took upon himself the part of a man; with ungainly gait he moved to where his father sat, and stood erect before him. For the first time he ventured to question an act of that man, whom God only heretofore had presumed to question.

"What do you mean, pap?"

"The name you bear has been disgraced, and by your father. Have pity on me, son."

"Did you tooken the oath?"

"I did."

"Burbridge's oath?"

"Yes."

The boy made no reply. He turned toward Lionel, but Lionel had slipped from the room. Then, as if bewildered, he too turned to the door, leaving the broken-spirited man in his grief with his Bible before him. But just then the daughter slipped timidly to his side. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed his brow, and then, sobbing silently, she knelt beside him.

That night Lionel sat late, absorbed in meditation. He took his pen and wrote:

DEAR CHARLEY: Things here are beginning to look ominous. I thought to study fossil stones and dry bones, but find myself more concerned in flesh and blood and human affairs. Sunday I went to church, as when last I wrote I told you I must do, and I have not yet recovered from the effects. These are a strange people, Charley, and live under conditions which to me are incomprehensible. Warwick is an enigma. On Sunday he preaches without pay, he works like a field-hand the rest of the week, and from the harvest contributes to the church expenses. I tried to do the neat thing, but mortally offended him by an offering of money for the church.

"Young man," said he, "no contribution was ever asked of an outsider. That church was built before Kentucky became a State, sir, by its own members, too, and never since has any man outside it contributed one cent to its support. Not until I am penniless and our people all paupers can other than God's elect be called upon."

But with all his religion Warwick is a rebel sympathiser, and was arrested last Sunday by the Home Guards. It was a very tragic incident, and reminded me of the border stories told of the Scottish chiefs; and really, old Warwick is every inch a chief.

After his arrest he remained a prisoner until to-night, when unexpectedly he returned, crosser than a bear. His proud spirit seemed broken because of the fact that he had either to take the oath of allegiance or go to Camp Chase. "The iron-clad oath," these people call it, this oath of allegiance, as they say, to the North, "Burbridge's iron-clad oath," and they hate both it and Burbridge with an intensity that astonishes me. But Warwick *did* take the oath, and now sits and broods like a maniac and considers himself disgraced forever.

Charley, you of the North do not understand with what these people have to contend; you do not know their traditions; you do not ap-

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preciate; but, oh, damn it, I am getting sentimental. By the way, this hard-shell Baptist predestinarian doctrine is a stunner. At first I laughed at it, then I considered it curious enough to think about, and now—but I cannot tell you even the beginning of my story, so wait until I return.

But I must tell you about this clown of a boy. Ha, ha! If I could only get him North with us for one day what fun we would have! He's a gawk; you ought to see him. The other day I crossed over to where he was suckering tobacco.

"Joshua," I said, "if you ever visit me up North we'll have a lot of fun." He looked up and drawled out:

"Pap preached 'bout a feller named Sampson, who made fun fer jest sech a set of folks. You'd better let me stay in the terbacker patch and work, fer I mought not make the kind of fun you want."

I could not make out whether the clown was in earnest or talking at random, so I just took out one of my cards and flipped it at him.

"That's my address, Joshua; glad to see you when you come; and if you propose to play Sampson, do not cut your hair."

Charley, this girl is a daisy. She ought to see the world, and I half believe she would be willing to see it. She is not our kind, but she is a girl, and I take it she would not object to a touch of human nature. At least, she listens very graciously while I tell her of things to be seen outside of Stringtown County. But I tell you, Charley, it isn't the same as toying with one of our kind, for that old man Warwick is big enough to wring a man's neck, and I believe would chop the head off the fellow who——

Oh, but she's a beauty! LIONEL.

CHAPTER X.

"I AM A WARWICK, SIR. THE HONOUR OF MY FATHER IS AT STAKE."

While these lines were being written in the adjoining room Warwick spoke to his daughter as he had never done before. A kerosene lamp turned low and a candle shed a dim light about the apartment, just light enough to make more impressive the scene. Where shadow met shadow there was darkness; where lamp and candle ray crossed each other, just light enough to show outline, but not colour. Neither lamp nor candle alone could more than suggest to the eye fantastic images of things that might be, and thus help the brain conjure things that might not be. Just enough of shade and glimmer were commingled to breed mystic thought and to conjure moods that never come in either deep darkness or bright light. That the occult combination exerted itself on Warwick's mind was evident. That the girl, too, felt the effect of the mixed shadow, light and cross-lights was also patent. She shrank yet closer to her father, who encircled her with his arm and drew her closer to his side.

"My daughter," said he, "the Book of Life offers consolation to mankind. It is 'abundant in goodness and truth,' and yet in trial such as this I, a student of the Word, long to speak to *human* ear. My soul craves the touch of human sympathy. To you, then, my daughter, shall I, your dishonoured father, pour out my words, asking you only to listen. A stain now rests on the name you bear. To-day began your father's humiliation; to-night may complete it."

"The dream, father; the dream."

"Think not of such trivial things. Remember, 'tribulation worketh patience.'" Then he continued:

"To-morrow and hereafter when men meet Warwick he will turn his head and cast down his eyes, for deep must be the shame of him who until this day could look the whole world in the face. Listen, child. Two weeks ago there came to me in this room a man to whom I pledged my word, and that means my life, if necessary. I swore to him that to-night I would be in this room, waiting for him to knock at that door. It was an oath, child. A Warwick never yet broke an oath, and that is why I bowed my knee to the tyrant Burbridge. The honour of your father demanded that he be here to-night, and yet to be here brought your father shame, disgrace, dishonour. But let that pass. It was destined either to be shame and disgrace only or added to both shame and disgrace the sin of a broken oath. To-night the man will come again. You well know him, daughter."

Warwick stopped abruptly, and after a moment of meditation his daughter asked:

"Is that all, father?"

"These things do not concern a girl, but to-night, as said, I craved to speak to human ear. Forgive me, child," said Warwick.

"There is more to tell, father."

"Yes. To-night Dr. John comes to ask my aid in this matter, that I now must needs turn from, for by that cursed oath of Burbridge I swore to hold my hand from giving aid or succour to kin or friend who needs help, if he be for the South, and this man who comes to-night is of the South."

"Who is he, father?"

"That I do not know, only that he is one high in the Confederacy's cause; perhaps an escaped prisoner, perhaps a civilian holding a position of trust, perhaps he is an emissary to our friends in the North, I know not who

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or what. This only do I know, that in the presence of Dr. John I swore before the great God that I would be here to-night to receive him who is to come to-night. Said the doctor to me: "Hide him well in the knobs. Hide him where neither Home Guards nor provost-marshal can find track or evidence of him; where neither the followers of Burbridge nor of Burbank can trace him. Feed him well; and if necessary, fight before harm comes to him."

"And you promised, father?"

"No. The Lord saved me this. I promised only to be here to-night. This I said: 'Warwick will be in this room listening for the tap on the door. I swear it, John.'"

The speaker arose and tramped back and forth across the room; the double shadows played upon the ceiling, the floor, the walls—weird shadows that crossed each other and disappeared to revive again as the moving form of the disturbed man cut lamplight or candle-light or the blended light of both. Then he stopped.

"Go to your room, child, to your room. My mind is easier now that I have told of the wrong I have done in order to evade the wrongs I have not done. Go to bed, daughter."

Warwick stooped over and tenderly kissed his daughter's forehead, a thing she did not remember he had often done before; and then, taking the candle, the girl left him standing in the light of the dim lamp, but soon he was striding back and forth across the floor, nursing his thoughts and waiting for that double knock upon the door. And thus Warwick waited and walked, waited and prayed, waited and trusted.

Just when midnight struck there came the tramp of horses' feet, and soon the expected double knock sounded on the front door, which Warwick immediately opened. As he did so the door behind him cautiously moved, and as his midnight guests stepped into the front of the room his daughter, unobserved, slipped in from behind.

One of the men was Dr. John, the other was hidden in wraps, despite the warmth of the evening; scarcely could his eyes be seen. Standing in the shadows, he seemed intent on evading the light.

"Be seated, John," said Warwick.

"First let me introduce my friend. Mr. Warwick, this is Gen——"

"Stop!" interrupted the hearer. "Dr. John, I must not learn that name."

The physician turned upon him. "This from you, Warwick?"

"And more, John. I gave my word that I would be here to-night, and I am here, but not the Warwick you knew of old. Seek elsewhere for aid. I must not give it. Farewell, John, farewell. Lose no time." He pointed to the door.

"Warwick, you led me to believe in your ability, in your faith, in your patriotism, and now after the great sacrifice is made, when success depends on your carrying out your part of the compact, you point to the door. Midnight is past. Long since the word has been spread abroad that the plot in which you are concerned has led to the escape of him who comes to you for help. Home Guard and cavalryman, scout and detective are now on the alert, for a foremost officer of the Confederacy that you once claimed to love has escaped his guardsmen. He is in your home, danger closes in on all sides, and now, now at the critical moment you, Warwick, turn your back to the solemn trust you took, and turn your guest away."

In silence Warwick stood, but his clenching hands evidenced the intensity of his passions.

"Shame on you, Warwick; shame be on your head and name." The doctor spoke vehemently, but Warwick, true to his oath, gave no sign of relenting.

"John," he said, "you have spoken bitter words, but true ones. Shame does rest on the head of Warwick; disgrace must cling to the name of his children. I gave you my word of honour, and to save that word I am here; but in order that I might be here I was forced to pledge myself to give no aid to man or men of the Confederacy. That oath is sacred. Unaided by me, you must go from my door, even though it be to death."

"Warwick, when last I stood in this room these words concerning this friend passed between us. You asked: 'Is he worth a life?' 'Yes.' 'Warwick's?' 'Yes.' 'You may bring him. I promise that the Monday night following the first Sunday that follows the first Saturday Warwick will be in this room listening for the tap on the door. I swear it, John.'"

"Am I not here? And as for the life of Warwick, take it if you will. Small account it is now to me. John, since last I saw you in this room I took the iron-clad oath of Burbridge. Need I say more? The minutes pass while you idly talk; they are precious to you and to him beside you. Even now the

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blue-coats may be about you. Go, John, seek another guide, another place of concealment."

"It is too late." The physician's voice spoke now of despair. "Your son Joshua, Warwick; where is he?"

"Gone, I know not where. When he learned of his father's dishonour he turned from the house of his birth. I know not when he will return, if ever. Haste, John, away, away; no help can you get this night from the house of Warwick, and God knows you need help now."

But just then the girl, who to this moment shrank unseen in the shadows, stepped before her father. Very calm was the uplifted face that gazed upon the muffled man who stood beside the physician.

"I am of the house of Warwick. I will guide you to the cliffs."

Her face was very beautiful in the dim light. The interruption came so unexpectedly as to silence the physician and confound her father.

Now for the first time the stranger spoke. He alone seemed not confused.

"I understand that the way to the cliffs is dangerous, and that even in daylight few care to go into those wilds."

"I know the way, sir."

"But the danger?"

"I am a Warwick, sir. The honour of my father is at stake."

"It must not be. Never shall it be said that John Morgan, even to save his life, permitted one like you to risk a danger like this. It must not be."

The girl dropped on her knees beside the stranger. She grasped his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"General Morgan? Is this General John Morgan in our home? God bless you, sir. I *can* save you; come to the cliffs, to the cliffs before it is too late."

"Child," said the soldier, raising the girl to her feet. "Child, the risk to you is great, too great."

"I know the path even better than does my father. I have taken no oath. I will save the honour of my father. Let me guide you to the great cavern under the cliff, and once there you shall not want, for Joshua will return when morning comes and bring you food."

"But the danger to you," said Morgan.

"My brothers, sir; two of them are Morgan's men. Need I say more?"

"Shall I go?" The general spoke to the doctor.

"Yes, she is to be trusted; she knows the knobs; true, she runs a risk, but——"

"I run no risk, sir. I am prepared. See!" The girl took from beneath her shawl a revolver. "This I shall use if necessary. There is no danger, sir."

"Lead on, child," and from the house John Morgan passed that night, led by this child, who when no cause was at stake shrank from a thunder-clap, but yet faced now the forest wilds of the Middlecreek cliffs and knobs in behalf of the chief whom her brothers followed to battle.*

In the grey of the morning the girl returned. Her garments were torn and tattered, her hair was dishevelled, her hands and feet were lacerated, for close together do briars and thorns lock themselves over those Middlecreek thicket paths. In the grey of the morning she came back to her home, but just before reaching the house, where she hoped unseen to slip into her room, a side door opened, and the guest from the North stood before her.

Without a word, like a frightened fawn, the surprised child sprang past him and into the house, passing directly to the room where near the hour of midnight to guide the rebel chieftain to his hiding-place she had left her father.

Warwick sat in his chair; the lamp still burned on the stand by his side. Its rays fell upon the open Bible in his lap, where could be read the passage: "Thou art my hope, O Lord God. Thou art my trust from my youth," but the trials of two nights had borne heavily; the minister slept.

The girl slipped to his side, blew out the flame of the lamp, pulled down the curtain, printed a light kiss on the forehead of the sleeper and then cautiously tiptoed from the room.

*The claim may be made that the Middlecreek glacier cliffs are too far from the gunpowder knobs to admit of this nocturnal journey. This the author appreciates, as well as the fact that the identical house in the Gunpowder County where John Morgan was concealed by his "Stringtown County" friends is not located by the author in these lines.

(*To be continued.*)

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A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

MAY 10—JUNE 10.

I.

PORTO RICO AND THE COURT.

On *May 27* the United States Supreme Court handed down decisions in the main cases involving the political status of Porto Rico. A similar test case upon the Philippines was left over for decision to the fall term of the court, though, by implication, the ability of the United States to establish in the Philippines a colonial government similar to that of Porto Rico was also determined.

Of the Porto Rican cases, that of De Lima *versus* Bidwell questioned the right of the Government to collect duties under the Dingley tariff law, upon goods imported to the United States from Porto Rico after the ratification of the Treaty of Paris, February 6, 1899, and prior to July 1, 1900, when the Foraker Act of Congress, instituting a civil government for Porto Rico, went into effect. The case of Downes *versus* Bidwell was as to the legality of the Foraker Act, in so far as it levied a duty of fifteen per cent. of the Dingley tariff upon goods imported from Porto Rico to the United States. In both cases the validity of the import duties hinged upon what territorial or other organic relation, if any, the court should determine Porto Rico bore to the United States. For by its own terms the Dingley tariff levied duties only upon articles "imported from *foreign* countries," and the Foraker tax clause would be illegal if it violated the constitutional mandate that "all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform *throughout the United States.*" Therefore, the question at bar was whether Porto Rico was "foreign" or a "part of the United States," and in what sense. In the background and awaiting the court's answer was the political and practical question for whose determination the legal one had been brought. The practical question was, namely, *not* whether this country could acquire territory *as such,* for that had practically been affirmed by the Louisiana purchase of 1803 and frequently since then, but whether in the pursuit of a colonial policy, without precedent and born of new conditions, this country was to be halted or retarded in acquiring a land thickly peopled with aliens, strangers to our laws, who could only be held as colonists and ruled *ex-cathedra* by a system of laws devised for that especial purpose and administered by appointees of the central government.

In the De Lima case the court decided, five to four, against the Government, and in the more important Downes case it upheld the Government, five to four. The judgments were reached by a curious cross-grouping of opinions, voluminous and many-sided in themselves and frankly critical, if not judicially denunciatory, of each other. A portion of the press, writing before the full text of the opinions had been printed, professed that the opinions were "entirely consistent with each other and entirely clear in themselves," and welcomed the court's decision, because, among other things, the sentiments of their editorial writers were thereby "sustained." A more considerable part of the press, however, described the opinions as muddy, unsatisfactory and unconvincing, and so eminent a jurist, and one so well acquainted with all the issues involved and presented by counsel as the Secretary of War, refused, except upon a careful study of the decisions, to be drawn into a discussion of their implication.

Speaking broadly, and, with respect to Justice Gray, without entire accuracy, the court was divided in opinion into three sections: Justices Fuller, Harlan, Brewer and Peckham, constituting one section; Justices White, Shiras, McKenna and Gray a second, and Justice Brown, the third. As thus divided, the findings of the court, in merest outline, were as follows: Justices (Fuller, Harlan, Brewer, Peckham) *and* Brown held in the De Lima case that when a country is (1) *ceded to* and (2) *in possession of* the United States, then it becomes a territory and integral part of the United States; and, therefore, after the ratification of the Treaty of Paris, duties collected on Porto Rican imports, in accordance with the Dingley tariff rates for *foreign* countries, were illegal. Justices (White, Gray,

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Shiras, McKenna) held, on the contrary, that cession and possession do not of themselves and without the further consent of Congress, expressed or implied, incorporate a foreign district into the United States, but only make it a possession—a suit of clothes, as it were—and, therefore, Porto Rico being still foreign to this country in a domestic, though not in an international sense, the Dingley tariff law properly applied.

The Downes case, following the De Lima case, was the crucial one as regards colonizing by this country, for while the De Lima case had reference to the transient period which precedes the definite organisation of a colony, the Downes case dealt with a Congressional act establishing a permanent colonial government; and more narrowly the Downes case dealt with the one clause of the Foraker Act which was at once of high practical importance and of the most questionable constitutional validity. By that clause—taxing Porto Rican imports—Congress asserted powers as broad as are ever likely to be requisite or desirable in colonial management. Justices (White, Gray, Shiras, McKenna) *and* Brown, held in this case that the laying of import duties was legal. Justices (White, Gray, Shiras, McKenna) sustained these duties on the ground that Porto Rico was *not* a territory and integral part of the United States as claimed by Justices (Fuller, Peckham, Brewer, Harlan) *and* Brown in the De Lima case, and that, therefore, the constitutional provision requiring uniformity of import duties throughout the United States did not extend to Porto Rico. Justice Brown, while affirming that Porto Rico was a *bona fide* territory, maintained, nevertheless, that Congress could still lay import duties, because the Constitution applied in this respect only to the *States as such* (and not to the States and Territories), and the Territories did not possess inherent rights under the Constitution, but only certain derived rights, of which the right to uniform imposts was not one. In other words, Justice Brown held, and was the only justice who did hold, that the Constitution altogether does not apply equally to all States and *bona fide* Territories. Justices (Fuller, Harlan, Brewer, Peckham) in dissenting from the opinion of Justices (White, Gray, Shiras, McKenna) pointed out that the latter took the position that Porto Rico was neither alien land nor domestic territory, but a kind of "disembodied shape in an intermediate state of ambiguous existence." If Porto Rico was not "incorporated," what meant the Foraker law directing the officers of Porto Rico to swear to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and giving its citizens access to the United States Supreme Court? The argument of Justices (White, Gray, Shiras, McKenna) that every sovereign nation has by international law the power to acquire land and to determine what relation that land shall bear to the acquiring nation, and that hence to deny this power to the United States would be to strip it of one of the essentials of sovereignty, was answered by Justices (Fuller, Harlan, Brewer, Peckham) by the statement that not international law but the Constitution was the law of the land, and that the Constitution did not bend to meet the whims of circumstance.

Concerning the significance of the decisions as a whole these facts may be pertinent. With the exception of Justice Brown, all the Justices held that the Constitution applies *ex proprio vigore* to States *and* Territories. The question upon which the eight Judges divided evenly was not as to the binding force of the Constitution, but as to whether Porto Rico *was* a Territory or only a possession. The contention of the Attorney-General, on behalf of the Administration, that "the power of Congress over commerce between the States and any of the Territories is not restricted by the Constitution," was thus rejected.

Without exception the Justices held that the rights to life, liberty and property extend to all places—Territories or possessions—over which the United States holds sovereignty.

With reference to the Philippines, the presumption, but by no means the certainty, is that the court will hold that duties charged upon Philippine imports are legal, since the Philippines are a military possession.

Of the five Justices who agreed that Congress might impose taxes upon Porto Rican imports under the Foraker Act, four concurred in their conclusions with the fifth, but considered his premises and reasoning false. Only in the De Lima

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case, decided against the Government, was there a majority opinion in substance as well as form.

Generally speaking, the decision in both cases was determined by the answer to two questions presented in the following order: (1) Did Porto Rico become a *bona fide* Territory by the ratification of the Treaty of Paris? (2) Can import duties be laid against a *bona fide* Territory? To the first question five Justices answered in the affirmative, and to the second eight answered in the negative. Thus there was a majority of opinion against the Government on both questions, and if the questions had been presented in reverse order, both decisions, as well as both questions, would have been answered against the Government.

As stated by Representative McCall, and as commonly conceded, "it can be said without disparagement of the other Justices that the Titans of the court, with the exception of Justice Gray," stood solidly against the Administration. Moreover, Justice Gray, in a supplementary opinion, appeared to doubt whether land acquired could be kept *indefinitely* as a simple possession outside the Constitution. Finally, while four Justices held to one interpretation of the judicial precedents set by the court in the past as to what constitutes Territory, four held to another interpretation, and the remaining Justice held to both interpretations at once—the premise of the one and the conclusion of the other. Therefore, neither interpretation was affirmed or denied, and the precedents were left as a no man's or any man's land. For these reasons it is stated that the colonial question is not irrevocably settled, but may at some future time and in a different phase, perhaps, again be brought to bar.

On the other hand, it is thought that the necessity which is forcing great nations, our own included, to colonise increasingly will entail upon us national and international policies of so momentous a character that theories can not be allowed to misdirect them. As the Dred Scott decision, aimed in effect against an accumulating mass and weight of practical fact, was itself tacitly, if not avowedly overruled, so, conversely, it is said, the decision of the court in the Insular cases will, by the power of events, be reaffirmed, compacted in doctrine and extended by corollary and deduction.

II.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

On May 7 the Cuban Commission which visited Washington in April presented a report to the Constitutional Convention, stating what, in their opinion, was Secretary Root's understanding of the Platt amendment. On *May 13* the Convention referred this report to the standing Committee on Relations, with instructions to act. Accordingly, there was laid before the Convention on *May 20* a majority report signed by three members of the Committee and a minority report signed by two. The minority report averred that evidently the Platt amendment did not express the intentions of the United States; for Secretary Root said the United States wished Cuba to be entirely free, but the amendment did not provide for this. So, to bring the amendment into harmony with the purposes of the Great Republic, the minority proposed several modifications, of which the most important were that Cuba herself should maintain the naval stations desired by the United States, handing them over to her ally in case of war, and that, instead of permitting the United States to intervene in Cuba to prevent foreign aggression, Cuba would "help the United States to enforce the Monroe Doctrine." But even as thus altered, the terms were unacceptable to the extreme Radicals, and therefore the old minority report of the Committee, rendered before the delegates went to Washington, and advising entire rejection of the Platt amendment, was substituted in the Convention on *May 24* and defeated by a vote of 19 to 9.

On *May 25* the majority report of the Committee on Relations, which had been revised in the interim, was again presented to the Convention. This report was an elaborate document, designed as a series of appendices to the Constitution. While the full text was not published, it was reported to recommend the adoption of the Platt amendment in full, except as modified by (1) the resolution of Congress April 20, 1898, asserting that Cuba should be absolutely independent; (2) the Convention's rendering of Secretary Root's and Governor Wood's explanations, and (3) a list of resolutions added by the Committee and further interpreting

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or qualifying each clause of the amendment. Secretary Root's personal explanations, which, it would seem obvious, had not the slightest legal effect, were nevertheless considered by the Committee as the dictum of "the Government of the United States." According to these explanations, intervention would only be resorted to if Cuban independence was threatened from the outside, or if there were internal conditions creating anarchy; and in the latter case the naval stations in Cuba would not be used by the United States as "vantage points" from which to proceed against *Cuba libre,* but would always be held to the sole end of squelching foreigners. Of the qualifications to the amendment added by the Committee's resolutions, one embodied the Cuban understanding of the purpose of the naval stations, and left, it was stated, the granting of them to the United States to the discretion of the Cuban government; another put in ambiguity the question of Cuban municipal sanitation, but rather gave it to be inferred that the plans already devised by the United States might be rejected for such other plans as might be "mutually agreed upon." The other important qualifications were, that, with the exception of entangling foreign alliances that would militate against her independence, Cuba might freely "make political and mercantile treaties with any nation;" that intervention should only take place by the formal action (especially authorised by Congress) of the United States Government; and that while Cuba consented that the Isle of Pines should be omitted from her proposed constitutional boundaries, and its ownership left to treaty negotiations, still Cuba believed that the island was "actually comprehended within her boundaries."

On *May 26* the Cuban Convention, by a vote of 15 to 14, accepted this variously modified Platt amendment, and on *May 31* the Administration at Washington rejected the Cuban acceptance on the ground that the executive branch of the Government could not, if it wished, alter the acts of the legislative branch. And the Cubans were told to reconsider their action, though they were reported as saying that they had thought they were doing the thing most acceptable to this Government. The opinion was quite freely expressed that while a little common sense would have prevented the Cubans from considering the Secretary of War as a principal source of American law, the Secretary might just as well in April have stamped beyond erasure upon the Cuban mind the fact that his opinion was personal only.

III.

STATE AFFAIRS.

On *May 14* Senator Mathew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, at a reception tendered him by the State League of Republican Clubs, announced in his speech of thanks that the *stream* of his life glided darkly toward the eternal gulf, and that his political *race* was run. "I will never again," he said, "be a candidate for, nor accept any official position. I have many friends to remember; I have no enemies to punish. In this respect I put aside the past." Apropos of which last statement the *Springfield Republican,* without touching upon the "Ripper Bill," by which early in the year Mr. Quay cut off the heads of sundry local opponents, remarked that an old duelist on his death-bed was asked by his confessor: "'Do you forgive your enemies?' 'I have none,' was the answer, 'I have killed them all.' Where, indeed, are the enemies of Quay?"

On *May 27* the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania rendered a decision in which four of the seven judges confirmed the constitutionality of the "Ripper Bill," passed by the Legislature on February 28. This bill established new governments for Pittsburg, Allegheny and Scranton, and gave the appointing of the city recorders—mayors, *incognito*—to the Governor in order that he might remove the officials elected by the people and substitute appointees acceptable to the machine. The majority opinion of the court stated that since the law did not expressly violate the Constitution, it could not be set aside merely because it was "unwise, unjust, oppressive, and violative of the natural or political rights of the citizens." In this holding, State courts do not appear to be uniform. For in Nebraska, where politics are taken hard, a "fusionist" Supreme Court reaffirmed on June 7, 1900, a decision made by it in 1898, prohibiting a fusionist Governor

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from appointing fire commissioners to Omaha City. For, as the court said in its first decision, such appointments would act to deprive the people of the city of local government, and this was an inherent right, in force when the Constitution was framed, and of continuing effect even if the Constitution did not expressly guarantee it.

On *May 21* a convention met at Montgomery, Alabama, to amend the State Constitution adopted in 1875. At that time the remembrance of carpet-bag government and the power of the negro vote combined to produce an instrument in which the legislative power was unduly hampered and the negroes' right to vote was specifically guaranteed. As a result of the latter extensive intimidation and ballot stuffing were practised to maintain the supremacy of the whites. That the whites did remain supreme is shown by the message of Governor Johnston to the Legislature on May 2, 1899, in which he said: "There is not a negro in all the Commonwealth holding an office under the present Constitution, nor a justice of the peace, nor a constable, nor a single member of the General Assembly, nor has there been for nearly a generation." But the ballot stuffing became too wearisome to be borne, and like Mississippi, Louisiana and the Carolinas, Alabama sought for a legal method of meeting the exigencies of her position. The Democratic State platform, upon which the convention stands, is pledged to secure the maintenance of white domination, without violating the Constitution of the United States and without disenfranchising any white man except for crime. Shortly after the convention opened a memorial, understood to have been drafted by Booker T. Washington, was presented, recounting the homely virtues of the negroes, their fidelity to their masters' homes at the time of the Civil War, the errors and efforts they had since made, and concluding that while they knew that the task before the convention was a "delicate, trying and perplexing one," they ventured to ask for such laws as would discriminate justly between good and bad citizenship wherever found, and would not "merely change the name and form of fraud." The literary beauty and logical force of the petition was remarkable. It was more remarkable as showing what one man may do to create a friendly feeling between alien races, that the petition was ordered to be immediately printed.

Ambition to have their respective political opinions "vindicated" by the people, and the zest of one to force the other to realise who was who in South Carolina, led Senator Benjamin R. Tillman, whose term expires in 1907, and Senator John L. McLaurin, whose term expires in 1903, to send a joint note to the Governor on *May 25* resigning their offices. The note was dated to take effect on September 15, at which time it was proposed to hold primaries, stir up a general political rumpus, and re-elect one senator at the cost of the other. The Governor, however, declined to entertain the resignations, and they were accordingly withdrawn. In commenting upon the incident, Southern papers seemed to think that it foreshadowed an inevitable reaction in the South against blind adhesion to any and every sort of creed which happened to be stamped "official Democracy." As to the personal equation, the Columbia *State* remarked that there was no reason why either contestant should be "vindicated." For the amiable personality of one was balanced by his political treachery, and the good votes of the other by his "evil words and ugly record." Several other papers thought that if both the present incumbents—the Populist and the Republican—were turned out, South Carolina would be glad to elect two true (Cleveland) Democrats.

IV.

TRADE MOVEMENTS.

The machinists throughout the country who had previously acted mainly through separate and unrelated unions, decided on *May 14*, in a joint conference at which all branches of the machinery and allied metal trades were represented, that they would demand and would enforce by co-operative action after May 20 a nine-hour labor day, with the same wages as had been paid them under the prevailing ten-hour day. The position taken by the machinists seemed to be that most other trades requiring skilled labour were either on the eight or the nine hour schedule; that experience showed that in

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the long run nearly or quite as much work could be done in nine hours a day as in ten; and that, if this were not so, still the pre-eminently prosperous condition of the steel and iron industries fully warranted the workmen in exacting concessions. While there have been labour agitations of greater magnitude in this country, the machinists' threatened strike was unique in this respect; that one hundred thousand men or more, not localised, but distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land, practising not the same, but diverse trades, and who were of very unequal economic importance, united in a common movement, under a common head, for a common end. It was at first feared that a great many thousand men would go out, and that the iron industries would be seriously crippled. Employers, however, nearly uniformly granted the demand for a shorter day, so that the strike itself simmered down and was over in a short time. The significance of the machinists' action remained, as did also the wider possibilities which it disclosed for united action over an immense area.

On *May 18* the strike of the street railway employees in Albany and Troy, New York, was settled by a compromise, whose terms, if enforced, and if they set a precedent, would seem to more than compensate for the cost of the strike in the interruption of traffic and the calling out of the militia. The company, on its side, agreed to pay conductors, motormen, linemen and pitmen an even rate of twenty cents an hour; to recognise and treat with any committee of its employees representing organised or unorganised labour, in relation to grievances, and to grant to any man, suspended or discharged by the superintendent, the right to appeal to the executive committee of the company. On the other hand, the union strikers agreed that, in the interests of business and of the public generally, no future strike ordered by them should become operative until at least six days after notice had been given to the company, and that the company should be permitted at its pleasure and without prejudice to employ either union or non-union men.

On *May 31* official announcement was made that the dispute had been composed between the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific Railways in regard to the joint purchase by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railway of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and that directors to the Northern Pacific, "representative of the common interests" of the Union and Northern Pacific roads, would be chosen by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. If the statement is correct that the original contention of Union Pacific was that their road traffic should be adequately protected before the purchase of the Chicago road was made, then it would seem that Union Pacific had gained their end in the appointment of a "representative" directorate, and that they must have presented to the Northern Pacific some such cogent argument as certificates for a majority of Northern Pacific stock. Announcement was also made that as some 96 per cent. of the stock of the Burlington road had been deposited for exchange of bonds to be issued by the Northern Pacific, Northern and the Northern Pacific, the sale of the former to the latter roads had become operative.

V.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

On *May 11* China consented, as was reported and later denied, to pay $337,000,000 in indemnities as demanded by the Powers. In her communication she stated that the country was already impoverished, and that if she paid some $11,000,000 yearly out of the salt tax, the likin or interior tax and the native customs, she would not have enough money left to run the Government on. Therefore, if the Powers insisted upon full payment within thirty years, she would *request* them to permit her to increase by one-third the import tariff on foreign goods. To this, however, there was serious objection, at least on the part of those Powers who expected to do a large business with China. It was stated in the House of Commons that Great Britain would not readily consent to have the duties increased beyond five per cent. *ad valorem,* and similar sentiments were attributed to this country and Germany. The interest to be given the Powers on their indemnity claims until paid appeared to be settled on *May 30,* when China was reported to have agreed to issue four per cent. bonds all around. The query then arose as to

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who would guarantee the bonds? A guarantee by one Power would convey to that Power altogether too much influence in Chinese circles, and a joint guarantee, or syndicate of national underwriters, would be an unmitigated nuisance, and might beside lead to a break in the Powers' "community of interest" in exploiting China. On *June 8* it was reported that by authority of the President, Mr. W. W. Rockhill, the American Commissioner in China, would propose to the ministers that the adjustment of the indemnity matter be left to the Hague Arbitration Commission.

Easy proof of how quickly the heroism of the Irish soldiers in the South African War, commemorated by the Queen's visit to Ireland in April, 1900, is obscured in remembrance by the hostility of Irish politicians in London, was offered by Lord Salisbury, who said on *May 13*, "If Home Rule had passed in 1893, what would England's position . . . have been to-day? We know now from our South African experience the danger of letting Ireland have a measure of independence. We know now that if we allowed those who are leading Irish politics unlimited power of making preparations against us, we should have to begin by conquering Ireland if ever we had to fight any other Power." To the cheerless future of political impotence thus mapped out, must be added a more fundamental impotence resulting from diminishing population. On *May 20* the population of Ireland, according to the census taken on March 31, 1901, was announced to be 4,456,546, a decrease of 5.3 per cent. since 1891, and a decrease of nearly 50 per cent. since 1841, when the population stood at 8,187,124. Since the latter year every decennial census has shown a decline. In 1851, directly subsequent to the great famine, the decrease was greatest, being 19.85 per cent.; since then the average decennial decline has been 7.39 per cent.—and the Irish are an unusually prolific race. From dearth of domestic foes may come peace to England, but from the Irish point of view, as has been pointed out, "retrogression in population means retrogression in pretty much every thing that makes life worth living."

On *June 6* the Committee appointed to inquire into the organisation of the British War Office made a report confirming most of the adverse criticisms which have been passed on the office's lack of business system. The Committee stated that the Department was strangled by red tape and a multitude of peevish regulations; that routine work and the interpretation of rules of procedure occupied the time of many high officials, and that individuality and initiative were suppressed in all ranks. To remedy this condition the Committee recommended that the War Office be divided into definite sections, with a clear demarcation between the military and civil departments; that there should be decentralisation to such an extent as would throw clerical work on clerks and permit officials to consider military questions; that the general officers commanding districts should be given genuine administrative and executive authority; and finally, that a permanent War Office Board be created, which, without detracting from the responsibility of the commander-in-chief and of heads of the departments, should, nevertheless, under the Secretary of State for War exercise supreme control.

Among the acts of the Canadian Parliament which adjourned on *May 29*, was the passage of a Pacific Cable bill, the giving of authority to Manitoba railroads to enter into an agreement with the Province whereby lower freight rates might be secured to wheat shippers, and amendments to the alien labour law. A bill whose advisability was widely discussed, and which finally secured passage, was that establishing a branch of the Royal Mint at Ottawa, to coin the copper, silver and gold required in Canada, and in addition to coin British sovereigns. The cost of the mint was estimated at $300,000 and the annual operating expenses at $65,000. A bounty of $5 a ton on Canadian refined lead was granted on representations from British Columbia to the effect that if this was not done, lead mined in the Province would be refined in the United States. The total bounties to be paid are not to exceed $100,000 a year.

Mansfield Allan.

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LITERARY PARIS

Again this month the Academy has been the centre of interest in Paris's literary life, owing to two important events —Berthelot's reception and the election of Edmond Rostand.

To a certain extent the reception of Berthelot, though a great literary treat, must have been a disappointment to the public. The great chemist's speech was not what he had intended it originally to be. Berthelot is not simply a great scientist. He is also one of the great leaders in the world of thought. Since Renan's death he has been unquestionably the most prominent of French freethinkers. The most telling answer to Brunetière's famous bankruptcy-of-science article came from him. His unopposed election to the Academy was certainly not due to unanimous approval of his views by the body of Immortals, but to the fact that a scientist had to be elected as Joseph Bertrand's successor, and that the literary claims of no other scientist could by anybody be considered equal to his. It was understood that his speech would be a vindication of the scientific spirit, and expectation was the higher that he was to be answered by Jules Lemaître, now the most brilliant of Brunetière's lieutenants.

Both speeches were masterpieces, but they were not what they were expected to be. Berthelot's was an admirably lucid explanation of his predecessor's mathematical labours, an explanation for the public, which any man of intellect can understand and enjoy; and Jules Lemaître's answer, from beginning to end, was a delightfully witty and tactful apology for his inability to do justice to the splendid achievements of France's greatest living scientist. Hardly any allusion, either to the great warfare of ideas or to the stirring events one of the results of which has been to place in opposite camps two such men as Lemaître and Berthelot.

When something of a struggle was expected, there was none; there was one, on the other hand, when none was expected. For a while it was thought that Rostand would enter the Academy "comme une lettre à la poste," as the French say. As soon as Henri de Bornier died he was mentioned as the natural successor of the author of *La Fille de Roland*. If a poet and dramatist were to be elected, who could compete with him? Edmond Haraucourt, whose greatest claim rests on an admirable adaptation of a Shakespearean play, first announced but soon withdrew his candidacy. Georges de Porto-Riche, Maurice Donnay, François de Curel, Abel Hermant, all the other dramatists who seem likely some day or other to occupy seats in the Academy, remained perfectly motionless. Where could any opposition come from? Yet, nevertheless, it took no less than six ballots to make Rostand an Immortal. The opposition to him took as its candidate Frédéric Masson, who is known mostly by a series of books relating to the private life of Napoleon, a conscientious, graceful writer, but certainly not a striking literary figure. His votes came not so much from Academicians who were anxious to elect him as from men who wanted to vote against Edmond Rostand.

Who were they? Some undoubtedly thought that the author of *Cyrano* was still rather young for a seat in the Academy. Others were the friends of the poets of the new school, who are repeating all the time, in spite of the public's refusal to believe them, that they are great poets. Their declaration of war against Rostand was an article of Henri de Régnier in *Le Gaulois* a few months ago. Rostand's great crime in their eyes is his success, which is in such marked contrast with the small number of their readers. It is as yet too early, assuredly, to say whether *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon* are masterpieces; whether the former will occupy a place in permanent literature by the side of *Le Cid, Andromaque* and *Hernani;* that is, of the first dramatic triumphs of Corneille, Racine and Victor Hugo. But that was not the question which had to be answered by the Academy. The French Academy of to-day is no more like the French Academy of fifty years ago than the United States Senate of to-day is like the assembly which had John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster as its foremost orators. Think of an Academy in which poetry was represented by Lamartine, Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset, literary criticism by Villemain and Sainte-Beuve, philosophy by Victor Cousin, history and political oratory by Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, Alexis de Tocqueville,

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religious oratory by Lacordaire, and at a time when such writers as Balzac, Michelet, Louis Blanc, had been left outside!

No one can contend that the men of that time are matched by the men of to-day; and yet the Academy must number as many members now as then. It might have been perfectly right to say to Rostand: "Wait a while yet before you are allowed to sit by the side of Victor Hugo." But how ridiculous to say to him: "Wait before you are allowed to sit by the side of François Coppée and to succeed such a man as Henri de Bornier!" It is true that it would not have been more absurd to elect Frédéric Masson against Rostand than to prefer, as the Academy once did, a Monsieur Dupaty to Victor Hugo. But that was at the time of the great battle of Romanticism. Victor Hugo had against him the upholders of the classical school. They voted against him as others to-day vote against Émile Zola, because his election would have put the stamp of Academic approval upon literary doctrines which they abhorred. Rostand belongs to no school. All that the Academy had to decide was: Is Rostand one of the forty most remarkable men of letters in France to-day? In regard to the age at which he enters the Academy (he is now in his thirty-third year), let this be said: Assuredly few men have entered the Academy so young, though some have. But the Academy has shown of late an inclination toward comparatively young men. Brunetière, Lemaître, Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Henri Hervieu, all entered the Academy at a much younger age than those who had been before them the masters of the arts in which they have succeeded. Paul Deschanel, who was, it is said, one of Rostand's most uncompromising opponents, was much younger, when elected, than Jules Favre, although he can not compare with that great master of political and forensic oratory.

Whether Rostand is a writer, a dramatist, a poet of the highest rank, remains to be settled. But no sane man can doubt that his works will live as long as those of every one of the thirty-nine men whose colleague he has become by his election.

Especially can this be said in regard to the Academician who was elected on the same day as Rostand, Marquis de Vogüé, a charming man of the world, a sound archæologist, a scrupulous historical investigator, but a great writer?

The great writers tower above their time and need no academic consecration to make their names appear before the world. When they have disappeared, posterity looks back toward them, and a grateful age celebrates the recurrence of days connected with their earthly life. Thus France will, on February 26, celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, and also the seventy-second anniversary of the first performance of *Hernani,* which was the crowning victory of Romanticism. Of course the Théâtre Français will play a leading part in the celebration. It will, on that date, revive the most romantic of Hugo's dramas, *Les Burgraves,* which signally failed in 1843, when the public had grown tired of Romanticism, but which contains, none the less, surrounded, it is true, by a good deal of extravagance, some of the most poetical outpourings of the great bard's lofty soul. The performance will be worthy of the occasion. Mounet-Sully will close his noble career by impersonating old Job, the great rebellious Burgrave; the other male parts will be taken by Paul Mounet, Albert Lambert, Lebargy; the female parts by Bartet and Segond-Weber; the smallest parts will be in experienced hands. It will be such a performance as Paris alone, and, in Paris, only the Théâtre Français, can give.

I shall not have many books to mention this time. The usual summer dulness has begun to slacken literary production. The most interesting books of the month are nearly all of a somewhat historical character, even the *Études Anglaises,* of André Chevrillon, which contains a curious essay on American life. The first time André Chevrillon crossed the ocean he did not see much of the United States. He was so bewildered by the spectacle of New York's streets that he quickly took refuge in a friend's country house, whence he ran away a few days later in order to return to France. Whether he saw the country much better at the time of his second visit will be questioned by some, when they see that he places the Brooklyn Bridge over the Hudson River, and declares that in the United States man alone is interesting,

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and that nature is supremely monotonous! But why place a study of the United States in a volume of *Études Anglaises?*

Mary Duclaux's *Écrivains d'Outre-Manche* is the first volume published under her new name by the charming woman who was known first as Mary Robinson and afterward as Mary Darmesteter. It is a series of sympathetic studies on Thackeray, the Brontës, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The delicate influence of our lamented James Darmesteter is still traceable in this new production of her who was his widow.

The Napoleon book of the month is exceedingly instructive as well as entertaining. The author is Léonce Pingaud, and the title *Bernadotte, Napoléon et les Bourbons.* I still remember the voice of the old *invalide* who showed me when I was a boy through the rooms of the Hôtel des Invalides containing the portraits of Napoleon's marshals, when he stopped before Bernadotte's picture and shouted: "Le Traître!" The same exclamation is almost sure to come out of the lips of every reader of M. Pingaud's book.

Frantz Funck Brentano, who a few years ago cleared what was left of mystery in the history of the Man in the Iron Mask, takes up now, with the same success, another mysterious case, *L'Affaire du Collier.* His book bids fair to be considered final on the subject. It contains a reproduction of the famous diamond necklace.

Truth stranger than fiction will also be found in Maurice Quentin-Bauchard's *Fils d'Empereur.* The hero of the book is the ill-fated Prince Imperial, who died in Zululand, fighting for the first Napoleon's jailers.

France in the eighteenth century is presented to us in two very dissimilar though both very reliable books, *Madame d'Houdetot,* by Hippolyte Buffenoir, and *Fragonard: Moeurs du XVIIIe Siècle,* by Virgile Josz.

From Belgium comes a delightful monograph, *Psychologie d'une Ville: Essai sur Bruges,* by A. Fierens-Gevaert.

Adolphe Cohn.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

COLONIAL DAYS AND WAYS. By Helen Evertson Smith. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

Whoever is interested in things connected with the Revolutionary War and the years preceding it will be doubly interested in this book of Miss Smith's pertaining "to the home life, the employments, the enjoyments, the hardships and the habits of our ancestors." Most of the information concerning the early colonists contained in the book has been culled from old papers, principally letters and diaries found in the garret of an old homestead in Sharon, Connecticut, in which six generations of one family have lived during more than one hundred and thirty years. Information not gathered from this source is from notes taken by the author from the time when she was eleven, at intervals for eighteen years, and are family traditions "as related by parents, grandparents and great-uncles and great-aunts." These are by no means the least interesting chronicles, and we see no reason why they should not be quite as trustworthy. But Miss Smith insists on absolute accuracy, and relates her traditions as traditions and her facts as facts. With infinite care and labour she has gone over many thousands of these old papers, including account books, inventories, wills, legal documents and ledgers, extending over the years from the arrival of the earliest immigrants in Massachusetts and Connecticut down to near the middle of the present century. In a country where the people were voluntary immigrants, with whom immigration was a matter of conscience, and who in many cases were representatives of leading families in their native countries, there existed so much intelligence and energy that the advance was continuous. Therefore, the progress in every way from one decade to another was marvellous, and Miss Smith has so compared her papers of corresponding dates that a very fair conclusion has been reached as to the manners and customs, as well as the food and furniture, of each particular decade.

Miss Smith says:

It is certain, from the nature of things, that the home lives of all these different bands of colonists must have differed widely. None had luxuries and few had comforts as we understand these terms; but each had some possessions, some ways, some deficiencies and some attainments which belonged to none of the others; hence it is that a knowledge of the home life and personal characteristics prevalent in one colony does not imply a knowledge of those of another.

Then she gives a slight outline of the characteristics of each colony of settlers. The stern Puritan, first to immigrate, who, having been persecuted for his political as well as for his religious views, came that he might gain liberty in every sense of the word. No matter of what degree he may have been at home, he despised no handiwork in this country, and slow and sure was his way. Many of the Dutch settlers were wealthy, and their commercial instincts led them to increase their wealth. The Dutchman's religious and political views were not unlike those of the Puritan; but he was even more slow and narrow and prejudiced; but his love of home comforts was greater, and he had also the knowledge which enabled him to procure them. The Huguenot refugees, who for nearly two centuries had been persecuted for their religious tenets, reached here in the depths of poverty. They, however, had the advantage of the two earlier colonies in coming to a country which had been occupied for over seventy years by progressive settlers and in being of a country which was itself more advanced than either England or Holland. Their knowledge of art, courtesy and adaptability soon had its influence over the other colonists, and made for himself a place among them. It was among the Huguenots that the first and best schools were to be found. The Palatine was never understood by the other colonists. So unprogressive and self-centred was he that he was left to himself and shut off from the influences of the outside world.

The moss-chinked log-houses soon gave way to those which were comfortably and solidly built; but in the days before stoves—much less steam heat—were heard of, since all the heat came from the broad fireplaces, where as much went up the chimney as into the rooms, the cold

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must have been intolerable, and we can more readily appreciate the value of the heavy bed curtains which now seem to us so stuffy. Cattle and chickens were for many years rare; and the only flour obtainable came from grinding corn between two stones in the Indian fashion. Most of these things, however, we know for ourselves; and those facts taken from the diary of Juliana Smith, 1779-81, found in the old garret of the house in Sharon, give us a personal interest in the customs and habits of the day that is greater than any we could acquire for mere statistics. There is an interesting account of a colonial wedding in the year 1726, the bride being Temperance, daughter of William Gallup, to whom the Indians had transferred the allegiance they had given to his father. The wedding feast was to last two days, the first day for the "quality," the second for the "commonalty." Early on the morning of the second day a long file of Indians came slowly toward the house of the bride's parents. They had heard that all friends were invited to the feasts. Mr. Gallup, at first dismayed, rose to the occasion, making an impromptu speech:

In the picturesque style in which he was an adept, and with which an Indian auditory was always pleased, he assured "his children" that they were welcome, very welcome; but that they had mistaken the day for which they had been invited; that their day was the morrow, and that then he should set before them the best that could be had, a feast that should be worthy of them and of his friendship for them.

This he proceeded to do, and it is recorded that not a single one of them went away hungry. The bride was the grandmother of Juliana Smith; and as she was living at the time that Juliana wrote her diary, the account cannot be other than accurate. There is an interesting chapter on "Life on an Early Colonial Manor," the manor of Robert Livingston, situated in Columbia and Dutchess Counties, fronting for twelve miles along the Hudson River, twenty miles on the Massachusetts border and thirty miles back from the river, this being taken as an example of the luxury and refinement of the times. Even in those days of slavery the servant question agitated all housewives; for if to be the possessor of a good servant was the assurance of keeping her, the poor ones were equally sure of staying. A housewife had enough to occupy her in those days when, with the exception of the flour and meal ground at the mills and the "West India sweetmeats," salted fish, sugar, molasses, tea, coffee and chocolate procurable at the stores, every article of either food or clothing had to be produced and finished from beginning to end on each individual farm and household by manual labour.

Juliana Smith, writing to her brother in 1782, says:

Peggy Evertson has showed me a present her father brought her from Albany. It is a brush for the teeth made of fine, stiff, white bristles set in a back of mother-of-pearl. It is better than the sassafras twigs which Tite Cæsar brings for us, because with the brush you can better cleanse the backs of the teeth. You wanted to know what you should bring me from New Haven when you came back, so I write about this, if so be you might find me one, only it need not have so fine a back, one of wood or horn would please me as well.

Not the least important of the things found in the garret was an old portmanteau filled with papers which Miss Smith supposes were left just as they had been hastily thrust there by a young Yale graduate of 1784, the "brother Jack" to whom Juliana wrote her request for a toothbrush. Among a number of papers of all descriptions were two diaries and three copies of a manuscript magazine edited by Juliana. One diary was kept by "brother Jack" himself for the benefit of the home circle, and from which the author has gathered many interesting facts of college life, and the other by Juliana of the small home details, so that her brother might know what was taking place in his absence. The manuscript magazine is entitled "The Clio, a Literary Miscellany," and is written in black ink on sheets of foolscap, ruled down the centre of each page to form two columns, the sheets being tied together by unbleached homespun linen thread.

"From the 'Exordium' on the first page of 'No. one' it appears that 'the Sharon Literary Club was founded in January, 1779, the Rev. Cotton M. Smith being Chairman, and Mr. John C. Smith ('brother Jack') being Secretary." The design of the club was "to promote a taste for the study of *Belles-Lettres* and of Logick, and to gain some skill in the useful Freeman's Art of Debate." Each issue was read aloud to the club members, the club meeting every Monday from October to May. The rest of the evening was spent in heated discussions over the reading. Those who were not engaged in speaking or reading knit stockings or did something for the soldiers who were fighting for the liberty of the nation. Juliana was indefatigable in begging contributions from her brother and his classmates, about whom she most frankly expressed her opinion. Of an "Ode," by Abiel Holmes (afterward an

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historian and father of Oliver Wendell Holmes), she wrote: "He is, no doubt, as you say, a Man of Parts, but the Pegasus he rides is a sorry steed that has lost his wings and is badly shod." Of Noah Webster she wrote:

Mr. Webster has not the excuse of youth (I think he must be fully twenty-two or three), but his essays—don't be angry, Jack—are as young as yours and brother Tommy's, while his reflections are as prosy as those of our horse, your namesake, would be if they were written out.

In a letter written by Juliana to her cousin there is an account of a Thanksgiving dinner in 1779. The roast beef was replaced by venison, as all the beef was saved for the army, and dried cherries took the place of raisins. She mentioned "sellery" as eaten by them for the first time, and told of "brother Jack" bringing "an oronage to each of the Grand-Mothers, but alas! they were frozen in his saddle-bags. We soaked the frost out in cold water, but I guess they wasn't as good as they should have been."

There is an anecdote which shows that even with the Puritans the strict observance of the Sabbath could be put aside when such an important thing as the lives of human beings were to be considered; and the last anecdote in the book, which tells of Burgoyne's surrender, is most touching. There are accounts of candle-dippings, corn-huskings, the "Fire Dance" and all the amusements of the time. The book has been read by us with great benefit and with an appreciation of the long, painstaking labour of love that it has been for its accomplished author.

V. R.

THE SIEGE IN PEKIN. By W. A. P. Martin. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.00.

An account of the siege in Pekin written by an eye-witness would in any case be read with interest; but when that eye-witness is no less a person than Dr. Martin, for fifty years a resident of China, for the past two years President of the Imperial University, and held in high regard by the Chinese, we feel that his opinion of the siege, its course and its results, is of very great importance. Moreover, during the entire siege it was his duty to be at the gate to inspect the passes of the Chinese who came and went between the legations, the post affording every opportunity to observe all that took place. He points out the three motives which combined to bring about the great upheaval: political jealousy, religious antagonism, and industrial competition. To the Tartars, always suspicious of foreign influence, may be attributed the political jealousy. The superstitions of the Boxers represent the religious antagonism. The recognition of industrial competition is shown by the fact that in all outbreaks the first movement has been to destroy all products due to foreign machinery. Dr. Martin makes a broad distinction between the misguided Chinese, who were the advisers of the progressive Emperor, and the treacherous Manchus, the advisers of the anti-foreign Dowager Empress. He likens the hostility of the Eight Banners of the Manchus toward all nations to a young bull that places himself defiantly on the track before a locomotive and is but a mangled corpse when the train has passed.

When the Dowager Empress's only son died, she chose as his successor the present Emperor, then a child of three, and resumed her regency on the ground of his immaturity. Later, she attempted to resume it on the ground of his incapacity, and chose as heir apparent the son of Prince Tuan, a lad of fourteen. This raised the father to a position of great prominence. He gained the confidence of the Dowager, and has since dominated her councils. As a proof that she had not always been opposed to progress, the young Emperor began the study of English at an early age, being instructed therein by two pupils of Dr. Martin's, who submitted the lessons to him in order that their correctness might be assured. Dr. Martin denies the newspaper stories which asserted that the Dowager Empress was originally a Cantonese slave girl. He states that, on the contrary, her family is well known in Pekin, and that she is closely connected with several of the Eight Banners. The result of the war with Japan was the immediate cause of the wish for reform. Being defeated by a people whom they had held in hereditary contempt made an infinitely greater impression on them than defeat by any of the European Powers would have made. They became convinced that Japan owed her victory to the adoption of Western methods, and Kang Ku Wei confessed that it was he who insisted upon copying the example of that country.

Upon the first manifestations by the Boxers, the Ministers were "soothed by the siren song" of the Chinese government, which assured them that the Boxers were not soldiers and were only practising "an innocent kind of gymnastics." Dr. Martin himself wrote home to his family that Pekin was the "safest

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place in China." However, already infuriated by repeated transgressions on her territory by foreign Powers, the Dowager Empress welcomed the Boxer agitation as Heaven-sent, "menacing them with one hand, to please the foreigners; and beckoning with the other, to please herself and Prince Tuan."

It will be remembered that the Boxers were prominent in the siege only during the first ten days, the government soldiers then coming forward and keeping their place for eight weeks. When at last the deliverers were battering down the Eastern entrance, the Dowager Empress, her court, and half the inhabitants were making their escape by the Western gate. In a short time, on all the public buildings were displayed one or another of the Eight Banners of the foreigners, replacing the Eight Banners of the Manchus, and the Chinese who remained floated from the windows of their houses these same flags on which were written Chinese characters indicating that they "were faithful subjects of the Great Sunrise Empire;" or "submissive to the sway of the Russian Czar;" or "humble subjects of the Great United States;" and even the abject appeal in pigeon English, "We be good people—no makee bobbery! Please don't shoot."

So effectually cowed were these lately belligerent multitudes that had they been required to worship the Crucifix and submit to Christian baptism they would have shown no hesitation in doing so.

Dr. Martin agrees with the Powers in the matter of reconstruction, and, in fact, believes that he was the first to suggest the natural proposition to recall the Emperor as a basis for the scheme. He sets forth his views on the subject, written as early as the middle of June. He believes that the Dowager Empress would be most effectually punished by depriving her of all power; and suggests that in payment of our war expenses China concede to us the island of Hainan, "a stepping stone between Hong Kong and the Philippines. It is half as large as Sicily and capable of being made equally rich in its productions. We should then have a *tangible ground* for demanding to be heard on all great questions relating to the future of China."

LOVE IN A MIST. By Post Wheeler. New York: The Camelot Company. $1.25.

Love in a Mist is a collection of poems with a portrait, and is appropriately named. A fitting sub-title might have been "Death in a Shroud," for whatever poems are not erotic are mortuary in character. We do not remember when we have been so saturated with the æsthetic possibilities of tombs and blooms. "Up above her golden head," "Where she lies silent so," "The little flowers upon her breast that died."

These are the "dead memories" that come "down like waterfalls" wherever we turn the pages that bring us "thought of days that were, but are no more." As a tribute to the loved and lost we have nothing to do but bare our heads in silence, but as a deliberate offering to a critical world we would suggest a healthier tone and a sane variety of subject. The author shows a gift at versifying, a mastery of form, certain echoes, howbeit, of Swinburne, Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelite school and a pretty sentiment. "The Blessed Damozel" continues to inspire these latter-day poets.

> They stood all silent as they gazed
> Down the curved, purple zone,
> To see, upon the hither side,
> By wandering meteors blown,
> A tiny soul that up the ways
> Came mounting all alone.
>
> Red on the lonely waste it trod,
> By shadowy paths and far,
> The golden hair burned all along
> Like to a tender star.
> His little feet were white. His eyes
> Were such as cherubs are.

This is almost the real thing.

Mr. Wheeler has paraphrased for us, reading in a personal meaning, the Lord's Prayer and that tender little child's prayer:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take,

but he has not improved on them in the expansion. Music, the mountains, the sea, the great things of the world, will not stand this juggling:

> Now, at the end, I lay me down to sleep,
> From all my little delving in the sand.
> I pray the Lord still, still, my soul to keep,
> Along my journeying to another land,
> Warm from the tempest and the further
> (Now, at the end, I lay me down to sleep).

How impressive, by contrast, the touching simplicity of the original. Mr. Wheeler yields twice to the temptation to weave this little prayer into a poem, perhaps on homœopathic principles, that like cures like.

Then we have Swinburne served to us in dilutions, and Swinburne diluted is very thin wine:

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The mist and the violet dew of her eyes,
The sweet straight limbs, the round sweet breast,
And the smile that was tender and kind and wise—

This line is a little off! But never mind, we get back on the key again with hair that is "wound and kissed" and "curling and clasping" and then, ah, then, fallen to dust.

The final poem of the volume is named "Since I Died," and sets forth the infinitely superior virtues of a dead man's love to a living.

I will show her how not to surrender—
Never to run with the riot and stir,
For oh, she will far rather rest in the tender
Passion a dead man holds for her!

Florence Wilkinson.

THE OLD NEW YORK FRONTIER, ITS WARS WITH INDIANS AND TORIES, ITS MISSIONARY SCHOOLS, PIONEERS AND LAND TITLES. 1614-1800. By Francis Whiting Halsey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The *Old New York Frontier* about which Mr. Halsey tells in this interesting book is that region of southern and central New York near the headwaters of the Susquehanna and the Delaware and their tributaries. The treaty of Fort Stanwix, signed in 1768, fixed the eastern boundary of the land purchased by the English as the Susquehanna and the Unadilla, its tributary. And for several years after this there were no settlements to the westward of that line.

Mr. Halsey, who is the editor of the New York *Times* Saturday Review of Books and Art, was born and spent his early days in the heart of the region, and he seems to have made himself familiar with every locality and every legend connected with the district. In a "personal note" he says that he began by bringing together material which would be illustrative of his father's "reminiscences," planning to make a local history. Finding so much material of more than local interest, he has, instead, made a book which ought to interest every reader in New York State.

The early chapters of the book deal with the country while in the undisputed possession of the Iroquois, greatest of Indian tribes, and the first coming of the white traders. A second section gives an account of the missionaries, Jesuits and Protestants, who first established missions in the district. After the missionaries came the settlers and the landsharks. The most interesting section of the book, some nineteen chapters, is given up to an account of the frontier during the Revolution. No section of the United States suffered more, in proportion to the number of settlers, than did this region of central and southern New York. Chief Brandt and his followers had taken sides with the English, and raids by Indians, accompanied by a few British soldiers with their accompanying horrors of burning farmhouses and villages and massacre of the inhabitants, with captivity, perhaps, of some few survivors, is a part of history.

Among the personages of wide influence in the region after the war was William Cooper, of Cooperstown, whose son, the novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, has in his Indian stories given us such good pictures of early life in this region.

Luther S. Livingston.

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NOVEL NOTES

FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD. By Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1 50.

There have come to us recently several books, translations from the German, Swedish, Polish, Russian—all the Northern people. Most of these stories have been curiously unpretentious—the life of a few simple people in some odd corner of the earth. And although these various Northern books were written in tongues as different one to another as they were to that into which they have been translated, they find a kinship in two things. One is the minor key in which they are written, the undercurrent of sadness that runs through the lighter stories and that deepens into profound gloom in the sadder ones. The other likeness in which they share is their craftsmanship. For there is a depth and a resonance even among the least important tales, for which we may look in vain among corresponding stories written in our own tongue. Our nation of writers seems, on the whole, to be afflicted with a terrible jauntiness. We are very much afraid of being absurd in our pathos, and well we may be, while the Northerner, Russian or German, sits him down to write tears flow copiously, and grim, heart-rending little tragedies of every-day life are told, and the bleakness and bitterness of the telling robs the story of any grotesque element. Their strength lies in the terrible sincerity of their pathos. Gayety is unknown. The Scandinavian or the German can sing roistering songs, he can be melodiously sentimental, he can shake one's soul with pity and fear; but clear, light-hearted gayety seems reserved for the Latin races.

A recent translation—*From a Swedish Homestead*—belongs to the class of Northern books just mentioned. It follows their traditions faithfully. It is sad, not with a sadness that wishes to impress the reader, but because it must be. It is sincere with the sincerity of a Holbein portrait, and while it has this basic likeness to the Northern school of literature, it yet strikes a new and personal note of its own. *From a Swedish Homestead* has broken one of the traditions dear to the bookmakers of this country—that a book of short stories should have a certain unity. For it tells stories of the Sweden of to-day and of long ago. There are curious little parables in this book and stories of Southern saints. Yet, unlike as they are in subject, a certain atmosphere invests them all. It is the minor key of the North, rising sometimes to sternness and again subsiding to a gentle sadness, which gives them a unity above the unity of time and place.

The author's personality is never prominent. In fact, it is the race personality rather than that of the individual which colours these stories. They are told with so gentle a directness that the reader gathers the impression that they are the records of an eye-witness—whether the story deals with King Olaf and Astrid or whether it tells about the mad peddler courtesying to every horse which passes him upon the road.

This first story in the book is a good illustration of the difference with which the same theme is treated by such authors as Selma Lagerlöf and by our own authors. Several books have recently appeared in which some prominent character goes insane and after a lapse of time suddenly regains possession of his wits. In each of these books the reader could not fail to be impressed with the artificiality and straining after dramatic effect with which the incident was told. The same theme is employed in the most important of the stories in *From a Swedish Homestead*. But it ceases to seem a hackneyed one often as it has been used by story writers, and one reads it as if for the first time. Melodramatic as such a plot seems in less skilful hands, it is told by Selma Lagerlöf with the simplicity of the most ordinary happening; she brings it from the realm of sensationalism to that of the most quiet realism. How she achieves this it is difficult to say, but this author, together with many other Northern writers, has arrived at a depth and a nearness to life even in the telling of a fantastic tale, the secret of which our own writers have yet to solve.

M. H. V.

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DWELLERS IN THE HILLS. By Melville D. Post. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

When a man has a story to tell of emotions that are real, situations that, however dramatic to the general reader, are merely incidental in the lives of the personages that are supposed to be concerned with them; characters that are homely—in short, when a man has a story which, told in a simple, straightforward way, ought to bring him into communion with every reader who has curiosity about the desires and the problems of people who live under other conditions than those he has been accustomed to—why under the sun should he spoil his story with artificialities?

Here is Mr. Melville Post, for example, with a good story—an excellent story—of life among the cattle-men in the Virginia hills. He had as a theme a situation, not only dramatic, but also plausible. It was to be worked out by characters not so extraordinary as to fall without every-day experience. But he has seen fit to tell this story of cattle-herders in a diction which is supposed to befit the narratives of gentlemanly swashbucklers. Moreover, although he has told the story in the first person, he has finished off his chapters with tags of a character which of late have appeared chiefly in "Family Story Book" literature—the kind of tag a person telling a story in real life never thinks of.

In other words, instead of interpreting one of nature's stories, he has obviously made his story to order; and the obviousness of his mechanism is the worst kind of artfulness.

It is a pity that a theme like this did not fall into the hands of a man who had either the simplicity to tell a straightforward tale or the technique to conceal his yearning to produce melodramatic effects.

Meanwhile, in spite of its continued-in-our-next atmosphere, the book is not without its good passages. There is a description of cattle swimming across a river through an eddy, which will be deemed exciting by most readers. It is laboured and takes up a disproportionate amount of space, but it gives, at least, an indication of what might happen in real life. It is for this passage that the book is mainly valuable. The climax of events of which it is the final rung will carry up the fancy of readers whose fancy ascends easily. Indeed, the true dramatic quality of its incidents and the freshness of its situations lift the book out of the general mass of current fiction and make it worthy of rather severe criticism. Mr. Post, then, has written a novel which is quite likely to achieve success among lovers of melodrama—and perhaps among lovers of nature as well, for there are clear air, cold water and uplifting mountains in his book. But it will be a pity if with the inspiration of the picturesque life he knows he shall not presently write another story of the cattle-men that shall seem less "artistically told" than this.

Albert White Vorse.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY. By Maud Howard Peterson. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.

Miss Peterson is a very fortunate young woman. She has had her first novel accepted in an enthusiastic manner; she has been blessed with an intelligent artist (Charlotte Harding) to illustrate her book; and, what is even more fortunate, she has chosen an excellent title in *The Potter and the Clay*. She has also been well drilled in short story writing, which bears fruit in her dialogue, often the weakest part of a beginner's work. Interest in the story centres about three persons—one girl and two men. The first picture of them is given in the Prologue, where all three are but children. Cary is a wee mite of seven, while John Stewart and Rob Trevelyan are but a few years her senior. And yet they are her lovers even then. They fight for her life when she lies desperately ill as a result of their childish prank, and curiosity is at once piqued as to future developments. Miss Peterson has a very clever trick of keeping one guessing as to which man is to win. In fact, that is the cleverest feature of the book. Two lovers are often much better than one, and these two men are both well worth while. Stewart is all that he ought to be, and for that reason one thinks—well, one doesn't think Miss Peterson's thoughts. Trevelyan appeals to us one moment and repels us the next. He is a mixture of strength and cowardly weakness. Strange to say, Miss Peterson draws her men very much better than she does the woman. Cary is somewhat vague; she is not at any time convincing. She is very young, we are sure of that, but we are not sure that Miss Peterson told the whole truth about her. In real life, she would have experimented a little bit more. The friendship between the two men is fine, so fine that nothing can break it, although each man thinks the other is the successful lover. The story is smoothly written, and the descriptions of Scotland scenery add to the attractiveness of the book. The story, however, is not quite real. It lacks maturity, as now and then the author falls back on dramatic effects to help her out.

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One of the strong scenes in the story is where Trevelyan has an opportunity to redeem himself in the army, and where love makes him turn coward at the last moment.

It had come at last; the test and the opportunity for which he had blindly, passionately prayed as a child; for which he had striven and worked as a boy; it had come and it had found him unprepared to meet it. He thought of the ride—alone, except for the trooper—and on the spot of the floor he pictured the blackness and the danger, as a man brings forth a likeness on a dark plate. The picture came and went, and went and came again on the spot on the floor, and he sprang up with a choked cry. To go out into that stillness and darkness; to face the blackness of death. . . .

He put his foot over the possessed spot on the floor, and his leg shook as he did so. He saw his leg tremble, and he knew it and he did not care! He had turned coward, and—he did not care! What was courage when her voice could not reach him in the blackness of death? He might live through it, and she might care more for him, for it, but the chances were two-thirds for death.

Where Trevelyan is weak, Stewart is strong. In fact, Stewart never fails in anything. To tell the plot of the story and its ending would be like reading the last chapter of a detective story first.

F. M. H.

MARTIN BROOK. By Morgan Bates. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

American novels by American writers are increasing in quantity, and in many instances they are improving in quality. They are fast usurping the place held by the historical romance, we are happy to say, and good luck to them! Mr. Bates has chosen the year 1821 in which to begin his story, and the upper part of the Hudson as his background. Into the palatial residence of Judge Northcote, half-Puritan, half-Virginian, creeps a little ragged urchin who has been ill-treated by the man to whom he was bound out. This boy is Martin Brook. Judge Northcote takes him in, and from being stable boy he is advanced to house servant, and then gradually to membership in the family and adopted son of the judge. Book I. gives a pleasant picture of Martin's progress and of the happy conditions which existed at that time in the Northcote mansion. But as Martin comes to man's estate, he begins to think things out for himself, and the first question to trouble him is that of slavery, which has not as yet begun to agitate the country to any great extent. Judge Northcote being half Southerner is, of course, a strong advocate of slavery, and a climax is reached when he learns that he has been harbouring as a body servant a runaway slave. Martin had brought Enoch to the Judge some years before and had not told him that he was not free. He reasoned with himself that the Judge would be as willing to save a black as a white from tyranny. There is a dramatic scene when the former owner of Enoch comes to claim him, and when he is carried off in chains, followed by Martin, who leaves behind him the home that he has loved and the heritage which he has prized. Book II. is written in a sadder vein. Martin has become a Methodist crusader, and is obliged to suffer many hardships because of his utterances on the subject of slavery. He is persecuted and handicapped on every side, and living before his time, he dies before seeing the result of his labours.

The book is especially interesting as giving a picture of a period in our nation's history which has been little used in fiction. Mr. Bates has a rugged style, and is sincere and consistent throughout. His chief fault lies in the fact that he fails to make the second half of the story as interesting as the first.

THE FANATICS. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

In *The Fanatics* Mr. Dunbar shows a marked improvement over his previous prose writings. He writes with a firmer hand, and his dialogue and construction show development. Mr. Dunbar has laid the scenes of his story in a small town in his native State of Ohio at the beginning of the Civil War. He portrays the fanatical spirit of the times and the conflict which goes on between families who, while living within a stone's throw of each other, hold opposite political opinions. He does not actually enter the battlefield, although the atmosphere of the book is permeated with the spirit of war and the sound of martial music. The scene shifts once or twice to Virginia, where we see the other side of the question. Mr. Dunbar also touches upon the condition of the blacks in the non-slaving State of Ohio, and when he writes upon the subject of his own race, he holds himself in check in a most admirable manner. There is plenty of love interest in the story, as there are a half dozen young people to be pleasantly disposed of, and there is sprightly dialogue indulged in between Nannie and Mary, who think more of their lovers than they do of their country. The story is written on the edge of the war, so to speak, as Mr. Dunbar does not attempt to treat that period in any broad sense. He confines himself principally

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to the condition of mind of the people in Ohio in the early sixties, many of whom were Southerners by birth and Northerners by adoption.

Up to this time we have felt that Mr. Dunbar's special field was dialect verse, but with the appearance of *The Fanatics* it would seem that he has taken his place among the writers whose books are well worth while.

OLIVE TRACY. By Amy Le Feuvre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

Unfortunate it may be, but nevertheless true, that to make a hero or a heroine good is, as a rule, tantamount to making him or her dull. Therefore, that Miss Le Feuvre has made the heroine of this story bright, even breezy, cheery, pretty and yet good is really an admirable achievement. One recognises the fact that this girl is sincere and faithful in her actions and in her strivings; one recognises also that she would be a comfort in trouble, a comrade in gayety, and that Marmaduke Crofton, who married her, had a good chance of being happy ever after, and not the slightest fear of, or excuse for, being bored. "Religious" is a rather badly treated word in these days. To say that a man is "a religious man" too often conveys the idea that he is of a monastic turn of mind, or that he is a person before whom the ordinary human being picks his words and is constrained, or that he is a prig. The word in its stricter sense, however, denoting a force which prevents a support from falling, a binding back from wrong-doing, or despair, is an expressive word, and in that sense we like to describe *Olive Tracy* as "religious." The story is life-like, wholesome, interesting, and it is long enough to allow the characters, which are many and interesting, to become as a circle of friends. The heroine's heart awakes suddenly one moment too late when the man whom she has twice refused to marry has kissed her hand and left her. And for a year there are notable ups and downs in her life, and in that of her friends and relations. As an example of that sterling domestic literature which, happily, never goes out of fashion, this book is full of merit, and thoroughly to be commended.

THE WARNERS. AN AMERICAN STORY OF TO-DAY. By Gertrude Potter Daniels. Chicago: Jamieson-Higgins Company. $1.25.

The author of *The Warners* has endeavoured to write a book with a serious purpose, but she has not had the ability to write it well. It is an unpleasant story, and one that very few persons will care to read. The author evidently has socialistic tendencies, and, therefore, she has made the rich wicked and the poor virtuous. Cyrus, a big, raw-boned factory hand, marries a typewritist. He and his wife have all the virtues, but without reward. They have a few years of prosperity and happiness, then the heel of the rich is upon them, and they become almost destitute. There is a daughter who becomes wayward at an early age, bringing disgrace and sorrow into her parents' lives. The scene between the daughter and her lover is inexcusable. It is repulsive, and should never have been described. There is an anarchist in the story, too, whose wild doings are to no purpose. There is just one pleasant thing about the book, and that is the devotion of Cyrus for Betty. It is worthy of a better setting.

ANNE MAINWARING. By Lady Ridley. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

We shall not be surprised if this story be called a very "nice book" by readers in a hurry. It takes itself so seriously and adopts so lofty a tone. In reality it is neither lofty nor serious. The author writes with the average amount of skill, and has evidently glanced at life from more than the average number of points of view. But it is not often we find a book equally ambitious so superficial. The tragedy of the end is not in the least inevitable. The heroine was not driven into making the unsuitable marriage, and her final revolt should have been honestly attributed to passion and inherent weakness, and not to the fact of her discovery that a friend whom she respected had broken conventional laws. We suspected Anne of being a sham all along. At the end we know it.

THE INLANDER. By Harrison Robertson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. Robertson has written some very good novels, but in *The Inlander* he has fallen very much behind his previous work. The story opens in a pleasing manner and gives promise of better things, but, as is so often the case, the promise is not fulfilled. Mr. Robertson still retains the South as his background, but he has missed the real atmosphere in this story. There is a hero named Paul Rodman, an idealist and a woman worshipper, who loves one Lucy Arnam. There are a few happy weeks, when they make plans for their little home, and then Lucy breaks with him in a most brutal and unnatural fashion. She is supposed to love him, and yet she throws him over for an old man with money and the

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coarsest of natures. Then Paul ceases to be a woman-worshipper. The story moves along without incident until he meets and loves another. They marry. He doubts her. There is a temporary separation; a dramatic scene on a railroad train with a man that he suspects; then the usual reconciliation. The story is disappointing, and, as we have said, very much below the standard which Mr. Robertson has set for himself.

SIRIUS. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

Miss Fowler has added nothing to her reputation—ephemeral as it is—by the publication of this volume of short stories. They are very short and very thin, and might have been written by a much lesser light than the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and *A Double Thread*. The fact of the matter is Miss Fowler's supply of epigrams has run out, and she has nothing to fall back on. There are twenty-one stories in this collection, and not one of them is worthy of separate mention. *Sirius* shows the author's limitations, and makes one feel rather ashamed for having been taken in by anything that she has written.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1901.

The most popular book of the month and so far of the year's publications was *The Crisis*, by Winston Churchill. The advance orders were very large, and already re-orders are coming rapidly. The second most popular book was *Tarry Thou Till I Come*, by George Croly, and it is meeting with an exceptional sale, which is the more remarkable, considering it is an old book republished under the new regulations of the Publishers' Association. Other titles of the month's fiction selling readily include *Autocrats*, by C. K. Lush; *Joscelyn Cheshire*, by S. B. Kennedy; *A Pair of Patient Lovers*, by W. D. Howells, and *Sirius*, by Ellen T. Fowler. The output of miscellaneous books was materially added to, and contained *China and Allies*, by H. S. Landor, a substantial work likely to have a steady demand for some time to come. *A Sailor's Log*, by Robley D. Evans, is already exceeding expectations, the publishers having been unable to supply the demand. Outdoor subjects were liberally represented among the new publications of the month, *The Sea-Beach at Ebb Tide*, by A. F. Arnold; *The Home Life of Wild Birds*, by F. H. Herrick, and *Moths and Butterflies*, by Mary C. Dickerson, being prominent. *Practical Golf*, by W. J. Travis; *Fly Rods and Fly Tackle*, by H. P. Wells, and *The Woman's Book of Sports*, by J. Parmly Paret, supplied a seasonable demand.

Continued call for the leading books of the past few months was had, *Eben Holden*, *Alice of Old Vincennes* and *In the Palace of the King* remaining among the best sellers, while others were obliged to give place to more recent publications.

The sale of paper-bound fiction is of much less importance in the business of the summer months than heretofore, and but few new titles of value are issued in this form. The more popular of this class at present are some of the titles which have had their day in the more substantial cloth form. Recent issues include *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim*, *A Singular Life* and *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*.

Notwithstanding the unusually bad weather, causing a most universal complaint, the volume of business as a whole kept up remarkably well, comparing favourably with the same month in previous years. The demand was mostly for popular fiction and recent publications, the latter being so numerous as to add materially to the total sales.

Much interest was naturally shown in the reception of the regulations of the American Publishers' Association as to the maintaining of the retail price of new net books, and it is pleasant to be able to report that so far there has been but the one exception necessary to prove the rule, and this is being vigorously taken in hand by the association.

Preparations for the coming fall trade are already under way, and the publishers of the competing lines of non-copyrights, in both sixteen and twelvemos, as well as juveniles and holiday novelties, are prepared to show samples and furnish dummies and stretchers for the use of travellers. In addition, announcements indicate that anticipations are for a prosperous season.

The list of best-selling books for the month past follows:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. $1.40 net.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By M. Thompson. $1.50.
The Visits of Elizabeth. By Elinor Glyn. $1.50.
Graustark: The Story of a Love Behind a Throne. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Your Uncle Lew. By C. R. Sherlock. $1.50.
Five Years of My Life. By Capt. Alfred Dreyfus. $1.50.
A Sailor's Log. By Admiral R. D. Evans. $2.00.
The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. $1.50.

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The Octopus. By F. Norris. $1.50.
In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. $1.25.
Juletty. By L. C. McElroy. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1901.

Considering the fact that the month which has just closed is one of those in which not much activity is expected, the record of business transacted during that period affords ground for considerable satisfaction. The tardiness of the spring publishing season favourably affected this result to some extent, many good-selling books which have taken their places among the popular favourites having been issued very late.

That peculiar and marked feature of bookselling to-day—that is, the demand for what are called popular books—certainly shows no signs of lessening, two books having been issued last month for which the advance orders were large enough to justify a first edition in each case of one hundred thousand copies. Aside from this, the demand for the older books, such as *Alice of Old Vincennes, Eben Holden,* etc., is surprisingly good.

Outdoor and nature books are now in good request. For a long time each season has shown an increase in the demand for this class of book, and this year is no exception to that rule.

The Crisis and *The Helmet of Navarre* monopolised most of the attention last month, the sale of each book containing large figures. Both books were well received, the first-named one especially so. They will both be unusually prominent in sales during the rest of the year, and *The Crisis* seems likely to prove the success of the season.

Like Another Helen, Graustark, Your Uncle Lew, The Master Christian, The Octopus and *Richard Yea-and-Nay* were again prominent in sales last month. *David Harum* still continues to sell at a good rate, despite the fact that it has been before the public for a long time.

General miscellaneous books are in good request, as indeed they have been ever since the present year opened. In fact, so far this has been a remarkably good book year.

A Sailor's Log, by Admiral Robley D. Evans, and *Five Years of My Life,* by Dreyfus, are meeting with good sales, and the first-named book especially has been well received.

So far the new net system as applied to miscellaneous books appears to be succeeding fairly well, and few serious complaints are being heard about it. The books controlled in this way, however, are as yet but few in number, and the real test of the innovation will probably come later in the autumn.

The books which led last month's demand are as follows:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
Graustark. By George B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.
Your Uncle Lew. By C. R. Sherlock. $1.50.
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.
Uncanonised. By Margaret Horton Potter. $1.50.
Heirs of Yesterday. By Emma Wolfe. $1.25.
Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
The Octopus. By Frank Norris. $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Edwin Caskoden. $1.50.
Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 20 to May 18, 1901.

Early during the past month the alternations of slackness and activity which had been so marked a feature of the preceding weeks gave place to a more even tone throughout the whole trade. A very satisfactory amount of business had been transacted, a steady and well sustained demand having been experienced in nearly all classes of literature.

The supply of fiction has again been very large, and the preponderance of the sales effected has been in the 6s. novel. There has not been any sensational circulation in connection with any particular item, but several of the issues of this and the preceding month, by authors of an established reputation, have attracted much attention and have sold briskly. *The Eternal Quest,* by J. A. Steuart, may be specially noted, and the most popular of this month's output have been *Her Majesty's Minister,* by W. Le Queux; *Silver Skull,* by S. R. Crockett; *Second Dandy Chater,* by Tom Gallon; *The Helmet of Navarre,* by Bertha Runkle; *Sirius, and Other Stories,* by Ellen T. Fowler; *Understudies,* by Mary E. Wilkins; and *A Vanished Rival,* by J. B. Burton.

Amatory correspondence galore has been placed upon the market, doubtless the result of the continued prosperity of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters.* Several of the volumes are the actual letters of well-known personages, such as Bismarck, Hugo, and De Balzac; but of the volumes of a fictional nature one alone may be mentioned as having sold to any great extent, and that is *Another Englishwoman's Love Letters,* which is now in its twenty-third thousand. The eagerness with which *Five Years of My Life,* by Alfred Dreyfus, has been sought after shows no diminished interest in the tragic career of that unfortunate officer. *Five Years in Ireland,* by M. J. F. McCarthy, has caused considerable stir, both in the Emerald Isle and in Protestant circles at home, and a whole edition has been exhausted during the past few weeks.

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Guide books have been in request, more especially the Standard Series, such as Murray's and Stanford's, although the Way About Series, so popular with the cycling public, have been much to the front. With the opening of the Royal Academy came a large demand for the many well-illustrated handbooks to the pictures of the year. The series of a hundred best pictures now being issued serially has proved most popular, and continues to sell in large numbers. The most important work in connection with the war has been *The Work of the Ninth Division,* by Sir H. E. Colvile. The especial prominence which the action of the Russian Church towards Tolstoi has recently had in the daily press has resulted in an increased demand for the more popular of his works. The sale of sixpenny reprints has increased very considerably during the month, and large orders have been received from the colonies as well as from the home districts. The most popular of the month's issues have been *The Heir of Redclyffe,* by Miss Yonge; *The Orange Girl,* by Sir W. Besant; *Sam's Sweetheart,* by Helen Mathers; *The White Company,* by Conan Doyle, and *The Skipper's Wooing,* by W. W. Jacobs. Many of the former issues have, however, sold very freely.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

Babs, the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Eternal Quest. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Cinders. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)

Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. 6s. (Lane.)

The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Sirius, and Other Stories. By Ellen T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Second Dandy Chater. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Lysbeth. By Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Fate of Endilloe. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Englishwoman's Love Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)

Another Englishwoman's Love Letters. By Barry Pain. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MAY 10 TO JUNE 10.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

Studies in Eschatology. U. S. Bartz, A.M.

Pharaoh. Mary De Mankowski.

Ten Years in Cossack Slavery. Mary De Mankowski.

The Soldier's Revenge. Florence N. Craddock.

Thoughts in Verse. Ducan F. Young.

The Mystery of the Marbletons. M. Mackin.

The Doomed Turk. E. Middleton.

A Mistress of Many Moods. C. B. Rogers.

A Romance in Meditation. E. L. Field.

Two Men and Some Women. M. Raymond.

With a Policeman in South Africa. E. Searll.

Fighting Against Fate. M. D. Morris.

Life's Spring-Time. J. M. Fradenburgh.

Foundation Rites. L. D. Burdick.

Alliance Publishing Company:

The Magic Seven. L. A. Churchill.

Poems of the New Time. M. M. Dawson.

American Book Company:

Oral Lessons in Hygiene. H. A. Murick, A.B.

El Capitan Veneno Alarcon. S. S. Brownell.

The Story of Little Nell. Charles Dickens.

Appleton:

His Letters. Julien Gordon.

The Woman's Book of Sports. J. P. Paret.

The Wilderness Road. J. A. Altsheler.

Insect Life. John H. Comstock.

The Luck of the Vails. E. F. Benson.

The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins. L. E. Shipman.

Baker-Taylor Company:

Why I Became a Baptist. M. C. Peters.

Birds of the Bible. M. C. Peters.

Barnes and Company:

Home Thoughts. C.

Buckles:

A State Secret. B. M. Croper.

The Mysterious Burglar. George E. Walsh.

Century:

The Sea Beach at Ebb Tide. A. F. Arnold.

Crowell:

The Supreme Crime. D. Gerard.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

A Dream of Empire. William H. Venable.

The Life of the Bee. M. Maeterlinck.

The Crow's Nest. Mrs. E. Cotes.

The International Year Book. 1900.

The Lovers' Replies to an Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Diary of a Freshman. Charles M. Flandrau.

Joscelyn Cheshire. S. B. Kennedy.

The Backwoodsman. H. A. Stanley.

The Autocrats. Charles K. Lush.

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George Eliot's Works. Romola. Vols. I. and II.
The Furniture of Our Forefathers. Part II. E. Singleton.
Doom Castle. Neil Munroe.

Globe School-Book Company:
The Study of English Literature. Vida D. Scudder, A.M.

Guild Publishing Company:
Earth's Empress and Victoria. C. Reed.

Harper Brothers:
Days Like These. E. W. Townsend.
A Pair of Patient Lovers. W. D. Howells.
The House of De Mailly. Margaret H. Potter.
The Bolinan Andes. Sir Martin Conway.
The Snow Cap Sisters. R. M. Stuart.
The Tribulations of a Princess.

Holt and Company:
Our Friend the Charlatan. George Gissing.
Clarissa. S. Richardson.
A Daughter of the Velt. B. Marnan.
The Rights of Man and of Citizens. G. Jellinek.
Our Lady of Deliverance. John Oxenham.
School and College Speaker. S. W. Mitskill.

Lane:
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald.
Love Poems of Tennyson.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Pastorals of Dorset. M. E. Francis.
My Experiences of the Boer War. Count Sternberg.
Twentieth-Century Inventions. S. Lutherland.
My Lady of Orange. H. C. Bailey.
Three Northern Love Stories, and Others. William Morris.
The Vicar of St. Luke's. S. Creed.
Liberty Documents. Mabel Hill.
Last Essays of the Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. K. M.

Macmillan:
Representative Men. R. W. Emerson.
Poems of the Unknown Way. S. R. Lysaght.
Social Control. Edward A. Ross.
The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. Thomas De Quincey.
Tennyson's Idylls of the King.
In Bad Company, and Other Stories. Rolf Boldrewood.
Henry Bourland. A. E. Hancock.
Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. Mable O. Wright.
Earthwork Out of Tuscany. Maurice Hewlett.
The Decorative Illustration of Books. Walter Crane.
The Temple Classics. Vols. I. and II. I. Gollancz.

McClure, Phillips and Company:
Valencia's Garden. Mrs. S. Crowninshield.
The God of His Fathers. Jack London.
The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge. Rev. E. Worcester, D.D.
Mosquitoes. L. O. Howard.
The World of Graft. J. Flynt.
The Inheritors. J. C. F. M. Hueffer.

Neely Company:
The Old Plantation. James B. Avirett.
Abandoned. Louis B. Zelcoe.
In Yellowest Jaunia. A. Layman.
Aldea. Asa P. Brooks.
Oriental Rug Weaving. V. Gurdji.

New Amsterdam Book Company:
A Handbook of Proverbs.

New York Labor News Company:
Value, Price and Profit. Karl Marx.

Privately Printed. 1901:
Speeches at the Lotos Club. Arranged by John Elderkin, C. S. Lord and H. N. Fraser.

Published by the Author and Illustrator. 1901:
Grandmother's Cook-Book. A. P. H., with illustrations by C. G. M., Jr.

Putnam:
Nature Studies in Berkshire. John C. Adams.
Russian Life in Town and Country. Francis H. E. Palmer.
The Home Life of Wild Birds. F. H. Henricks.

Russell:
The Voice of the Pine. C. A. Schumacher.
The Rose of Dawn. Helen Hay.
Racing Rhymes. A. L. Gordon.

Scribner's:
The Mediterranean Race. G. Sergi.
China and the Allies. Vols. I. and II. A. H. S. Landor.
The Abandoned Farmer.

Stokes:
Last Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff.

Treat and Company:
The Bench and Bar. Hon. W. W. Goodrich.

Town Topics:
Tales from Town Topics, and Naughty Elizabeth. Mark Livingston.

Wessels:
The Life of Sir Walter Scott. W. H. Hudson.

BALTIMORE.

Hopkins Press:
The Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy. J. M. Calahan, Ph.D.

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BOMBAY, INDIA.

Caxton Printing Works:
A Year's Work in India. Report of the American Marathi Mission of West India for 1900.

BOSTON.

Ginn and Company:
The Leading Facts of English History. D. H. Montgomery.
First Studies in Plant Life. S. F. Athinson, Ph.B.
The Conspiracy of Catiline as Related by Sallust.
La Grammaire and Le Baron De Forchevic. Labiche.
Moths and Butterflies. Mary S. Dikerson.
First-Year Latin. C. Daniell.

Lee and Shepard:
The Symphony of Life. J. Wood.

Little, Brown and Company:
The American Husband in Paris. A. B. Dodd.

Lothrop:
The Potter and the Clay. Maud H. Peterson.

Page:
A Sunny Southerner. Julia Magruder.
Antonia. J. V. Belden.
Manasseh. M. Jokoi.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Mononia. Justin McCarthy.
When Eve Was Not Created. H. White.

West:
The Christian in Hungarian Romance. John Fretwell.

CHICAGO.

Laird and Lee:
Vest-Pocket Electric Sparks. J. A. Beaton.
Hypnotism. C. Germain.

McClurg and Company:
A History of the American People. F. N. Thorpe.

School Publishing Company:
Oaky, the Son of His Dad. E. P. Holmes.

Stone:
By the Waters of Babylon. M. R. De Koven.
Sawdust and Spangles. W. C. Coup.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Bowen-Merrill Company:
Our Governments. L. Doman.

LONDON.

Murray:
Side Lights on the March. H. F. Macken.

LOUISVILLE.

Morton and Company:
Weeds by the Wall. M. Cawein.

OXFORD.

Clarendon Press:
The Relation of Geography and History. Rev. H. B. George, M.A.

PHILADELPHIA.

Jacobs and Company:
A Book of Bryn Mawr Stories.

Jewish Publishing Society:
The Ethics of Judaism. M. Lagamas, Ph.D.

Lippincott:
The White Doe. (Printed for the author.) Sallie S. Cotten.
A Book of Remembrance. Mrs. E. D. Gillespire.
The Career of a Beauty. J. S. Winters.
To the Pacific and Mexico. A. K. McClure.
Jack Raymond. E. L. Voynich.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburg Printing Company:
If. J. W. Breen.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Preston and Rounds Company:
The Chase of De Wet. F. H. Howland.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Scranton, Wetmore and Company:
The Eaton Field Note-Book of Birds and Flowers. E. H. Eaton.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Elder and Shepard:
What is a Kindergarten? George Haersen.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Wiston Company:
The Story of the Dominion. A History of Canada for Four Hundred Years. J. C. Hopkins.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:
Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. 1899.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1, 1901, and June 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.

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2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN

1. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Money Spinner. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) $1.40.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Observations of Henry. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Masters of Men. Robertson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.12.
2. Making of Christopher Fermingham. Dix. (Macmillan.) $1.12.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.12.
4. The Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.12.
5. Nature's Garden. Blanchen. (Doubleday.) $3.00.
6. Bird Neighbours. Blanchen. (Doubleday.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Some Experiences of an Irishman. Somerville and Ross. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
4. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
5. Sea Beach at Ebb Tide. Arnold. (Century Co.) $2.40 net.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Successes of Mary the First. Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Fourth Estate. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Waters of Babylon. DeKoven. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Labor. Zola. (Harper.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. A Dream of Empire. Venable. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Betsey Ross. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

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5. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Saalfield.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Her Mountain Lover. Garland. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Daughter of New France. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Nell Gwyn. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Like Another Helen. Knight. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
4. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lords of the North. Lant. (Taylor.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Juletty. McElroy. (Crowell & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Juletty. McElroy. (Crowell & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Statesman's Year Book. (Macmillan.) $3.00 net.
6. Journey to Nature. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tower of Wye. Babcock. (Coates.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. A Daughter of New France. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tower of Wye. Babcock. (Coates.) $1.50.
6. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. King of Honey Island. Thompson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. John Henry. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 50 cents.
5. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Your Uncle Lew. Sherlock. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
3. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Betsy Ross. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. John Henry. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 75 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lords of the North. Lant. (Taylor.) $1.50.
4. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark & Co.) $1.50.
6. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. For the Blue and Gold. Lichtenstein. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. According to Plato. Moore. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Salathiel Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
4. Pro Patria. Pemberton. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. The Octopus. Norris. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
6. God's Puppets. Clark. (Gage.) 75 cents and $1.25.
   Clayton Halowell. Van Praag. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) 2.00.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.

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4. The Tower of Wye. Babcock. (Coates.) $1.50.
5. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
4. Arrows of the Almighty. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Crucial Instances. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50	254
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	130
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	110
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50	86
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	57
6. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	55

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